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*by*

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BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. MCCLXII. DECEMBER 1920. Vol. CCVIII.

# A STUDY IN GREEN.

BY SALTIRE.

## I. CURFEW.

For an hour the city has been silent as a place of the dead. The moon casts its light upon the waters and on a tangle of gloomy streets intersected by docks and quays. There seems to be no person stirring anywhere save here and there a group of soldiers standing with fixed bayonets. In one quarter only there is a blaze of light. That comes from some half-dozen enormous lorries, and occasionally their rumbling can be heard as they go heavily here and there, stopping at frequent intervals.

Then on a sudden a loud dolorous eerie cry, that gathers force as it spreads over the darkened streets and up into the surrounding hills, breaks the ominous silence, arouses for a moment the interest of the wearied sentinels, or disturbs a slumberer's unrestful sleep.

What is it that rends the midnight so? Only an old woman, or perhaps many old women, screaming. And you would not believe, if you had not heard it, that they were capable of so immense a volume of sound. It is hard to distinguish any words, but the meaning of their unearthly wailing is defiance to the stranger, and the burthen of their jargon is "God curse King George and all his men!" It seems like the soul of an unappeasable restless race howling forth its discontent.

It was when the troubles of this distressful land had already reached a considerable pitch that it was found necessary to close the streets of the city to all the inhabitants from 10 o'clock at night until 3 in the morning. This order, called by the name of "Curfew,"

enjoins that they must all be inside their houses by the former hour, and picquets are placed in various parts of the city to prevent insurgents from arranging a place of rendezvous and flocking to it on a given signal. Those arrested are taken to the Police House, the place already described as ringed with a blaze of light, and there examined as to their reason for being abroad after the statutory hour.

Men speak of "the drama of the Curfew," and maybe the writer of these notes may have signified his approval of the phrase in his initial sentences. But "Comedy" may suit the case as well, perhaps better.

For when the lorry with its burden of delinquents draws up at the entrance, the same humorous procedure is repeated nearly every time. There stands the "Police House" with its vestibule, and "the minions of the British Government" sauntering about the door. And within there is a kind of private sanctum where the great man of the moment, ruling supreme over the destinies of the night, sits in a roomy arm-chair before a table covered with typewritten documents. The prevailing characteristic of the room is loyalty, as opposed to the rebellion and lawlessness that ramp in the darkness outside, for its decorations, which adorn every wall, are portraits of rulers and generals.

Facing these, the incomer is brought before his interrogator, who asks his name. You might think it an easy question that few could fail to answer. If you do, you are under a sad delusion, for the Hibernian, for some reason that must remain a mystery, finds it an exceedingly difficult one. He is also extremely garrulous, especially when met between the hours of ten at night and three in the morning; and ignoring altogether the very modest request of the great man in the chair, bursts into a torrent of impassioned and perfectly unintelligible oratory —a flood so fast and furious that nothing can stand before it. No one else can pronounce a syllable. Broadly speaking, the length and vehemence of the outpour vary in exact proportion to the personal appearance of the questioned. Some passably well-groomed wayfarers have been known to preserve a reticent and even sulky demeanour when examined, but this is the exception. In the course of the oration, he reveals nearly everything about himself that it is not strictly necessary to know, and the only two facts which he conceals with zealous care are his name and his address, being, in almost every case, the only information that the questioner requires.

The hearers, generally numbering about six, are quite gratuitously presented with all kinds of terrible family secrets, as, to state the mildest, that he has quarrelled with his father or his mother or some other relative, who has turned him out of the house for the

night; or that he is out of work and chances to have no money, although there are always vast sums owing to him of which he has been unjustly defrauded; and he generally produces a document showing the exact amount that is due.

A third class consists quite simply of belated revellers, who neither desire nor attempt to make any concealment of the fact. They are the most garrulous, the most humorous, and the most intractable, for they are constitutionally incapable of answering any question. When asked what his name is, one will reply that he was at school with the great man's sister; when required to give his address, he counters by inviting the long-suffering potentate to "come along to the mess and have a drink"; when the cause of his being out after ten is demanded, he will pour coals of fire on the head of his inquisitor by offering him a first-rate tip for the Cesarevitch that will prove absolutely infallible.

Of course all do not contribute to the hilarity of jaded officials, for there are some whose reason has been so entirely dethroned as to render no word of their speech coherent. But it would scarcely be fair to pass the class by without remembering one who may well be allowed inclusion in their ranks, although, according to his own statement, he was apprehended by the Government's minions when returning from the pursuit of his trade. This man exercised the dignified and useful calling of a sweep, and was justly proud of the fact.

Wearied with hard work, as well as cheered with porter, he had conceived the notion of lying down for a few moments to rest in one of the deserted streets, when he was pounced upon by a ruthless patrol and conveyed to the Police House.

There stood suddenly in the doorway an apparition of titanic size, bearing from head to foot the august marks of his office, for he was as black with inches deep of soot as the night out of which he came.

There he pirouetted round and round, offering with gesticulations, though not in words, to fight all comers; but no one was willing to touch him, so he waltzed in the midst of an awestruck circle, who edged away to escape contamination, and shrank into walls and doorways, where at a safe distance they gave themselves up to uncontrollable laughter.

When at last he could be ushered into the inner room, the usual questions were put to him; but so filled was he with honourable pride in his profession that, though he was willing to dance or fight, and did actually sing, nothing more could be extracted from him by way of an answer than the magic words, "I am a sweep." "Evidently," was the great man's rejoinder.

In the darkness and silence

where the sentries pace to and fro, the most trivial incidents are welcomed as a slight relief to the seldom varying monotony. "Halt! that cat!" shouts one of the sentries of a picquet as a feline form glides lightly in front of him down into the enveloping darkness; and wild howls in the distance on every side prove that myriads of her companions are at large, their penetrating voices taking at times a full possession of the silence. The wearied soldiery, poor fellows! seem to derive an infinite pleasure from these savage miaulings and love to mimic them, making night hideous to their hearts' content with a thousand blood-curdling cat-calls.

But it sometimes happens that the quiet of the night is broken by sounds of a different kind, and that other more impressive occurrences serve to distract the sentry from the loneliness of his watch and to bestir him to a greater activity. A shot, or more rarely several shots, heard in the dead silence, promptly gives birth to a mighty family of rumours. Most probably a forlorn loiterer has run away in panic from a sentry, and the sentry has fired over his head when the challenge proved ineffective to stop him. Or perhaps a car will suddenly come sweeping up to the lonely picquet and carry them away on some errand that has a deep purpose in it. The great man in the Police House has just received a message from some loyal householder that his house is being raided; so he collects his scattered posts and carries them off with him to the support of the threatened domicile. It often happens that the loyalist has had time to remove or hide any documents that might be dangerous to him, that the raiders plunder his house without finding what they seek, and that the protecting force arrives only a few minutes too late, to find that the birds have flown.

But on other occasions they are more fortunate and seize the raiders red-handed: lucky men if they should, for the city is filled with their spies, and little that passes is unknown.

Or the diversion may be caused by an incident of the opposite kind, and the loyalists may turn the tables on the insurgents by raiding and searching a house whose owner is known to be in sympathy with them. They return as a rule with a heterogeneous collection of literature, in which the strange blend of tragedy and comedy is again perceptible: manifestoes containing violent denunciations of the Government, as well as impassioned protestations of the justice of the cause, hopelessly mixed up with humorous doggerel designed to enliven proceedings at wedding-parties and christenings.

And outside the Police House, where the evidence is being sorted and examined, the hootings and rumblings of cars, the glare of lights, and the potent smell of petrol symbolise the Empire, by the side of which these frantic ebullitions seem as insignificant as

the buzzing of a swarm of bees.

At last the time comes when the weary "minions" can go off to their well-earned sleep. Civil tumults as well as foreign wars have invariably been productive of popular rhymes; and any one who cared to walk the streets at this witching hour might find his trouble repaid by hearing, if the troops were not too tired, as is sometimes the case, one of those lively ditties which the recent political troubles have created:—

"But in beautiful Piccadilly
There is no curfew time;
In beautiful Piccadilly,
Where life is quite sublime,
You walk about till half-past two,
Or later if it pleases you.
Hip! Hip! Hurrah for Piccadilly."

After this a single voice can be heard—

"England doesn't care a jot
When an Irish policeman's shot;
They live a care-free life,
Their days are free from strife.
No wonder they don't care a jot
If we crush Sinn Fein or not.
Perhaps the rebels should be shot.
Brrrrrrrr! to stop the rot!"

Then again the chorus—

"But in beautiful Piccadilly are precious stones and pearls,
In peaceable Piccadilly are lords and dukes and earls,
And beautiful girls in limousines,
The sort you see on magazines.
Hip! Hip! Hurrah! for Piccadilly!"

## II. ROOKS' CASTLE.

It is not too far a cry from the scene where the curfew is nightly enacted to Rooks' Castle, lying embosomed in trees on the outskirts of the city. It takes its name from the mighty flocks of those birds which circle continually above it, and no one looking down from the surrounding hills would ever suspect that its most notable inmates were prisoners, or that its presiding deity was a warden.

It was not so very long ago that a Prince of the Church, a friend and ally of the green party, on whose cause he deigned to look with benevolence, suddenly started forward as their champion, and drew on himself the attention of the world. For three weeks he was thought and spoken of everywhere. On his name-day, the day when he was expected to grace the city with his presence, nearly the whole population wore the green sign in his honour. There were leading articles in the newspapers about him; his photograph was in nearly every shop window; and then suddenly his fame was eclipsed and he himself almost entirely forgotten. The phenomenon would have been amazing if its cause had not been evident.

For a greater than he had appeared, and drew the attention of all upon him as he lay in the fastness of Rooks' Castle. Within twelve hours of his being conveyed there, he too was famous. The city outside, and the whole island, of which it is one of the chief

ornaments, rang with his fame almost before the iron gate had clanged upon his footsteps.

He came there by night, but had he come by day and seen how likeable the place was in spite of its being a prison, with its avenues of trees, its banks covered with shrubs, its gardens, lawns, and peacocks—he would certainly have wished that he could have been there as owner rather than as guest. There is a peacefulness about the place which would be delightful if it was not a little too monastic. You feel on seeing it for the first time that a few alterations might very suitably be made. Say that the walls were of old red brick rather than of stone, and covered with fruit trees, and that one or two superfluous buildings were removed to make way for enlargements of the lawns and garden. Say that you were to turf the long stone pathway, and call it Peacock Walk instead of Peacock Lane, and supplant guard-rooms by lodges and cells by shrubberies. Then Rooks' Castle would be transformed into a very passable country house.

As it is, there is unmistakably a sense of something lacking. The garden plots have no flowers, the peacocks no tails, while the warden himself is, at least during the greater part of the twenty-four hours, just a shade depressed. And well he may be, for the causes of his anxiety are numerous. In the first place there is the prison. Its walls are very high and its guardians are many. The enormous gate which is the only means of entry and exit is heavily bolted and barred, —protected, moreover, on the inside by two sentinels with fixed bayonets who leap to the on-guard position the instant that it opens to admit a stranger, ready to run him through if he displays any sign of a hostile intention.

Every weak spot and every dark corner has its armed warrior ready to give the alarm if a rescue should be attempted of the prisoners within. And there is a telephone ready at hand with which the warden can appeal for reinforcements in case of sudden surprise or unusual occurrence.

But, on the other hand, the trees are thick on the outside of the prison, and though its surroundings may be rural, it does not enjoy an absolute solitude. And no one can tell how far the prisoners' confederates have access to the neighbouring buildings, one of which particularly, with its spacious garden, whose trees almost overhang the outer wall, might easily afford the necessary protection to a desperate horde of intruders. With ropes and ladders they could swing themselves over the wall, overpower the sentries, and with a determined rush make themselves masters of the place under cover of the favouring night. Such is the spectacle that forms itself in the brain of the overwrought official as he tosses on his uneasy pillow.

And then there are the prisoners themselves, a constant source of disquieting reflections. For one thing, they refuse to eat the food that is brought to them, and prefer, or say they prefer, to die rather than accept it. The result of this idiosyncrasy is that a large number of them have been on the point of death for over a month, and the warden is often dragged out of bed, and robbed of one of his scanty snatches of sleep, with the news that so-and-so is close to his end, and has at the most but one more hour to live. But somehow or other the martyr always manages to survive a little longer. It is difficult to decide, however, whether the prisoners themselves are a greater cause of concern than their friends and relatives. These insist on visiting them, some scores every day, and at every hour of the day and night. The higher authorities make no objection to this, especially when the request is made on the plea that the sufferers cannot possibly live more than another four-and-twenty hours. It means incessant labour for the staff of the prison, as the only condition of their being allowed admission is that they shall be searched on arrival, to make sure that they do not carry any arms or seditious documents.

And in addition to these, there are a quantity of people who, although they do not actually claim the right of entry, congregate outside every evening and sing, a proceeding which appears to afford them exquisite delight. They arrive about an hour before dusk, and they stay till about an hour after dark. This device has the great merit of publicity; it helps to draw the attention of the curious, and to stimulate their interest in what is going on inside. The enormous crowd proves an irresistible attraction to the wandering satellites of illustrated newspapers, who are not slow to profit by it. But this very fact contributes an additional cause of perplexity to the harassed janitors; for as well as being responsible for the safety of the prison and the safe custody of the prisoners, they are visited from time to time by eminent officials whom the green faction make the subject of attentions which would be extremely flattering if they were not at the same time inconvenient. These notabilities are regarded with so much interest that the ringleaders of the insurgents, although they already know a great deal about them, are keen to know more, and particularly to possess their photographs. Thus it happens that, as well as newspaper agents, there are other ardent photographers planted on the wall outside in a suitable position for exercising their craft, whose object, although to all outward appearance perfectly innocent, is plainly evident to their intended victims. Of course, should they be arrested on suspicion, they have documents which prove conclu-

sively that they are engaged in the pursuit of their lawful avocations.

The warden is assisted in his arduous duties by a guard, whose commander he must sometimes envy. If you were to enter Rooks' Castle, pass through its immense bastion, and climb up the moss-grown steps past the garden where the green and gold of the flaunting peacocks lends a brilliant touch of colour to otherwise drab surroundings, you would come at last to a spiral staircase leading up to the summit of a tower where the guard-commander inhabits a small square room whence he can enjoy a view of the castle beneath, and the surrounding hills, through windows strongly protected by the massive bars of an iron grating. Here in the intervals of visiting the sentinels he spends his day reading books, writing letters, and wondering whether the troops have enough to eat.

And it was on a fine morning in early autumn that an incoming guard commander wandered up the staircase and into this curious little stronghold in the tower to take over from him who had commanded the guard for the last twenty-four hours. It was a glorious morning, a fresh breeze blew from the sea, the trees on the hills all round looked fresh and radiant after the rain of the night before. It would have been almost impossible to believe that one was in a prison had it not been that the room itself was slightly reminiscent of the Man in the Iron Mask. Everything outside seemed so gay and bright. But, as it was, he on whom all eyes were fixed had arrived in the castle the night before. There had been an unusual flutter among the authorities, for as well as the renowned leader of the green faction ten of his confederates were to be incarcerated along with him. All kinds of precautions had been taken to provide against the possibility of a rescue; even when he was safely inside the prison the difficulties created by such a situation were by no means ended. Rather they might be said to have only begun. Even if his arrest and trial were to prevent him from serving his party as a free man, he was resolved that at least they should be able to claim him as a martyr. He was courteous and ingratiating in manner, and bore himself with patience and dignity as one who thought himself not unworthy to change the course of history and tamper with the destinies of nations.

A thousand rumours were afloat as to his ultimate disposal, but it was fully expected that after his trial he would be brought back to Rooks' Castle, and messages were received during the course of the day announcing the arrival of extra guards directly it grew dark. A car would be at the gates punctually at a quarter-past two in the morning, or perhaps before, to bear the prisoner away to an unknown destination.

There were frequent watchers after dark from the loophole in the wall from which the sentinel commands a view of the approaches to the gate. But nothing could be seen and nothing heard, save the hooting of the owls in the trees above the moat.

Then an hour after midnight, and with surprising suddenness, a car flashed round the corner out of the main road and up the broad avenue. The great gate opened. A figure wrapped in a huge coat stepped into the gate-room, silent, mysterious, impassive.

The reinforcing guard would be withdrawn: nothing further would take place to-night: that was all he had to say; and having said it he went away as swiftly and as silently as he had come.

The warden breathed a sigh of relief. The commander of the guard was left in a maze of mystification. Said the warden to him, "Well, I think a tot of whisky wouldn't do us any harm, and then an hour or two of sleep." The guard-commander concurred. It was a cold inclement night, and in the warden's snug little room with a fire and the cheerful twinkling of the lights, and above all the whisky-bottle and the soda siphon, the warden, reserved and diffident during the day, relapsed into an easy vein of cheery conversation.

He was even ready to discuss the possible reasons of this sudden and entirely unexpected change of plan. . . . They might have sent him away to some other place, or they might not have the necessary means of transport,—surely it was not possible they could have released him, or perhaps—well, he had better not say that. . . . Blessed be the immortal gods who caused the vine to grow to gladden men's hearts and to unloosen their tongues.

. . . . . .

The next morning the mystery was solved. The insurgent chieftain had stood his trial the day before, and had been taken away without returning to the Castle of Rooks. At an early hour some time before daybreak, attended by one trusted official and lighted by a solitary candle, he had come down the stairs from the room where he slept, and entered a car that bore him away on a long journey.

The almost solitary witness of his departure described later how he had gone to see him as he was going to bed the night before, and expressed the tumult of his feelings as he looked for the first and perhaps the last time on the man who had signed the death-warrant of his old friend and former chief. It was a large bare room where the prisoner spent his last night in the green island. On the wall was a curious document called a rhyme-sheet. And this was the rhyme:—

"O what shall the man full of sin do,
Whose heart is as cold as a stone,
he black owl looking in at his window,
And he, on his death-bed, alone,

When the spirit, half-freed from its bare case,
Goes shrinking away in the gloom,
With a whisper of wings on the stair-case,
And a shudder of feet in the room.

And they bear him, with horrible laughter,
Though he cling with the strength of despair,
To bed-post and lintel and rafter,
Away to the prince of the air."

### III. AMBUSHES.

A state of civil war produces this very equivocal condition of affairs, that the defenders of the established government are marked men known to everybody, whereas those whom it is their duty to suppress have the advantage of being concealed.

It also enables hot-heads and hooligans to continue the excesses which they perpetrate under normal conditions, while persuading themselves and other people that they do these things for a legitimate political object.

Even those who would disapprove of their doings, if this pretext could not be put forward, are very liable to overlook them at present. And the following story, though the writer refuses to vouch for its absolute veracity, clearly indicates the attitude of mind:—

A priest was hearing the confession of one of his parishioners. "Father," said the penitent to him, "on Sunday I laid an ambush with several more of my friends, and we killed three constables; on Monday I crept up behind a soldier who wasn't looking and blew his brains out; on Tuesday I laid wait with two other accomplices and killed two soldiers who were passing through the woods; on Wednesday——"

"Whist, man!" said the priest, "be done with your politics, and get on with your sins."

It is natural that these people are always ready to answer to the call of the Sinn Fein recruiting sergeant. The routine of regular work makes only a very mild appeal to them; they are fond of adventure, and not scrupulous about the means of gaining their ends. And they are specially adapted to the particular form of guerilla fighting now in vogue in a country which, though not exactly in a state of war, is neither entirely at peace.

Their favourite forms of activity are ambushes, in which bodies of men well concealed lie in wait for groups of two or three, or even for single persons, or raids upon mails and convoys. These ambushes are nearly always carefully prepared in well-chosen spots, where the natural features of the ground lend themselves to the scheme. Often, if they intend to waylay a vehicle on the road, they cut down a tree and make a barrier, so that the driver, if completely unsuspecting, will run blindly into it, and the occupants can be

fired on while they are still in the toils and before they have recovered from their surprise.

At first this method was successful; but later, when the intended victims became more fully acquainted with the wiles of their adversaries, they knew that a man on a motor bicycle, travelling fast and looking behind him frequently, with an obvious display of interest in their movements, was a sure sign of some hostile intention. They were aware, too, that a piece of road that was hidden from a distance, or the first few yards after turning a corner, were the most likely spots for an ambush.

The insecurity of the ordinary post as a means for the conveyance of official documents very soon made it necessary to send all correspondence by road, and the more active partisans of Sinn Fein, who had hitherto found scope for their energies in raiding post-offices, speedily turned their attention to the more profitable resource of holding up the cars that carried the mails. At first the insurgents did nothing more than lurk on the sides of roads behind trees, and fire at the cars as they passed, a proceeding which very seldom produced any notable effect, for their weapons were generally old and rusty. They were not as a rule surpassing marksmen, and the drivers simply forged ahead at breakneck speed out of reach.

When it was found that these tactics resulted in failure, subtler devices were resorted to. They organised over the countryside an elaborate system of spies, by which they could make sure of knowing when the mails started and the route by which they travelled.

They told off one of their number to patrol the roads on a motor bicycle, and to supply them with information of any movements of "the military." The scout made it his business to note the outgoing journey of the mail, to report the fact to Sinn Fein Headquarters, and then to race on by a different route to a spot which it was certain to pass. Here the main body, who were to carry out the surprise, would cut down trees and lay them across the road; and if time allowed, they would dig a trench behind and conceal themselves.

On two or three occasions this plan succeeded. The drivers of the swiftly-travelling Crossley cars tore along at a pace that would horrify the zealous guardians of the speed-limit in a more law-abiding country, and confident of defying and outdistancing any one who attempted to check their course with rifle-fire, crashed blindly into a mass of logs and branches, while a shower of bullets pelted on them from somewhere unseen.

The first of these occurrences was, in the main, a triumph for the insurgents.

Of the twelve men of the escort and two drivers, fourteen in all, seven were killed or wounded in the first shock.

By some means news of what had happened was conveyed to a neighbouring barracks, and a rescue party was soon on its way to the scene of action. When it arrived, every one of the fourteen occupants of the car was wounded, and four of them were dead. The fight had lasted considerably more than half an hour, for the Sinn Feiners, in this instance, were dogged in their determination to get hold of the car and the rifles. But when the rescue party arrived the new factor of fresh men and full supplies of ammunition turned the balance, and the sharpshooters drew off, balked of their prey.

It is not too much to say that escorting mails was the duty in which the troops took the greatest pleasure. The remark may savour of braggadocio, but if this should be the impression conveyed, remember that they were allowed out of barracks only on the rarest occasions; that their ordinary routine duties, as well as inlying picquets, patrolling of roads, curfew patrol, and frequent guards, were occupations attended with almost insuperable monotony, and that the conducting of the mails supplied the diversion of a mad drive through miles of glorious country and the fresh air of the hills, accompanied by new scenes and the prospect of novelty and adventure.

And it is true to say that service in Ireland, with all its obvious disadvantages, is more popular than the dull routine of soldiering at home. Many of the men are young, and not having had experience of the war, are anxious to have something to their credit of what, if not called by the name, at least partakes of the nature of active warfare.

To go back to the Sinn Fein emissary on his bicycle. He would ride on madly ahead of the Crossley car and appear almost as if he was taking a friendly interest in their welfare, and then suddenly dart on like an arrow and disappear. The first time or two they took no notice of him, but later the portent became known, and the officer in command of the car would order the driver to change his route, and frequently by this means the hunters would be robbed of their prey.

The first successes of Sinn Fein were not followed up by others, for the military authorities got wind of their methods; and whereas it had been the rule for mail escorts to sally forth armed only with rifles, they were afterwards provided with a Lewis gun and bombs, weapons which succeeded on several occasions in dispersing the conspirators a very few moments after their appearance.

Strict orders were given that if the mails were attacked the escorts were to fight; and it was surprising to see what a feeble stand was made against their endeavours. It was just about this time also that several of the ringleaders of the rebellion were arrested and sentenced. This fact may have

discouraged the smaller fry, for all they did, on occasions when attempts to trap the mails were tried, was, in the words of the song, to "throw their bombs and run away."

### IV. ESCORTING THE MAIL.

It was a brilliant morning in the latter half of August when an officer, eight men, and two drivers received orders to form an escort to the Dolney mail. Dolney is a town distant some twenty-three miles from the city which boasts of Rooks' Castle among its possessions.

The car was a specially selected car, new, and in perfect running condition, while the drivers were old and tried hands who were accustomed to the work. The men were armed with rifles and bombs, and in the middle stood a Lewis gunner, a keen, lively, active man with shining black eyes, who had seen much service during the war, and looked the very embodiment of strength and efficiency. The first part of the journey lay along the banks of a river through small villages of grey stone. Occasionally, rather to the surprise of the soldiers, they were cheered by the civilians—and the cheers, be it emphasised, were not ironical, the reason being that the part of the country through which they were passing is one much patronised by people of loyal sympathies, retired sergeants from Irish regiments, their wives and families, and others still well affected to the British rule.

Farther on appeared people of a different kind and cast —dark, silent, sly, suspicious. They gave unmistakable signs of the restless and disturbed state of the country, looking at the troops as if they were some unusual kind of monster very rare in those parts, an object both of curiosity and fear.

Alertness and uncertainty are the prevailing elements of life in these times. The necessity of continual watchfulness is constantly brought home. Even when revolver practice takes place close to the barracks, an escort with fixed bayonets accompanies the party down to the range, and soldiers with their rifles at the firing position and pointed at the surrounding hills lie on the bank above the pit.

All may be comparatively quiet for twenty days, and on the twenty-first something may occur to show that the country is really in a state of war.

To a certain degree under tranquil conditions, and to a still greater extent in the existing state of affairs, Ireland reminds one of a foreign country. There are many parts of this land which, owing to the scarcity of buildings and the long tracks of moor and plain that the eye travels over with hardly a notable object to break the continuous vista, recall the sweeping downs of Languedoc

and the unending slopes of Castile. There is no crowding in of villages and parks and avenues of trees, while everything is on a large scale.

The people too have a very un-English appearance. It is said that there is a great deal of foreign blood, particularly in the south of Ireland. Many of the people whom one sees on the quays of the ports in the south and west of Ireland, as well as in the surrounding country, must be descended from Spaniards who came here in former ages to trade. There is a habit, when this is mentioned, of repeating the absurd figment about their being descended from the shipwrecked mariners who were cast on shore from the Armada. But those unfortunate castaways can scarcely have amounted to several thousand, nor is it likely that they found their way into almost every seaport town in Ireland. These ports did a considerable trade with Spain in the sixteenth century, and you can see its legacy in the aspect of the buildings as well as of the people.

In Seville and Malaga the inhabitants love to congregate in the streets and talk. You see the same thing here. In Spanish towns there are an astonishing number of beggars. There are countless beggars too in Ireland, and beggars who request an alms in the same lordly way that the Spanish beggars affect—not with the downcast demeanour of the occasional individuals who ply that trade on the other side of the St George's Channel.

It is said that men acquire the nature of the animals they tend—that bullock drivers are silent and stubborn, horsemasters lively and animated, muleteers human mules, and so on. Conversely, animals acquire the temperaments of humans, and so Irish animals display that easy indifferent attitude to things in general which is characteristic of their masters, and affords so much amusement to casual visitors who are not accustomed to it. A donkey lying in the road as the car approached paid not the slightest attention to the whir of the engine or the wild blasts of the horn. He monopolised not half but three-quarters of the highway, and the driver unable and unwilling to pull up or slacken his speed, passed by within an inch of the nose of the animal, who gave no other sign of life than the lazy wagging of his tail in the dust, while the vehicle went in imminent risk of embedding itself in the ditch.

The Lewis gunner might well sweep every tree and bush as he passed with the searching glance of a hawk, for no country was ever more admirably made for an ambuscade. Behind these grey walls, these grassy mounds, these trees and hedges, there might at any moment be a party of the enemy ready to hurl their bombs, or pour in a hail of bullets. Every one of these solitary, dark-looking loiterers whom the car rushed swiftly

past, might be in league with an assassin, and off to spread the news directly it was out of sight.

And yet how strange that one should connect all the features of this country only with thoughts of death and strife. How cool and delightful the streams appear glittering in the sunlight; one's thoughts inevitably turn to the trout and salmon lurking in the pools beneath the willows, and longing arises for a few days' sport free from any other care or distraction. And then there is the scene of the far-off mountains as the summit of a hill is reached, and the long expanse spreads out before the hurried travellers. They seem so peaceful under the soft mists that clothe their farthest ridges. And then the mail rushes down through forests of beech and pine into the village of Rathdooley. Soon after it ascends a steep hill, and from the eminence that it has gained, commands a view of a broad river as noble as the Severn or the Thames. On its farther bank stretch the spacious lawns of a park, and its margin is overshadowed by majestic elms. For a moment it seems as if a piece of England had been removed and taken into a foreign land. Then the eye travels farther to where the closely-packed town of Dolney clusters round its narrow, winding, precipitous street, with its small low-fronted houses, and the people crowding shy and inquisitive at their doors, gazing suspiciously at the soldiers as they cross the bridge and begin the steep ascent.

Everywhere there is a ragged uncared-for look, as if nothing that had been begun had been properly finished off; as if in every case some one had started off enthusiastically to do something, and then had suddenly wearied of it, and left off in the middle. The barracks stand high on the top of the hill in a commanding position like a mediæval fortress. It is seldom that they stand anywhere else in the chief towns of Ireland; and the sight of these towering strongholds contributes another cause for the resemblance to places remembered abroad. In Winchester and Shrewsbury the barracks are not built on hills, though there are hills to build them on if such had been the intention. It would seem rather that the valleys had been specially chosen for their site. The gate opens, the car travels in; a tall silent staff officer with fair hair and blue eyes receives the imposing sheaf of documents. They are safe. He hands out others, a smaller packet, and during the interval the party of men regale themselves on their frugal meal of sandwiches and cheese.

For a short moment they are among friends, and can exchange a few jests and the news of the hour with their comrades. What a contrast between the neatness and orderliness of the barracks and the happy-go-lucky world

outside. Not that there is any rooted antagonism between the troops and the people of the country. If there is any enmity, it is a purely artificial one, created by the exceptional circumstances of the moment; for during long years the soldiers of the garrisons and the folk among whom they dwelt were the best of friends. Frequently they shared their sports and amusements in the most perfect amity. It is a bitter reflection that a small minority of mischief-makers has been able to ruin the good feeling that once prevailed, and to replace it by doubt and suspicion and mutual distrust.

On their return journey they passed along the northern side of the wide park of which they had a sight on their arrival from the south. The outward journey had been the more important of the two, but the other might be equally perilous. And they were fully conscious of this. If they had been missed the first time, which was possible, their pursuers might try to waylay them on their return. And the route which they would be forced to take, at least for the first two miles out of Dolney, unless they were prepared to make a tremendous detour, was as well suited for an ambush as the road along the valley.

For the first mile and a half it descended continually with one or two sharp turnings, and the ground on either side sloped away swiftly from it. On either side for the whole of that distance, there was a boundary wall of about three feet in height; on the left of the route this wall ran down into the park of Dolney to a depth of ten feet. And half a mile farther on the park gave place to an immense wood which stretched away on either side of the highway, the wall still continuing.

When they entered the dark shades of the wood, as if in answer to an irresistible intuition, the men looked to their rifles, and made sure where the bombs lay. The Lewis gunner grasped his weapon more firmly and placed his finger on the trigger, while the officer took out his revolver and laid it across his knees.

They gazed intently into the thick screen of foliage, which hid the sunlight, for the sign of a head over the wall. "Now, steady round the corner," said a man's voice between his teeth. "I've been this way before. This is the devil's death-trap." Then every one listened for the note of the motor-horn of the despatch-rider in front. But no sound came. "Forrard away, then. We're out of that." And the driver pressed his foot down on to the accelerator and pushed back his gear to top speed.

All this had needed only a few seconds. The tension relaxed slightly, an easy light-heartedness was taking the place of the sombre attitude of expectation.

And then suddenly one of them pointed to the man on the motor bicycle. He was

holding up his hand and waving it. Surely it couldn't be—and then, without further time for investigation, bang!!! just in front of the car; and a score of high-pitched notes hummed through the air, following the first explosion by the smallest fraction of a second, like the sudden release of a group of angry hornets.

Then came briskly the retort as the rap-rap-rap of the Lewis gunner out through the bushes.

And there was no further sound from the wood as it lay there, contrasting with the sunlight that broke in above them, almost as black as night.

The bicycle had turned round, the car had stopped. "Are there any casualties?"

"No; only one man, sir! Turton, a graze on the ear."

And then to the bicyclist as he came up to them: "And why didn't you blow your horn?"

"I did blow it, sir, but I couldn't get any sound out of it."

Pursuit through those trees, and in an unknown country, was hopeless. So they pressed on again full steam ahead, the despatch-rider keeping only a few yards in front of the car, with instructions to shout on the appearance of anything suspicious.

Another ten minutes and they were topping a rise, leaving the forest far below, as they rose into the clear air and the wide expanses of the hills. A glorious sensation of triumph was added to the exhilarating influence of the wind as it rushed past. Far away before them lay a series of crests, growing purpler and purpler in the distance. And all round the green of the trees in the valleys contrasted with the bright colours of the heather that crowned the heights. Occasionally down below them glittered the silver of some stream or lake, while a hawk poised himself above them for an instant, and then swooped with unerring stroke over a shoulder of the hill.

*(To be continued.)*

# YOU CHANGE AT CLAPHAM JUNCTION.

BY EVELYNE BUXTON.

MR PECKLEBURY, one Saturday afternoon in January 1920, was assiduously gardening in the front garden of the neat detached villa-residence in which he dwelt with his step-aunt, when some one coming from the direction of the suburban station, not a stone's-throw away, passed the gate, paused, returned, looked over it, and said—

"I beg your pardon, but can you tell me the name of this place?"

"This is Puddispor, sir," said Mr Pecklebury, looking up from the minute grass border he was clipping at his step-aunt's behest in case it should grow.

"What a delightful spot it appears to be!" said the well-dressed young man at the gate, gazing blissfully about him upon the little red villa-residences which surrounded Mr Pecklebury's in their hundreds along the neat laburnumed roads.

Mr Pecklebury's eyes left the young man's face. He sat back on his heels, and his gaze also travelled round as much of the villa-residences as he could see. He looked at them pensively, as though he had once or twice before gazed round on them thus and wondered what they really looked like.

"Have you lost your way, sir?" he inquired, his eyes returning to the young man.

"Well, not *here* exactly," said the young man. "I couldn't exactly be said to have had a way here to lose, you see. Not as yet! I've only just arrived."

"Did you come by mistake?" inquired Mr Pecklebury, selecting, after a brief pause of not unnatural bewilderment, the question which seemed most likely to lead to enlightenment.

"I can't call it a mistake," said the young man. He gazed intensely round him. "I feel as if all other places in the world were a mistake, and this alone were the place to come to. I feel as if I had come to the place of my dreams—dreams I had never so much as realised I was dreaming, I do assure you," he added with a change of voice, bringing suddenly puzzled eyes back to Mr Pecklebury's surprised face.

They gazed at each other a moment, and then Mr Pecklebury made an earnest effort to reduce what he could not help feeling to be a rising element of incomprehensibility in the situation.

"If you came here in a train by mistake, sir," he said, "that is, if you have arrived here without meaning to, perhaps you took the wrong train."

"I can't call it the wrong train," said the young man, smiling rapturously.

"Perhaps, for instance, you forgot to change at Clapham Junction," continued Mr Pecklebury firmly. "It frequently happens that people forget to change at Clapham Junction, and one or two trains run straight through to Puddispor."

"I did change at Clapham Junction," said the young man. "I had to change there to catch a train for my grandfather's place in Hampshire, and a porter took me across several platforms and put me——"

At that moment a lady hurrying by, apparently in some agitation, jostled against the young man as he stood talking earnestly in the middle of the path.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she gasped.

"It's granted, I'm sure," said the young man, skipping round and beaming and smiling.

The lady hurried on and entered the next gate, and the young man turned and looked at Mr Pecklebury with a gaze of blank bewilderment. "What *did* I say just now?" he demanded.

"What did you say just when?" inquired Mr Pecklebury, still seated upon his heels.

"Just now," said the young man.

"What *did* you say just now?" said Mr Pecklebury with interest.

"That's what I'm asking you!" said the young man. "It's impossible that I really said what I believe I said."

"How on earth can I know what it is you believe you said, sir," replied Mr Pecklebury with some warmth, "when I haven't the least idea what it is you're talking about?"

"Well, never mind," said the young man, sighing. "It was only that I seemed to myself to have said something I never said in my life before, and that I didn't know any one *ever* said. But it's clear they do! At least *I* do! At least I do *here!*"

Mr Pecklebury looked at him again a moment in silence, and then remarked gently, "Don't you think, sir, that it would be almost better if you went home? You wouldn't have to wait long for a train back, you know, for we are a terminus——"

"A terminus!" cried the young man rapturously. "Did you say a *terminus?* Impossible! Incredible! Is there really such a thing as a terminus still to be found in this boundless, breaking, cracking, whirling world, where there doesn't seem to be a single thing left that isn't leading straight to something else, and nearly always something dreadful! A terminus! We are a terminus! Beautiful! Incredible!"

"I do really advise you, sir," said Mr Pecklebury earnestly, "to go instantly straight home."

"I *am* home," cried the young man. "I'm never going away. I'm never going anywhere but farther and farther into this delightful spot," and he bounded away among the detached villa-residences.

"Poor fellow, poor fellow," murmured Mr Pecklebury, shaking his head as he prepared to get back on to his knees to continue clipping the garden border. "Mad, or drunk, or both, I'm afraid;" and at that instant an agitated voice said over the neat little privet hedge that divided his step-aunt's garden from the next villa garden—

"Oh, Mr Pecklebury, Mr Pecklebury, have you heard the dreadful news! The Vicar's gone!"

It was the lady who had jostled the young man in her hurry a minute before.

"God bless my soul, Miss de Wilkin!" ejaculated Mr Pecklebury, sinking back upon his heels in his surprise. "The *Vicar!* Gone! Dead! Impossible! Why, only last Sunday——"

"No, no, not dead, Mr Pecklebury," cried Miss de Wilkin, clasping at herself in profound agitation. "At least we *hope* he's not dead. We don't *know* that he's dead. We don't know *what* he is. We reelly don't. He's merely gone."

"But, God bless my soul! Miss de Wilkin," said Mr Pecklebury, scrambling to his feet, "where to?"

"Nobody knows," said Miss de Wilkin. "They reelly don't. He went up to London for the day by the 8.15 without so much as a bag in the hand five days ago, his housekeeper says; and he's never come back, and there's not been a sight or sound of him since; and they kept it quiet at first, in the hope there would be news of him; but now it's everywhere, and I heard the rumour from the milkman, and I hurried round to ask; and oh, Mr Pecklebury, it's perfectly true, it reelly is. He is known to have changed at the Junction, like you always have to by the 8.15, but where he went to when he changed nobody knows. He's gone."

"If the Vicar's gone, Eliza Wilkins," said a lofty voice behind them, "there's only one place he's gone to, and that's over to Rome."

"Oh, Mrs Bath," quavered Miss de Wilkin, clasping at herself.

"And he hadn't far to go either," continued Mrs Bath majestically. "I wonder it's taken him five days, for he was practically there already. The bowings and curtseyings and processings and workings of the Puddispor congregation could have told anybody *that!* I regret to hurt your feelings, Eliza Wilkins, but I must refuse to pander. If the Vicar's gone, he's gone over to Rome; and it's where he belongs. Henry, come in to your tea."

"But you don't go over to Rome through Clapham Junction, Step-aunt Bath," protested Mr Pecklebury, struggling against the muddled sensation which the remarks of Mrs Bath not infrequently produced in the brain.

"As it's impossible to get to any part of the Continent from Puddispor *except* through Clapham Junction, Henry," replied Mrs Bath; "and as I have always understood Rome to be on the Continent, I fail to perceive the force of your conten-

tion, the war-dances of the Vicar in Puddispor Church having long been enough to make a dervish turn."

"They turn anyhow, I believe," said Mr Pecklebury.

"Then let them," replied Mrs Bath majestically. "Kindly come in to your tea, Henry."

"Wherever the dear Vicar's gone," faltered Miss de Wilkin, clasping at herself, "we all do feel it to be such a mercy he wasn't married, we really do. Only think of his poor wife."

"I believe the ladies of Puddispor have not waited till now to feel the mercy of the Vicar's not being married, Eliza Wilkins," replied Mrs Bath, commencing to sweep back to her villa-residence, "and as his wife doesn't exist, I find myself unable to think of her. Henry, come in to your tea."

A few days later Miss de Wilkin, wearing her London costume, addressed Mr Pecklebury across the privet hedge.

"I've made up my mind that I really must have a little change, Mr Pecklebury," she sighed.

"Really?" said Mr Pecklebury, pausing in his task of clipping the hedge at his step-aunt's behest in case it should grow.

"Yes, really," said Miss de Wilkin, "and I think of going to Gondokkoro."

"God bless my soul!" said Mr Pecklebury, surprised, "where on earth's that?"

"It's in Africa," said Miss de Wilkin.

"God bless my soul!" ejaculated the astonished Mr Pecklebury once more. "But what on earth for?"

"Well, I feel to want a little change, Mr Pecklebury. I really do," said Miss de Wilkin, sighing again. "Our little circle somehow seems so sadly altered without the dear Vicar, it really does. Mr and Mrs Snodkips and their ten children are all that could be desired in the way of a most respectable *locum tenens*, of course, till something is found out about the dear Vicar; but when will that be, you know? for they've discovered nothing yet, and our little circle is so sadly altered without him that I really feel to want a little change. So I think of going out to visit my second cousin once removed who lives in Gondokkoro collecting paper-knives from elephants, and is the only relative I have in the world, and I've decided to go up to Cook's this morning by the 10.17 to ask about the ticket."

Mr Pecklebury, with an interested and thoughtful air, watched Miss de Wilkin walk out of her garden gate on her way to ask about a ticket to Gondokkoro, and pensively resumed his clipping. At twelve o'clock, much to his surprise, he beheld Miss de Wilkin walk in again. "What, back from town already!" he exclaimed.

"Well, I never got there, Mr Pecklebury," said Miss de Wilkin coyly.

"You never got there?" ejaculated Mr Pecklebury.

"No," said Miss de Wilkin, "I never did. It was a most extraordinary thing, and I'm

sure *I* don't know how it happened. I got out to change at the Junction; but you know they've been altering the platforms lately, and I wasn't quite sure where the London train started from, so I asked a porter, and he put me into a train which he said was the right one, and it was the return train to Puddispor, and here I am."

"Well, upon my soul!" said Mr Pecklebury strongly.

"Yes," said Miss de Wilkin.

"The truth is," said Mr Pecklebury, "that during that strike they let all sorts of strangers in, and the half of them don't know their business, and this kind of thing is the result. But never mind, Miss Wilkins—Miss de Wilkin, I mean—I beg your pardon."

"It's granted, I'm sure," said Miss de Wilkin, bowing and smiling.

"Never mind, Miss de Wilkin," resumed Mr Pecklebury. "I've got to go up to town myself to-morrow, and you can come with me, and *I'll* see that nobody puts you into a wrong train."

"Well, do you know, Mr Pecklebury," said Miss de Wilkin coyly, "I'm not quite sure that it *was* the wrong train; I'm really not."

"No?" said Mr Pecklebury, surprised.

"No," said Miss de Wilkin; "I somehow seem to feel different about it. When I got back to Puddispor again it did seem somehow to be such a delightful spot. Of course I've always known it to be that but it somehow all seemed to come over me again in the train; and whoever do you think I met coming down, Mr Pecklebury? You'll never guess, you really won't."

"Who can it have been?" said Mr Pecklebury.

"It was a young priest," said Miss de Wilkin with bated breath, "a curate. Such an interesting young man. Coming down to help Mr Snodkips till something is found out about the dear Vicar. And oh, Mr Pecklebury, what *do* you think?" said Miss de Wilkin, clasping herself—"he's a celibate!"

It should perhaps be explained that Miss de Wilkin had humbly let it be known among her friends that, if there were no objection, her sense of the romantic would be greatly gratified were she to be designated as Doris de Wilkin instead of Eliza Wilkins, which she felt to be a name to depress even the humblest aspirations, and which she fully and disarmingly admitted there was small prospect of her ever otherwise being able to change. Mr Pecklebury had immediately practised the desired alteration with such assiduity that his gratification of Miss de Wilkin's sense of the romantic now rarely knew a lapse; but Mrs Bath, while regretting the necessity of hurting Eliza Wilkins' feelings, had refused to pander.

Early next morning, equipped for town, Mr Pecklebury stood at his front door, ready for one of his occasional journeys up to London to consult his solicitors upon the business

affairs of himself and his step-aunt.

"Good-bye, Step-aunt Bath," said he. He had once made an endeavour to call his step-aunt Aunt Anastasia, but Mrs Bath had replied that she was not his aunt, and that she considered the use of the surname a mark of respect in the young.

"Good-bye, Step-aunt Bath," said Mr Pecklebury mildly.

"Good-bye, Henry," replied Mrs Bath majestically. "*Trust* securities, you will please to remember! and as few as possible even of those. The spirit of gambling that has developed since this war is one to which I refuse to pander."

Mr Pecklebury was so busy bearing this in mind with regard to certain recent investments which were returning so excellent a dividend that he was unable to help wondering rather guiltily whether his step-aunt might not consider them pandering, that he reached Clapham Junction and descended to change into the London train in a preoccupied state of mind. He was marching thus unobservantly towards the familiar platform when a voice said: "Sir, *that* is your way," and he looked up to see a porter standing before him with an outstretched arm, pointing to another platform. The porter was so tall a man that Mr Pecklebury had almost to gaze heavenwards before he could see his face.

"Oh, thanks," said Mr Pecklebury. He turned abstractedly, walked in the direction indicated, clambered into the train, and opened his paper. At that moment he heard a surprised voice saying outside, "But is *this* my train?" and another voice replying, "Yes, madam, this is certainly your train."

"By Jove!" ejaculated Mr Pecklebury, suddenly remembering, and he sprang to his feet and thrust his head through the window. "Is this the London train?" he shouted to any one who would hear and answer him; and the guard, who happened to be passing, replied—

"No, sir; of course it ain't. The London train goes from No. 4, and you've only three seconds to catch it in."

"God bless my soul!" said Mr Pecklebury, and he clutched his belongings and scrambled out. As he rushed down the platform, he was aware of some one running behind him. The doors of the London train were slamming, but Mr Pecklebury wrenched one open and flung himself in, and a breathless lady sprang in after him.

"Well, upon my soul, that was a near thing!" he ejaculated as he sank panting on a seat and the train moved out.

"I am so thankful I happened to hear your question," gasped the lady. "I was just going off in the wrong train too. And yet the porter assured me it was the right one!"

"Really, you know," said Mr Pecklebury, "a complaint ought to be made about this.

It was a porter sent me wrong also, and it's not the first time I've heard of it happening."

The other passengers in the carriage agreed that the railway services were becoming outrageous and the railway servants most inefficient, and that strong complaints must certainly be made; and then the carriage took up its daily papers again, and silence reigned, while Mr Pecklebury, contemplating the financial articles of the 'Morning Post,' gradually returned to his pensive meditation on the difficulty of reconciling dividends of 20 per cent with the lofty principles of his Step-aunt Bath.

By the time he reached Clapham Junction on his return journey at midday, a black fog had descended. The Junction was submerged in an impenetrable gloom, through which large crowds of travellers groped with anxious faces like perturbed ghosts seeking a way out of hell. Mr Pecklebury, wondering anxiously the while whether it might not have been altered on account of the fog, pushed cautiously in the direction of the usual platform of the Puddispor train, and he was well on his way thither when a tall and stately figure loomed out of the darkness immediately in front of him, and a voice said: "Sir, you are going in the wrong direction."

Mr Pecklebury awoke to instant suspicion. He stood stock-still, tilted back his head, and carefully scrutinised the countenance of the man before him.

"You're the porter who sent me wrong this morning!" he announced triumphantly. "I thought so! Now what on earth do you do this kind of thing for, my good fellow! Why don't you learn your business better? I know my own way to my own platform quite well, thank you."

"And I know this business better than any man on earth," said the porter.

"I don't believe you even know what train I'm wanting!" said Mr Pecklebury warmly.

"I know that you are looking for the Puddispor train," said the porter.

"Yes, I am," said Mr Pecklebury firmly, "and, what's more, I'm going to it. You sent me wrong once, and I'm not going to let you do it again; and, God bless my soul! there's the whistle and I shall be left behind," and he clutched his bag and dodged the porter and rushed into the fog. For the second time that day he found himself pulling open a slammed door and plunging into a moving carriage.

"Sir, that's neither the way to Pire nor Peu d'Espoir!" called the porter, gazing with a half-smile after Mr Pecklebury's disappearing coat-tails; but Mr Pecklebury was triumphantly in, and an irate guard had reslammed the door, and the train was off.

"Some bloke got away in the wrong train, mate?" said a passer-by who had half-caught the porter's words.

"Oh no," said the porter, "in the right one. Both of them," and he went away.

There was one other passenger in the compartment into which Mr Pecklebury had flung himself — a lady — who had greeted his sudden and tumultuous entry with a faint squeak; and Mr Pecklebury, as soon as he had a little regained his breath, entered into earnest apologies.

"I am most sincerely sorry to have startled you, madam," he said, "but the fact is I was escaping from a porter who has twice this very day tried to put me into a wrong train, and has once succeeded. I shall have to have that fellow reprimanded!"

"How strange," said the lady. "There's a porter at that station who has twice to-day tried to put *me* into a wrong train too! I wonder if it can have been the same man." They looked at each other — and simultaneously recognised each other.

"It's very curious that we should meet again!" said Mr Pecklebury, beaming over the interesting coincidence. "It was you who followed me into the London train this morning, was it not? But we are in the right train *now*, I hope? —the train for Puddispor," he added, looking with slight misgiving at the blank walls of fog through which the train was cautiously moving.

"Oh yes," said his companion. "I'm sure it's right, chiefly because the porter was so sure it wasn't! But I know the platform quite well. Anyway, it's the train to Pirrie, and that's the station before Puddispor, isn't it?"

"It is," said Mr Pecklebury with relief. "One can be sure of nothing in this fog. It's dreadful weather for you to be travelling in, madam."

"Educational journeys can't take account of the weather," said the lady.

Mr Pecklebury was unable to restrain a delicate glance of survey and surprise. The lady, still young, in a well-cut travelling-coat, and a sable cape and sable muff, and a gold chain-purse and a first-class carriage, did not in the least resemble Mr Pecklebury's idea of an educational person, save perhaps for a slightly resigned and suffering expression of countenance which appeared to be habitual to her.

"Are you making an educational journey, madam?" he inquired respectfully.

"Yes," said the lady. "I have to make a great many. I am starting Educational Centres in a great many places, you see. I'm staying in Pirrie just now, starting an educational centre *there*. I come up every Wednesday to report to my G.H.Q. in town. Not that I believe in education," she added. "Or in centres."

"No?" said Mr Pecklebury, once more surprised.

"No," said the Educational Lady, with decision. Mr Pecklebury coughed slightly, looked out of the window, and earnestly refrained from even a glance. "Are you wondering why I do it if I don't

believe in it?" said the Educational Lady, sighing.

"Well—perhaps—you see—that is——" murmured Mr Pecklebury apologetically.

"I hadn't much choice," said the Educational Lady, sighing again. "There are only two things to choose from in this country nowadays—since the war. You can either be callously mad or solemnly mad. But mad you've got to be."

"God bless my soul!" said Mr Pecklebury, hurriedly endeavouring to review the activities of the United Kingdom in the new light, as it were, of this remark.

"If you're callously mad," continued the Educational Lady, "you dance, dress, gamble, spend, flirt, grab, marry, grow harder and uglier every minute, and care nothing whatever for all the things you might alter if you tried. If you're solemnly mad, you speak, write, fight, resolve, revolve, dissolve, never sit down except on Committees, and make endless Leagues to alter things that no League has ever altered yet or ever will."

"God bless my soul!" said the startled Mr Pecklebury, "and which are you?"

"I'm solemnly mad," said the Educational Lady. "The other was too vulgar. I'm in every League there is, and on every Committee there is, and I'm quite well known now among the most solemnly mad there are. Which are you?"

Mr Pecklebury hastily pondered. "I'm neither," he said; and added with sudden surprised conviction, "I'm neither, because I'm nothing. I never have been anything. I'm nothing now, when you come to think of it, though I somehow never have come to think of it before—at least not clearly. I lived in Puddispor before the war, and I went back to live in Puddispor *after* the war, and I'm still there, just living."

"I wish I could just live," said the Educational Lady, sighing once more. "I couldn't find any life left to just live. They seemed to have all vanished—after the war. There seemed to be no life left fit to live except a made one. And I do so hate a made life."

"It isn't worse than no sort of life at all," said Mr Pecklebury. They looked at each other. "My name's Henry Pecklebury," said Mr Pecklebury politely, producing a card.

"Mine's Elizabeth Draye," said the Educational Lady. "I'm afraid I haven't a card with me."

"If you don't mind my asking," said Mr Pecklebury, with great delicacy and courtesy, "is it Miss or Mrs?"

"Lady," said the Educational Lady.

"There would never be any need to tell any one that," said Mr Pecklebury, unalterably polite, if slightly puzzled. "What I meant was, if you don't mind my asking, do I address you as Mrs or Miss?"

"Well, as neither, you see," said the Educational Lady. "I'm not married, and my

name is Lady Elizabeth Draye."

"Oh," said Mr Pecklebury. He sat a moment gazing out of the window, and then turned his gaze upon his companion. "I hope you don't think the worse of me for not having apprehended your meaning," he said with pensive melancholy; "I think I may say I'm a gentleman—yes, I think I may safely say that—but I'm afraid I don't need to explain that I'm *not* in Society."

"Oh, Society!" said the Educational Lady contemptuously. If her voice had been a nose there would have been a tilt to it.

"Don't you like Society?" inquired Mr Pecklebury, surprised, but with renewed hope.

"Somebody defined Society the other day as a large quantity of people whom one hasn't the faintest intention of knowing," said the Educational Lady. "It's a little sweeping, perhaps, but there's no denying one does get very tired of perpetually going into drawing-rooms and finding the servants there."

"Not dusting?" said Mr Pecklebury, after a moment's thought.

"Oh no, not dusting," said the Educational Lady. "Now tell me in your turn how to address *you!* Are you Captain Pecklebury or Major Pecklebury, or what?"

"I'm nothing," said Mr Pecklebury, flushing. "I remained a second lieutenant throughout the entire war."

"Well, you couldn't help *that*," said the Educational Lady consolingly. "You were fighting, anyway, and that's all that matters."

"I was *not* fighting," said Mr Pecklebury.

"No?" said the Educational Lady.

"No," said Mr Pecklebury. "Not an inch." They looked at each other again.

"Why not," said the Educational Lady.

"Because I never got the chance," said Mr Pecklebury bitterly. "I joined up in August 1914, and they instantly put me into Folkestone, and there I sat the whole war, keeping accounts."

"Why?" said the Educational Lady, surprised.

"Because I'm good at accounts, and they knew it," said Mr Pecklebury. "I was an accountant before the war, you see. I kept myself and my step-aunt that way. It was all she and I had to live on. But just after the war—I'm talking a great deal about myself," said Mr Pecklebury earnestly.

"No," said the Educational Lady, though he certainly was.

"Well, just after the war, you see," said Mr Pecklebury with a grateful smile, "an old uncle of ours died in America, and he left a good deal of money to my Step-aunt Bath and me, which surprised everybody very much, because he was a naturalised American. But when the Americans put 'We won the war' on their war medals he un-naturalised him-

self in a burst of rage, and left all his fortune to his English relatives. So there we were, you see. Hullo, we're slackening speed."

The train had been travelling quite fast for some time, though neither the Educational Lady nor Mr Pecklebury had noticed it. Now it suddenly slowed down, and the two companions looked out of the windows.

"Surely the fog is beginning to lift a little," said the Educational Lady.

"It certainly is," said Mr Pecklebury hopefully.

Brighter and brighter grew the walls enclosing them. The colour changed from black to yellow, and from yellow to white—and the train bowled out of the fog altogether into a landscape that neither the Educational Lady nor Mr Pecklebury had ever set eyes on before. They gazed at it, and then they gazed at each other, and then they gazed at the landscape again.

"Good heavens!" said the Educational Lady.

"God bless my soul," said Mr Pecklebury, "they must have altered the platform at Clapham Junction after all!"

A few minutes later the train stopped at a very small country station, and two travellers pensively descended. Remembering the urgent asseverations of the porter, they perceived that they could not even allow themselves the comfort of indignation.

"All the same," said Mr Pecklebury, "if that porter hadn't been so determined not to let me get into the wrong train, I *shouldn't* have got into a wrong train!"

"No more should I," said the Educational Lady.

"Only I don't see how we can exactly *blame* him for it," said Mr Pecklebury.

"No more do I," said the Educational Lady.

It appeared that the small station belonged to a little village called Lammer, about half a mile away, and that there was no train back to Clapham Junction for two hours and a half. So Mr Pecklebury and the Educational Lady walked out into the country. They came by a road of limes to Lammer. Lammer lay on a river, and was full of bridges and trees; an old village, at the foot of wonderful empty rising downs looking over miles of lonely water-meadows without a dwelling on them.

So warm was that still, sweet, windless February afternoon out of London, that they walked into a water-meadow and sat down on a fallen tree by the river. The Educational Lady remained in silence, with her elbow on her knee and her chin on her palm, looking at the river. Its voice was the only one in the peace of those wide places. Her face changed and changed.

"I had forgotten this," she said.

"You had forgotten what?" said Mr Pecklebury.

"This," said the Educational Lady. "For more than five years I have never remembered it." Mr Pecklebury sat

smoking in silence, also looking at the river. "I suppose," said the Educational Lady after a time, "that there are *some* places still left in the world where a made life isn't the only one possible!"

"I suppose there are," said Mr Pecklebury, "and perhaps there are even places still left in the world where lives that are no lives at all aren't the only ones possible."

"Perhaps there are," said the Educational Lady.

They remained in silence a moment longer, and then Mr Pecklebury said: "I've changed my mind about getting that porter reprimanded for putting us in the wrong train this morning."

"Have you?" said the Educational Lady. "But it was really almost his fault that we came in the wrong train again this afternoon."

"I don't call it the wrong train," said Mr Pecklebury.

Later that evening, as he walked pensively out on to the road from the station approach at Puddispor, he suddenly perceived again the young man who had bounded away from him among the detached villa-residences. He knew him at once, chiefly because he was still bounding. The road lamps were bright above him, and the young man's happy countenance beamed below them like another lamp. He was no longer well-dressed. His blue serge suit was tight in the legs, and his tie was a gay maroon. He seized Mr Pecklebury by the hand.

"Good evening, good evening," he cried. "I *am* pleased to meet you again. You were the first person I spoke to in this delightful spot."

"Have you been here ever since?" said Mr Pecklebury, surprised.

"Of course I have," said the young man. "Why should I go away? I'm never going away. I've got a most delightful villa-residence here, and I'm just off to a tea-party. We often give tea-parties in our little circle. Our little circle!" repeated the young man rapturously, "isn't it delicious! Our little circle! Good-bye, good-bye! I must be off," and he bounded away.

Mr Pecklebury pushed open his gate a moment later, and as he did so he paused and looked slowly round him. Far and wide shone the lights of the neat little villa-residences. Their little gates clicked as the comfortable residents walked in and out to join their little circles, and the smoke of the little tea-parties went up from the high-art chimneys, and in the next garden he heard the tripping steps of Miss de Wilkin returning home from her blissful celebration of evensong under the young and celibate curate. Mr Pecklebury let his step-aunt's gate swing to with a crash. He suddenly knew that he knew what the little red villa-residences really looked like.

Mrs Bath, on perceiving at breakfast on the next Wednesday morning that Mr Pecklebury was once more wearing his London suit, laid down her knife and fork, and remarked

in a majestic manner: "If you intend to spend your days travelling up and down on railways, Henry, may I venture to suggest that it would be more reposeful if you dwelt elsewhere."

Mr Pecklebury looked at her thoughtfully. "Would you mind if I did?" he inquired mildly.

"Certainly not, Henry," replied Mrs Bath. "May I inquire why you ask?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr Pecklebury, smiling in an embarrassed manner.

"Sooner than behold you perpetually travelling on railways," said Mrs Bath, "I may mention that I should *prefer* you dwelling elsewhere! A person of my inward resources is really scarcely aware where *any one* dwells, and I may take this opportunity of remarking that that spirit of unrest which is so lamentably increasing since the war, and of which I have observed serious symptoms in you lately, is one to which I must definitely refuse to pander."

"I've only been up once this month so far, step-aunt," protested Mr Pecklebury.

"If you go up once you may as well go up a hundred times, or, indeed, not at all, Henry, for all I care," replied Mrs Bath, majestically resuming her breakfast; whereupon Mr Pecklebury, after the usual struggle with the muddled sensation generally induced by Mrs Bath's remarks, relinquished the effort, and went on with his breakfast also.

At Clapham Junction at noon that day he came walking down the platform towards the Puddispor train with an anxious countenance, glancing furtively from side to side. There appeared to be nobody on the platform who was returning from making a report to Educational Headquarters in London. There was therefore, as far as Mr Pecklebury was concerned, no one on the platform at all. He glanced into every carriage on the train, and then walked up and down till it gave a shriek and departed. Whereupon Mr Pecklebury gave a sigh and departed also. He found the platform he wanted, and was proceeding dejectedly along it when suddenly his countenance changed, for walking ahead of him he perceived the Educational Lady. He paused, summoned up his courage, and overtook her. Not in a direct line, however. Earnestly preparing himself not to be remembered, he circled past her at a little distance, catching her eye as he did so and bowing sideways in a modest manner. The Educational Lady had thus every opportunity of letting him go by with no more than a pleasant nod. She stopped, looked at him, hesitated, and laughed. The resignation and suffering of her aspect appeared to be lessening.

"This is *not* the Puddispor platform, Mr Pecklebury!" she said.

"I know it isn't," said Mr Pecklebury humbly.

"Do you mean me to understand that you also are deliberately changing into the

wrong train?" said the Educational Lady.

"Yes, I do," said Mr Pecklebury.

The story of Mr Pecklebury ends here, chiefly because after this Mr Pecklebury began. Whether the story of the porter ends here too, I cannot say. I think his may be the kind of story that does not exactly end. It is certainly the kind of story of which it is impossible to state the beginning. But as far as his connection with Clapham Junction is concerned, it came to an end very shortly afterwards, for Mr Pecklebury, that same afternoon, happened to become the surprised spectator of the incident which, amid considerable uproar, brought it finally to its close.

The moment of departure had arrived, and a porter was coming down the train, shutting the doors of the carriages. He was very tall, and he trod the platform as if it were a Field. His abstracted face was like a sheathed knife; and as he came he called, "L'Amour, L'Amour! First stop, L'Amour!" Without a glance he swung-to the door of the carriage in which the Educational Lady and Mr Pecklebury were seated; but his call, as he went on his way, half caught the ear of the Educational Lady—"L'Amour, L'Amour! First stop, L'Amour!" She looked up surprised.

"First stop *what* does he say?" she said. "How queerly he pronounces Lammer! Do you think it possible that we aren't in the right train, even now?"

Mr Pecklebury sprang to his feet. "Are we right for Lammer?" he called out of the window; and the porter replied without turning his head as he went down the train.

"You are quite right. "L'Amour, L'Amour! First stop, L'Amour."

At that moment a very stout gentleman suddenly burst on to the platform. He was in a high state of agitation, and also in the highest state of clothing. Everything about him—his top-hat, his patent boots, his gold chain, his diamond rings, his silk umbrella—shone with richness. "Lammer, Lammer," he panted, "I want the train to Lammer. Is this the train for Lammer, sonny?"

The porter looked at him for an instant, pausing to consider him with a suddenly thoughtful countenance. "Oh no, this is not *your* train," he said. "I will show you your train, sir. You have just time to catch it. Come with me."

"Thanks, thanks, my good feller," gasped the stout gentleman, and he rushed off with the porter.

Mr Pecklebury, his mouth open with astonishment, beheld them bound down the platform together, the porter's tall figure full of dignity and encouragement, and the coat-tails of the stout gentleman flowing out behind him with the speed of his going.

"God bless my soul, how very curious!" said the astounded Mr Pecklebury, and

he cried to another porter in the middle distance: "Porter, porter, for goodness' sake, *is* this the train for Lammer or is it not?"

"Yes, sir, of course it is," called the man, and at that instant the train moved off, and Mr Pecklebury and the Educational Lady moved off with it—out of Clapham Junction and out of this story.

But about an hour later the Station-master of Clapham Junction was called to the telephone by the Station-master of Brookwood. In agitated accents, the Station-master of Brookwood informed the Station-master of Clapham Junction that, to the consternation of all concerned, a stout gentleman, who declared himself to be no less a person than Mr Julius P. Sicke, the well-known and enormously important international American millionaire, had suddenly arrived at Brookwood Station on a special funeral train, in a state of frenzy and in the midst of a party of horrified mourners, and was even then roaring on the platform, foaming at the mouth, and rapidly qualifying for a funeral of his own, and demanding a Special back to Clapham Junction at once, at the Company's expense and the point of his silk umbrella—at the same time swearing, with oaths which the Station-master of Brookwood could not bring himself to repeat, that he would send in a claim for huge damages for the delay in his business and the waste of his simply priceless time, which had been caused by his having been sent to Brookwood instead of to Lammer, whither he had believed himself to be taking train in order to decide on the best site for an immense electric-power station on the Lammer river.

At this point the communication from Brookwood broke off with a suddenness which it was feared indicated the onset of personal violence at the Brookwood end of the telephone, and the dismayed Station-master of Clapham Junction was left listening anxiously to nothing.

An immediate inquiry was set on foot, and it was then discovered that this was by no means the first complaint of the kind which had lately reached the archives of Clapham Junction. It seemed that a well-known architect, for instance, had been reduced to a state defined by the doctors as catalepsy induced by artistic shock, by finding himself, whenever he travelled at night or in a fog, or during a change of platforms, perpetually arriving at his own Garden City. In yet another case, that of a young member of a highly-connected family, it had become known that the suburb into which he had suddenly plunged, and from which it now appeared impossible to extricate him, was one to which he had originally gone quite by mistake, owing to a porter at Clapham Junction having put him into the wrong train. This young man had, it seemed, long been the object of stern endeavour on the part of his highly-connected family. He had been arranged on

cricket fields, for instance, and had never made a run; he had been put on horses and had always fallen off them; he had been taken out shooting and had always shot himself; he had been placed on a platform to represent his family at a national meeting to Consider the Condition of Russia, and had been led out in the middle of the first speech weeping with indignation at being obliged to have his feelings so harrowed. Now, beaming and bounding, he had wedged himself deep into the suburb of Puddispor and defied all efforts to get him out.

Still another instance was that of a popular music-hall Star, whose splendid political gifts, natural to her profession, were at that moment the admiration of all earnest statesmen. She, no fewer than three times, after starting in what she believed to be the night train for her constituency, had been discovered in Brighton in hysterics.

None of these complaints having been international, however, they had merely been pigeon-holed for "future reference." But the matter was now seen to wear a different aspect. The "future" was turned into the present, with a celerity most unusual in railway circles, and the culprit was indignantly sought.

He was discovered almost immediately. It may indeed be said that he did not need to be discovered at all. The complainants all united in a description which could fit but one man on the station; and the porter himself, when confronted with the charges, scarcely seemed able to realise that he was expected to regard them as such. It appeared that his superiors knew very little about him, save that his name was registered as Jonas, and that he had been taken on as an extra hand during the confusion and carelessness of the Great Strike, and kept on afterwards on proving himself an industrious and satisfactory worker. This in itself was very irregular, since to be an industrious and satisfactory worker is fully recognised as constituting no sort of a recommendation; and it was not quite understood why the other men had not resented it, or the Trades Unions interfered. But perhaps the explanation lay in the fact that the porter appeared to be immensely popular with his comrades. They said there was nothing he could not do, and nothing he would not. He never talked to any one, and he made no friends; but his great strength was at the service of anybody who called upon it. Moreover, many curious stories and rumours centred round him. His nickname on the station was "Mr Back-of-the-'Ed," because of his extraordinary quickness of vision; and twice, during shunting operations, this capacity of his for seeing all round him at once had saved a comrade's life. The men informed their superiors that he might be a queer chap, but he was certingly a scollard. He spoke what was known to be French,

and experienced no difficulty in understanding even the most excited travellers of that nation. He also spoke what had been vouched for by an ice-cream vendor as Eyetalian. Where he came from originally no one knew, but he was scarred with the marks of many old wounds, and no demobilised man from any theatre of the war could speak of the scene of his own campaign without discovering that the porter was as familiar with it as he was with the platforms of Clapham Junction. In short, it appeared that, while all the lower ranks on the station spoke well of him, even with eagerness, there was nobody who knew anything about him, and everybody would have liked to.

He stood, a tall abstracted figure, before the meeting of the L. & S.W.R. authorities to which he was summoned, and listened at first in silence to all that was said about him and to him and against him. But presently, in the midst of the furious indictment of Mr Julius P. Sicke, there in person to identify and convict him, he lifted his head and looked round the assembly. Managing Directors, Managers, Station-masters, officials, accusers, he passed them all over till his eyes came to rest on the one Director present. The Director sat in his arm-chair, his elbow on its arm and his chin on his palm, watching the porter with moody and indifferent eyes. He was a great man. He was only there as a concession to the frightful fuss which was being made by the international Mr Julius P. Sicke. It was rumoured that he was also a disappointed man, in that he considered himself to be one of the few discoveries of the war that had not been made. The porter looked at him, and spoke, and the immense flow of Mr J. P. Sicke's words suddenly dried up and became inaudible.

"Sir," said the porter, "a Junction is a place where travellers change. To what purpose shall a man change unless he changes?"

"Be quiet, Jonas!" hissed a station-master, scandalised at this calm disregard of the international Sicke.

"And to what purpose shall a man change," continued the porter, "unless, having done so, he go to his right destination?"

"Till you are called on to speak, my good fellow," remarked a Managing Director drily, "you would serve your cause better by remaining silent. These people did *not* go to their right destinations, thanks to you!"

The porter turned his gaze in the direction of the speaker. "Without one single exception," he said, "they did. And not only they, but many others also. They went where they belonged. They went where they could behave as they were born to behave. If that be not the right destination of a man, and the one object of his journey, then is the travelling of mortals verily in vain."

This being the first time such language had ever been heard in connection with the

passengers carried by the L. & S.W.R., it is perhaps no wonder that it occasioned a temporary stupefaction, mingled with a vague feeling that some one was being irreverent, though no one quite knew who. There was a gasp, and then several began to speak at once; but the Director, still sitting staring at the porter with his chin in his hand, made a motion for silence.

"How do you account for *that* gentleman then, Jonas?" he said, indicating Mr Julius P. Sicke. "I suppose you admit you sent him to Brookwood?"

"I did," said the porter. "He would be better buried."

Amid the ejaculations of astounded indignation which broke out at this remark, the voice of Mr Julius P. Sicke was not heard. His condition rendered him speechless.

"Do you dare admit such a thing before the very faces of the Directors, sir!" cried a furious Managing Director.

The porter lifted his head.

"*Directors!*" he repeated, and his contemptuous voice rang down the Board-room. "Where are the Directors? Who directs on this railway the silly journeyings of little men? No man! Not one. Who directs upon the earth the restless thrust of this uprooted generation? No man! Not one! And behold its misery whose children struggle where none of them belong. But in these years the gates are down and the barriers broken, and many may gain entrance now to whom the Junctions of your world with older places have long been barred. And if I, weary; I, the doors of whose dwelling are open still upon this unhappy earth; if *I* turn for a moment to these little roads——"

There were shouts of "The man's mad. Stop his nonsense. Shut him up." But the Director leant forward in his chair and sent his question through the noise. "Come now! Who *are* you?" he said; and the porter turned his gaze on him and answered—

"I am the Porter. What else should I be upon these roads of travel! Mine are the gates and the doors, and mine the undertakings of men. I open and shut; I forward and check; I send, I begin. I am the Porter."

He lifted his head again and stood a moment looking with thoughtful eyes across the crowd, head and shoulders taller than any there. Then, with a curious, balanced, leisurely tread, as though he were panoplied, he went away down the room and out at the door, and was gone before any one could sufficiently recover from the universal petrifaction to stop him.

The Director watched him go; and then—whether it was that he thought that he himself was where he didn't belong, or wherever it was that he thought he *did* belong, nobody ever quite knew—but he leant forward and beckoned to the Station-master. "Follow that man," he said. "Bring him to see me. Oh yes, I know he's mad. But I've a fancy to see him again. Get hold of him somehow."

And the Station-master sought for the porter far and wide, and high and low, but he never did get hold of him, either somehow or otherwise, for he was gone.

The general conclusion was, of course, that he was a lunatic — some crank with a permanent obsession who had descended from a higher position in society in order to secure a place in which he could give effect to his queer ideas with regard to his fellow-creatures. And that explanation would certainly account for very nearly everything. It is, indeed, the only really sensible explanation available. But whether it is the true one or not, nobody ever saw the porter again. He passes out of these pages as shadowy and unexplained a figure as he passed out of the Board-room that day, and out of Clapham Junction for good and all.

But for Mr Pecklebury the thing was done. Though Mrs Bath still dwells in unmitigated stateliness in Puddispor, majestically unmoved by the presence or absence of anybody, and sustaining to the full her permanent refusal to pander, her step-nephew is with her no longer. He had "changed" for ever at Clapham Junction.

L'ENVOI.

Gods there were in the days of yore,
So those tell us who lived here then.
Gods omnipotent, gods galore,
Lords of Nature, of Love, of War—
What if they some of them came again?
He, for instance, whose temple stands
Dark and void on the hills of Rome,
Whose terrible path in grave-strewn lands,
'Mid broken litanies, outstretched hands,
Never and never leads him home.
What if *he* for an instant turned,
Wearied and sick, from the fields of war?
Came—attentive—and undiscerned—
Past posts unguarded and barriers burned,
To wield for mortals a subtler power?
For more than the God of War was he!
To Him, twice-visioned, the Doors were given.
His the Beginnings on land and sea;
Of Seasons, of Thresholds, the Deity!
Janus—Patulous—Porter of Heaven!
Well, let the fancy pass! I draw,
Of one thing sure, to the end of my song.
If ever He came, He is here no more.
Look where, faster than ever before,
The world's fools crowd where they don't belong.

# THE "GOOD OLD DAYS" IN MOROCCO.

BY WALTER B. HARRIS.

## I.

FEW people in the world really appreciate radical change, especially if radical change is forced upon them by foreigners in race, in language, and in religion. Yet, on the whole, the Moor of Morocco is meeting it in the same stolid spirit of disinterest as he bore the former persecutions of his own Sultans and Government. He accepts all as the will of God, but finds that he has now for the first time—I am speaking of the French Protectorate of Morocco—security of life and property. He dislikes all foreigners, but he acknowledges the improvement in his situation. He is richer, happier than he was. This he puts down to the merciful providence of God. In return he has to pay regular taxation, which he particularly dislikes, and that he puts down to the intervention of the French. He eases his conscience and takes advantage of the situation.

Yet gradual as the change is, much has already been accomplished. Only those who knew the country before and who know it now can realise the extent of what has been done. When the French bombarded Casablanca and thus opened the road to their occupation of the greater part of Morocco, they entered a closed house, tenanted by suspicion, fanaticism, and distrust. The country considered itself impregnable, and the people looked upon the "Christians" as a despised race, condemned by their religion, unwarlike by nature, and ridiculous in appearance. The Moor imagined that with a small Moslem army, aided by divine assistance, he could easily defeat all the "Christian" forces of the world. "Your shells and bullets will turn to water," they said, "for the Saints and Holy Men who protect us will never allow the infidel to invade our land. Storms will wreck your ships, and even should your soldiers land, a handful of our horsemen would suffice to drive them back into the sea." They really believed it.

What a change has come about since then, and it is only thirteen years ago that the bombardment of Casablanca took place! From time to time I accompanied the expedition that invaded the Chaouia and the highlands beyond it, when one by one the tribes gave way and acknowledged that those two French columns, advancing and ever advancing, were stronger than all the Saints in their tombs and than all

the Holy Men with their promises of victory. The Moor had to realise a fact. It was very difficult at first. It changed his whole aspect of life, his whole mentality. A few thousand Christians were conquering his country! And the two columns were as irresistible as the fact itself. He took refuge in the supreme solace of his religion, cried, "It is the will of God," laid his rifle aside, and either went back to the fields or enlisted in the French army.

Behind the show of force there was another and still more important factor at work. As district after district was occupied and the troops passed on, there sprang up a new organisation, a new administration that safeguarded the interests of the people, their lives, and their properties. They experienced, for the first time for centuries, security. The ever-present fear of death, confiscation, and imprisonment, under the shadow of which they had passed their whole lives, as had their parents and their ancestors before them, disappeared. The extortion of the "Kaids" ceased, or was greatly curtailed, and justice was obtainable.

In the introduction of civilisation the French have shown admirable tact. Their every act and thought has been influenced by a desire to ameliorate the condition of the people and to render them prosperous. They have built endless roads. They have opened hospitals and dispensaries, and everything has been avoided that could wound the religious susceptibilities of the people. They have had the experience of Algeria and Tunis. They have studied our action in Egypt. They have known what to adopt and what to avoid. They have maintained upon the throne a descendant of the ancient line of Sultans, and, governing in his name, they have been able to obtain an elasticity of administration which the codified laws of France could never have given, had a system of direct government been adopted. They have met with far less opposition than might have been expected. In fact the introduction of civilisation into Morocco, in times of great difficulty during the war, has been a fine example of the true spirit of pacification and progress. I, who have known Morocco for over thirty years, can bear witness that in the parts of the country occupied by France the improvement in the welfare of its people is immense. There is yet much to be done. Decades must pass before the work is complete, but I am convinced that the great policy inaugurated by General Lyautey in Morocco will be accepted in the future as the basis of government—to the mutual benefit of the "Protecting" and the "Protected."

Yet there are those who still talk of the "good old days" of Morocco before the French came to the country. That any one can regret that time is incredible. Only those who failed to see beneath the

surface—and how little surface there was to hide the facts—can possibly compare the two periods. The most that can be said against the French régime is that the native finds the introduction of regulations annoying. He has a regular tax to pay instead of suffering the extortion of his own authorities, as he did in the past. He dislikes regularity, and some Moors would probably prefer the uncertainty and gambling chances of the past to the uneventful prosperity of the present. It is true there was the risk of death, of confiscation, of imprisonment, but there was also the chance of loot and robbery, of acquiring a position by force or by bribery, and of being able in tolerable security to confiscate the property of others and put others in prison: and if in the end one died in prison oneself — well, it was God's will. The Moor is a gambler. He staked under that old régime not only his fortune but his life. Often he lost both; but sometimes he won, and it was the lives of others that were sacrificed and their properties that accrued till a great estate was built up, till palaces were built in all the capitals, till his slaves were legion and his women buzzed like a swarm of bees—and then one day the end came. If fate was kind, he died in possession of his estates—and they were confiscated on the day of his death; but more often he died in prison while his family starved. Meanwhile, nothing could be imagined more pitiable than was the lot of the country people, victims of robbery of every kind, for, from the Sultan to the village Sheikh, the whole Makhzen pillaged and lived on the poor. No man could call his soul his own. Thank God, the "good old days" are gone and done with.

I sometimes wonder whether, in spite of all that has been written on the subject, the state of affairs existing in Morocco, up to the date of the introduction of the French Protectorate in 1912, is fully realised.

While Mulai Hafid was Sultan, from 1908 to 1912, in which year he abdicated, the palace was the constant scene of barbarity and torture. The Sultan himself, neurasthenic, and addicted, it is said, to drugs, had his good and his bad days. There was no doubt that at first he meant to reform his country—or perhaps, more correctly, to save it from the encroaching intervention of France. He was possessed of a certain cunning intelligence and with an idea of government; but disappointment met him. Things had gone too far. Morocco was doomed. Finding all his attempts to preserve his country's independence futile, he gave way to temptations, and became cruel and avaricious.

Rebels taken in war—many no doubt were harmless tribesmen—had their hands and feet cut off. Twenty-six were thus tortured at Fez in one day. Twenty-five succumbed, mostly

to gangrene, for though the European doctors in Fez implored the Sultan to be allowed to attend them, Mulai Hafid refused. Publicly the butchers cut and hacked from each of these unfortunate men a hand and a foot, treating the stumps with pitch. The one survivor of that particular batch is living to-day.

Earlier in his reign—in 1909—Mulai Hafid became jealous of a young Shereef, Sid Mohamed el-Kittani, a member of a great family, who, having taken to a religious life, had gathered round him a group of cultured men and founded a sect. People spoke much of him; his popularity and reputation were great. From the precincts of the palace the Sultan followed his every movement, and spies reported his every word, but no excuse could be found for his arrest. But Mulai Hafid was determined that he must be got rid of. He let the young Shereef understand that he was in danger, that the Sultan meant to arrest him, and, influenced by a spy, the young man was persuaded to abandon Fez. He fled by night—straight into the trap. He was allowed to reach the Beni Mtir tribe-lands, and there he was arrested. Meanwhile the report was spread that he had tried to get himself proclaimed Sultan, and evidence to this effect was easily produced. He was brought back to Fez—I saw him brought a prisoner into the palace—and in the presence of Mulai Hafid he was flogged. Blow after blow from knotted leathern cords was rained upon his back and legs till, life almost extinct, he was carried away and thrown into a prison in the palace. He was not even allowed to have his wounds tended. He lived for a few days only, and the slaves who washed his dead body for burial told me that the linen of his shirt had been beaten so deeply into his flesh, which had closed in hideous sores over it, that they had merely cut the more exposed parts of the evil blood-stained rags away and left the rest.

Perhaps the most tragic of the tortures perpetrated by Mulai Hafid were upon the family of the Basha Haj ben Aissa, the Governor of Fez, a man whose reputation was certainly no worse than that of the majority of Moorish officials and very much better than that of many.

Believing that he was very rich, Mulai Hafid had the Governor arrested and thrown into prison, with several members of his family. The usual floggings and privations took place, and Haj ben Aissa surrendered all his properties to the Sultan. But Mulai Hafid was not satisfied. He believed in the existence of a great fortune in money. As a matter of fact, the Governor of Fez had been a keen agriculturist and had invested all his gains—licit and illicit—in land, but nothing could persuade the Sultan that this was the fact. He gave orders that the fortune was to be found: and thus fresh privations and more floggings, but all to no

avail. Then the women were arrested, amongst them the aristocratic wife of the Governor of Fez, a lady of good family and high position. It was thought that she would know and disclose the hidden treasure. She was tortured, but disclosed nothing, because there was nothing to disclose.

The whole of this story came to my knowledge, and the barbarity of the Sultan's proceedings determined me to let the world know what was passing. The evidence I had was legally slight, but I determined to see it through. The Sultan denied, threatened, and denied again, but the repeated efforts of 'The Times' were sufficient to move even the Foreign Office, and it was decided that some action must be taken. The late Sir Reginald Lister was British Minister at that time, and his encouragement and help assisted me in my campaign. At long length the British Government decided to ask the Sultan to produce the lady—as no other proof would be sufficient to persuade them that great cruelties had not been perpetrated. The French Government stood side by side with our own in the interests of humanity. The Sultan agreed willingly, but failed to produce the lady. The energy of Mr M'Leod, the British Consul at Fez, was untiring. At length, driven by the force of circumstances, the Sultan allowed the Basha's wife to be visited by two English lady medical missionaries, accompanied by the wife of a French doctor. They saw her in the recesses of the palace, and in spite of protestations and threats on the part of the slaves, they insisted on examining her. Her crippled body and the terrible scars of recent wounds amply justified their action. The Sultan had lied throughout. The woman had been cruelly tortured.

With that humane spirit which he has shown throughout his whole life, Sid el Haj Mohamed el-Mokri, who was Grand Vizier then and to-day so ably fills the same post, took the injured wife of the Governor of Fez into his own house, where she received all the medical assistance of which she stood in need, and all the kindness of the Vizier's womenkind.

I have two letters referring to this incident which I value. One is from Mr J. M. M'Leod, C.M.G., then British Consul at Fez, dated 28th July 1910, in which he writes to me to tell me that the surviving members of Haj Ben Aissa's family had been to see him for the purpose of asking him to let me know how grateful they were for the "great efforts I had made on their behalf, which had been an immense solace to them." The second is a letter from the British Minister, Sir Reginald Lister, dated 22nd February, from the Dolomites, in which he says: "I write first and above all to congratulate you on your triumph in the matter of the tortures." After all, my part had been small. It was the publicity that 'The Times' gave to my telegrams and messages that obtained the success. Two years afterwards, when circumstances

had brought Mulai Hafid and myself together again, I asked him to explain his action. He told me that he knew the woman had been tortured—she was not the only one—but that he personally had not intended it. He said that when he had been informed that Haj ben Aissa's fortune could not be found, he had ordered the arrest of his womenkind. A little later he was told the women "wouldn't speak," and he acknowledged that he had replied, "They must be made to speak." Such words from such a source were taken to mean one thing and one thing alone—torture; and they were tortured.

Of the end of Bou Hamara I have written elsewhere,—his long confinement in a small cage—his being thrown to the lions in the presence of the Sultan's women—and eventually his being shot after the savage beasts had mangled and torn his arms.

Those were the "good old days."

II.

It was not only in the palace that there was cruelty. In every Governor's Kasba, deep in damp dungeons—as often as not holes scooped in the earth for storing grain—there lay and pined those who had committed, or not committed, as as the case might be, some crime; and still more often, those who were rich enough to be squeezed. In suffering and in darkness, receiving just sufficient nourishment to support life, men were known to have existed for years, to emerge again long after their relations had given up all hope of seeing them. But there was always a chance—a chance that the Governor might die or fall into disgrace; and then the dungeons in his castle would be opened and the wrecks of his prisoners be released. And what prisons, what horrors of prisons, they were, even those above ground and reserved for the ordinary class of criminal. Chained neck to neck, with heavy shackles on their legs, they sat or lay in filth, and often the cruel iron collars were only undone to take away a corpse. The prisons in the towns were bad enough, but those of the country Kasbas were far worse. Mulai Abdul Aziz, who reigned from 1894 till 1908, and who still lives at Tangier, deserves at least some credit, for at one period of his reign he put the prisons of Fez in order. They were largely restored, a water supply was added, and they became less hideous than they had been before; but gradually the old system crept back again, and the improvements lasted only a little while. With all the good intentions in the world, a Sultan of those days could not break down the traditions and corruption of his surroundings.

Amongst the great Berber chieftains of the Atlas, life was even harder, but at all events there was not the same per-

secution and squeezing as existed in the plains and richer districts. The more than semi-independence of the Berbers freed them from the perpetual exactions of the Makhzen, though by no means from the extortion of their own chiefs. Yet the very climate, the hardships of life in those inhospitable peaks, the constant warfare in which the tribes were engaged with one another, made men of them, and all the traditions of their race were democratic. But if the same oppression for the sake of extorting money did not exist, their treatment of prisoners taken in war whose lives were not forfeited, or of those held as hostages, was harsh enough. They, too, the great Berber Kaids, had their castles and their dungeons, and the latter were seldom empty. The whole life in those great Atlas fortified Kasbas was one of warfare and of gloom. Every tribe had its enemies, every family had its blood-feuds, and every man his would-be murderer. Since quite my early years in Morocco I have visited these far-away castles, and with many of the Berber Kaids I enjoy to-day a friendship that has lasted over many years. With the family of the Kaids of Glaoua I have long been on intimate terms. When I first knew them Sid Madani Glaoui was merely the Governor of the Glaoua tribe, and his younger brother Sid Thami—a youth then—held no official position. Remarkable for their skill in warfare, and for their ability in tribal diplomacy, the members of the Glaoua family seldom left the high mountain peaks, except to pay periodical visits to Marrakesh, three days' journey from their home. Their Kasba at Telnet, the grandest of all the Atlas fortresses, is situated over 7000 feet above the level of the sea. Such ability did these young brothers possess, that it was not difficult to foresee that they must be destined to play a rôle in the history of Morocco. They began by consolidating their power in the Atlas, both by diplomacy and by a series of little wars in which they surpassed themselves in feats of arms, and in which both were repeatedly wounded. As Commander-in-Chief of the Shereefian forces the elder was employed by Mulai Abdul Aziz in his wars against the Rif tribes. Meanwhile the Glaoua faction in the south was becoming all-powerful, and when Mulai Hafid in 1908 unfurled the standard of revolt against his brother, the Glaoui chiefs supported him. Without them his cause must have failed at once. Madani became his Minister of War, and then his Grand Vizier; his brother, Haj Thami, was appointed Governor of Marrakesh and the surrounding tribes. Capable in the art of native government, they were equally capable in the management of their own affairs. Their estates—the most extensive of any except, perhaps, the Sultan's Makhzen properties—were admirably worked and conducted, and vast revenues flowed in. At the moment when the French Protectorate was declared, both these able

men threw in their lot with France, and have served her loyally. Intelligent, realising for years past that the end of the independence of Morocco might be staved off for a short period but was eventually inevitable, the Glaoui brothers had never disguised their preference for reform and their desire for the opening up of Morocco wealth. The Berber race possesses not only a keenness of intellect but also an activity that is wanting in the other inhabitants of Morocco. Roads, railways, machinery pleases them, and they are eager for their introduction. Their mentality is European and not African.

Madani Glaoui died two years ago, a man who was really regretted—not only by the French, to whom he rendered great services, but also by the natives. He was one of the greatest, the richest, and the most generous of Berber chiefs, a man of delightful manners and much learning. His brother, Haj Thami, still a comparatively young man, is to-day Basha of Marrakesh. He lives a simple life in the midst of much splendour, and spends all the hours that he can spare from his official duties in visiting his estates or in handling and reading his wonderful collection of Arabic manuscripts. On one of my visits to their Kasba at Tuelet —I think in the year 1901— I allowed myself to be persuaded to stay on and on, though I ought already to have been on my way toward the coast. First it had been Kaid Madani who had asked me to remain another day, then one or other of his brothers or cousins, and so on. Every morning I prepared to start, and every time I was begged to stay. At last I really expected to be allowed to leave; but I was led out into a great courtyard, overlooked by the frowning walls of the Kasba. On the terraced roofs were gathered a multitude of veiled women. My host, bidding me look up, said: "To-day it is our womenfolk who beg you to stay," and with a loud cry the women uttered their welcome. The Berbers are less strict about womenkind, and I often conversed with elderly ladies of the Glaoua family. On asking one of these personages— she was a very near relation to Sid Madani — why it was the women of the Kasba desired me to prolong my stay, she replied: "Because, since you have been here, there has been a truce to war and to feud. Our sons and our sons' sons are in safety. Before you came no one ever laughed in the Kasba, for the men think only of war, and we women only of death; but for a fortnight now we have laughed and sung—having no fear. But when you go the truce will end, and all our laughter will cease." It made one realise life in the Kasba of Teluet.

When Sid Madani Glaoui was at Fez as Grand Vizier during the reign of Mulai Hafid, he had only a few of his very numerous children with him. Amongst these few was

a favourite son by a black slave woman. He was about twelve years of age, very dark, but of a remarkable vivacity and intelligence, and most amusing. Unfortunately this temperament had its disadvantages, and his conduct for his age was disgraceful. He had already indulged in the wildest life. His father had sent him to the French school, but it was only on the rarest occasions that he ever turned up there. No matter how many of the Vizier's retainers took him to the door, he invariably by some means or other escaped—and spent his days in far less eligible society elsewhere. At last things became so bad that the schoolmaster insisted on complaining personally to his father: the boy was summoned into his presence, and was asked why he played truant. He denied it—to the surprise of both. He insisted that he attended school regularly, and that it was only because the schoolmaster disliked him that this accusation was made against him. The schoolmaster continued naturally to contradict the boy, who at last said, "Well, I can prove it. If I hadn't attended school I couldn't speak French. Examine me." Hurriedly one of the Vizier's Algerian retinue was called, and asked to address the boy in French. He did so, and the black imp replied with the facility almost of a Parisian, but it wasn't the French that schoolboys ought to learn. The expressions and words he used made the schoolmaster's hair stand on end, but undoubtedly he spoke French, and with a fluency that was appalling. It was not in a school for the "sons of gentlemen" that he had learned it—nor in a school for the "daughters of ladies" either—but in a French *café chantant*, as it called itself, which had recently been installed in the Jews' quarter of the city.

III.

The Jews of Morocco are a race apart. There are two distinct branches—the descendants of the original Berber Jews of the country, and the descendants of the Jews who migrated from Spain, mostly in the fifteenth century. While the latter have preserved Spanish as their native tongue, the former use the Shelha (Berber) or Arabic languages, according to the part of Morocco they inhabit. The type, as might be expected, is very different, and it is often difficult, and at times impossible, to distinguish between the Israelites of the Atlas and the neighbouring Moslem Berber tribesmen. They even dress alike, except for the small black cap which is common to the Jewish tribes. The origin of these indigenous Jews is unknown, but their presence in Morocco is of great antiquity. A tradition exists that they were driven out of Palestine by Joshua the son of

Nun, but it seems more probable that they were native Berbers converted at some very early period from paganism.

These original Jews inhabit the interior of the country, mostly in the towns, though many are scattered amongst the tribes. They live alone, and regard the more educated Jews of Spanish origin as leaning toward unorthodoxy, if not actually unorthodox. The circumstances in which they pass their existence amongst proud and fanatical Moslem tribesmen have naturally given to the native Jews none of the facilities nor the incentives for progress. In the case of the Jews of Spanish descent there has been a remarkable movement during the last fifty years. They have seized upon every form and kind of education in order to increase their social welfare. Schools have been built, professors from Europe engaged, and all this has been accomplished almost entirely from funds locally subscribed. The "Alliance Israélite" has largely found the personnel of the schools, but the wave of education has been the work of the intelligent Jews themselves. No sacrifice has been too great, no effort too vast, with the result to-day that there is scarcely a Jew in the coast towns of Morocco who does not speak and read and write at least two languages, while the majority speak three. These Jews of Spanish origin share with their co-religionists of the East the title of "Sephardim." When they were exiled, after a period of cruel persecution, from Spain they sought refuge in Morocco. They were already an educated and civilised race, in learning and the arts far ahead of the majority of Spaniards amongst whom they were no longer permitted to live. On their arrival in Morocco they found the Jews of Berber origin living in a position of inferiority such as it would be quite impossible for them to accept. They therefore negotiated with the Sultan an "Ordinance" as to the status they might hold in the country, which at the same time laid down certain rules for the guidance of their own conduct, lest life amongst their more ignorant native co-religionists might cause them to abandon some of their more civilised and civilising tenets. This "Ordinance" is still adhered to, and is known to the "Sephardim" as the "Decanot." It contains, amongst many other clauses, rules as to marriage contracts and on the question of succession of property.

The "Sephardim" of Morocco are a remarkable people, who have rendered, and are rendering great services to the country. Hard-working, intelligent, keen business men and capable organisers, the Spanish Jews of Morocco have progressed in civilisation, in education, and in fortune in a manner that is highly commendable.

But long before the modern "renaissance," the "Sephardim" Jews of Morocco, in spite of the great difficulties and drawbacks under which they

existed, had gained for themselves a position in Morocco. They had become, as bankers and money-lenders, indispensable to the country, while they filled also many other professions. The tailors, jewellers, tent-makers, and metal-workers were practically all Jews. The "Mellah," as their quarter is called, was the centre of trade. In their shops there was nothing too small to be bought,—I have seen boxes of wax matches split up and sold by the half-dozen,—while the same shopman, or perhaps his brother, would lead you to his house, and in an upper chamber, with the door locked, offer you a string of pearls or a great cabuchon emerald, or a diamond the size of a shilling.

In many ways their position, persecuted though they were as a race, was preferable to that of the Moslem. They had their own laws, administered by their Rabbis. Their taxation was collected apart by their own people, and paid in a sort of offering to the Sultan. They were squeezed of course, and now and again their quarter was pillaged, but there was never the individual danger of persecution such as the Moslem was at all times liable to. They were able almost at any time to gain access to the authorities, and even to the Sultans, who, in their conversation with the many Jews and Jewesses who worked—as tent-makers and tailors—in the palace, were far more intimate and affable than with their own people. Both Mulai Abdul Aziz and Mulai Hafid had personal friends amongst the Fez and Marrakesh Jews, with whom they were on terms of considerable intimacy. The result was that the Jews of Morocco as a race were far more often able, through their friendships at Court and with the Viziers, to obtain justice for their wrongs than were their Moslem neighbours, and even in the country districts a Jewish trader was feared. He would be mocked at perhaps, or sometimes a little bullied, but seldom really ill-treated. An example of the fear in which the Jews were held came to my personal knowledge during my travels many years ago. A Jew, travelling alone from country market to country market, was murdered and his little stock-in-trade and his few dollars were robbed. The murder took place in the thickly populated Gharb district, between two of the most important markets, during the early hours of the night. I knew the man well, and he was a constant visitor of the "souks." For a day or two nothing was known except that he was no longer seen at the markets. He might, it is true, have gone back to Alcazar, his native town, to replenish his stock, but it seemed more probable that he had been done to death. His body, however, was not found, though on those level plains, thick with tent and hut villages, it would be difficult to hide it. All that could be said for certain was that he had disappeared.

Now what had happened was this. The murderers, having robbed the body, laid it

by night just outside a neighbouring village. At dawn the villagers found it, and terrified of being accused of murdering a Jew, they concealed the corpse till night, when stealthily they carried it away and laid it on the outskirts of another village. Here again the same manœuvre was practised, and day by day and night by night the body was concealed and carried on. It mattered little that in time the state of the corpse would have clearly demonstrated that the murder had taken place already some time back. It would have been sufficient evidence of guilt merely for it to have been found near a village, no matter how decomposed. The inevitable punishment would have been severe—imprisonments and confiscations—for the innocent villagers. Had the murdered man been a Moslem little heed would have been taken, but the murder of a Jew was far more serious. The matter reached my ears, for the inhabitants of a village confided in me that they had found the body that morning, and that owing to death having occurred some weeks before, its transport to another village was a matter of extreme difficulty. I intervened, and notified the discovery to the authorities, and the villagers did not suffer.

The business instinct is naturally very strong amongst the Morocco Jews. Their existence has always been a struggle in the past, and life has been hard. One of the many friends I have amongst the race told with a delightful sense of humour an anecdote of his early childhood. He had just begun to study in Hebrew the details of his faith, and his soul was aflame with the idea that the promised Messiah might come at any moment. Bidding good-night to his parents and his relatives, he whispered to his old grandmother, a lady of great influence in the family, "Do you think the Messiah will come to-night?" She patted his head gently and said, "Don't worry, my dear, about that. He will come in his own day. Learn to add up—learn to add up." She was a practical old lady, and her grandson followed her advice. He is to-day the leader of the Jewish community in one of the most important towns in Morocco, an honourable and wealthy man, of great generosity, and of unswerving devotion to the interests of his people.

The Jews keep very strictly to the letter of the law; and though I have every respect for devotion, I once was really very seriously annoyed by the rigid adherence of an elderly Israelite to his commandments.

I was camping in the Gharb province in winter. The rain was falling in torrents and the ground deep in mud. During dinner a Jewish youth arrived, and bursting into my tent, began to cry. As soon as he could make himself intelligible he stated that his father, who was camping in a neighbouring village, was very ill. He had heard of the arrival of a "Christian," and begged me

to go and see him. I went, my men accompanying me with lanterns. It was a long walk, and it was raining cats and dogs; but at length we arrived where the camp of the Jews was pitched—a couple of big tents such as the travelling Jewish trader always uses. Everything was in darkness. I was welcomed, by the light of my own lanterns, by the youth's father, who, surrounded by his bales of cloth and cotton goods, seemed the picture of health. After the usual compliments I asked what I could do.

It was Friday night, and therefore the Jews had already entered upon their Sabbath. With many apologies the merchant informed me that the wind had put their lanterns out, and as it was the Sabbath they were not permitted to strike matches, so they could not relight them. The Moors—infidels, he called them—had refused to help them, and so he had been obliged to trouble me!—and I had walked a couple of miles through deep mud, late at night, in torrents of rain—to strike a match!

I struck it, and I pride myself it was the only thing I did strike. I left him with his lanterns alight, but I made him tip my men so generously for their long and tiring walk that he would probably prefer in the future to spend weeks in darkness rather than risk disturbing another Christian.

IV.

A Moslem family that suffered many vicissitudes was that of a former Governor of Oulad Sifian in the Gharb. Haj Bouselham er-Remoush was at one time a great man. He owed his appointment to friends—and to bribery—at Court, and quickly became an influential and wealthy personage. As a matter of fact, he was not, as Moorish Kaids go, a bad Governor. Extortion he naturally practised, and his prisons were full; but the tribe he governed did not inordinately complain, which meant that he must have had some good points. Those good points certainly weren't his sons. The elder, who was deputy-Governor, was a thorough rascal. A fine horseman, always beautifully dressed, he was to outward appearances an attractive personality; but he drank copiously, and no good-looking woman or girl in his jurisdiction was safe from his attentions. He was still almost a youth when the crash came. There had been complaints to the Sultan of his licentiousness, and consequently the father was heavily "squeezed" from Court, and his fortune could not stand the pressure. When the Viziers extracted all he had to give, a band of troops arrived and arrested all the male members of the family, while the soldiers spent the following day or two in his harem. His house was

torn down stone by stone in the search for treasure, and the Kaid and his two elder sons were sent in chains to Marrakesh. His home became a ruin and his gardens were destroyed. Still to-day, in the midst of a tangle of "prickly pear," one sees the remains of what was once the important residence.

Haj Bouselham, an elderly man, accustomed to all the luxuries of wealth, succumbed quickly to the horrors of the Marrakesh prison. His eldest son died soon afterwards. The third, still a boy, was released. Some few years afterwards, riding across the hill-tops near Wazzan, a shepherd in charge of a flock of goats spoke to me. "You do not recognise me," he said; "I am Mohamed, the son of Haj Bouselham er-Remoush." I asked him to tell me his history. Released from prison, penniless of course, he had taken refuge with his mother's people, who had suffered too in the general confiscation that had succeeded his father's fall. He was now a goatherd—and only a few years before how often I had seen him mounted on one or other of his fine horses, on a saddle embroidered in gold and surrounded by his slaves.

A few years later I met him again. His luck had turned. Part of his confiscated property had been acquired again, and he was a well-to-do young tribesman in a prosperous way. To-day, under a benigner rule, he is an important landowner and farmer and once more rides fine horses.

As a rule families held together for better or for worse. Their safety depended upon their cohesion and on their numbers. The moment a man was made Kaid he collected all his brothers and his uncles and his cousins and installed them round him. He exempted them from taxation, and let them rob. It was the numerical strength of his retainers as much as his prestige that kept him immune from murder and revolt. Yet sometimes the families were split up, and then woe betide them.

Some thirty years ago, on the death of one of the great southern Kaids, his eldest son hurried to the Sultan's Court with mules laden with money, to buy his succession to his father's post. There was a younger son who still was allowed in the women's quarters, and whose mother had been the old Kaid's favourite wife, and she had remained up to the time of his death his confidante. She knew well enough what would be her fate should the elder son succeed in buying the succession—that she and her boy would be driven out to starve, even if the youth was not murdered, for the feud between the members of the family was a deadly one. She held one trump-card—almost always the winning card in Morocco. She, and she alone, knew where the dead Kaid's secret fortune was hidden. Under the charge of some of her relations she hurried her son to the Court. He arrived to find that his half-brother was already nominated to the kaidship, and had left to

return to his tribe that very morning. Not a moment was to be lost. The youth and his advisers sought the Grand Vizier and asked how much the brother had paid for his succession. The sum was named, whereupon the younger brother offered a still greater amount in return for a letter from the Sultan appointing him to the post, with imperial authority to take such steps as he might think necessary in order to dispossess his brother. The bargain was quickly struck, and with a strong body of cavalry placed at his disposal by the Sultan he set out in pursuit. They met outside the Kasba walls, and, overpowered by the troops, the elder son of the old Kaid was taken prisoner and thrown into a dungeon in the castle. Needless to say he never emerged alive. The soldiers remained a few days, and returned to the Sultan bearing the promised price of office, for the son had dug up, from under a great fountain-basin in the courtyard of the Kasba, the buried treasure of his father.

There was no crime that the Makhzen would not commit for money. The Sultans not unseldom carried out their own bargains. Mulai Hafid had, rightly, little confidence in his entourage—it was a mutual sentiment—and there was no financial transaction, however doubtful its morality, that he would not personally undertake, and nearly always with success.

The whole atmosphere of the palace was permeated with extortion. The Sultans never hesitated playfully—but definitely—to take possession of any article that took their fancy, if the owner were on any but the most formal terms. Over and over again I was the victim of these petty thefts—pocket-books, sleeve-links, necktie-pins. One soon learned to take nothing of value with one into the precincts of the Court. It must not be thought that presents were given in return, for it was rare indeed that any Sultan gave away anything. Now and then they were generous with some one else's property, and even that was rare. Visits to the Court of Mulai Abdul Aziz and Mulai Hafid were expensive. There were many who thought that the few lucky persons to whom those closely-shut gates were opened were making their fortunes. Some were—those who had goods for sale; but those who, like myself, were casual visitors, paid dearly enough for their privilege of the *entrés*. One of the commonest forms of robbery was this. On arriving at the palace gates one's horse was taken possession of by the black slaves. On emerging later on from the precincts of the palace the slaves were there but the horse invisible. Protests and threats were of no avail—a payment, and often a heavy one, had to be made in order to get it back. At one time my audiences with Mulai Hafid, who was then at Fez, were of almost daily occurrence, and this form of extortion became so expensive

that eventually I "struck," for it often cost me from £2 to £3 to get my horse back. On one occasion I lost my temper and cursed the slaves. Failing to obtain any redress, I returned in a justified burst of rage and complained to the Grand Vizier. The Sultan overheard me and I was summoned to his presence, where I spoke equally forcibly. I told him that in Europe people paid gate-money to go and see monstrosities in side-shows—fat women and tattooed men—but that I wasn't going to be robbed in this perfectly unjustifiable and wholesale way each time I came to see him. It was he, I added, who sent for me. As for myself, I was indifferent to these interviews, and was quite prepared not to come again if affairs were not put right. The Sultan soothed my injured spirits—spoke a little of kindness and charity, and finished up by saying, "You mustn't judge them too hardly. You see, none of them receive any wages, and they live on what they make. However, I will have them punished, so that they won't worry you again," and he ordered the Grand Vizier to have them flogged. Of course I intervened, knowing what these floggings often were, but I needn't have troubled. They were flogged, but it was only a pretence—half a dozen blows each that would scarcely have hurt a small child. On reaching the door of the palace a few minutes later my horse had disappeared again! It had been taken by the slaves who had administered the bastinado, and who now demanded payment for the punishment they had inflicted on their fellow-slaves for an exactly similar offence. There was nothing to be done. I paid.

It is all so different nowadays at the palace. The traditional and historical etiquette is strictly followed on all state occasions, but the organising hand is felt. The slaves and soldiers are beautifully dressed. The Court officials, in their long white robes, are politeness itself, and an official reception by the present Sultan at his palace is a sight worth seeing. In the outer courtyards are his black guards in scarlet and gold, cavalry and infantry, and his band of musicians in their *kaftans* of rainbow colours; and the long corridors are filled with the palace attendants. In the throne-room, seated on a divan, the Sultan receives his guests—an intelligent affable host. It is true the "surprises" are gone—but the rest remains—even to the lions that roar in their cages in a corner of the inner garden. The palaces are the same, but swept and cleaned and garnished, for in the old days only the portion of the great buildings actually inhabited by the Sultan was kept in repair. I visited the palaces at Fez and Marrakesh soon after the abdication of Mulai Hafid. I had already seen certain parts of them, but the presence of hundreds of women under the old régime—many the widows

and slaves and descendants of dead Sultans—prevented one visiting many of the courtyards and buildings. On the advent of the new régime other arrangements were made for these palace pensioners, much to their advantage, and the restoration of the palaces was undertaken. But there was much past restoring: courtyard after courtyard where the ceilings of the rooms had fallen in, and where it was literally unsafe to walk. The impression that the ensemble gave one was that, with the exception of some of the oldest and some of the most modern parts, the Sultans had been terribly "done" by their builders and the men responsible for the upkeep. No doubt this always was so. The Court functionaries and the Viziers demanded and received commissions—and what commissions!—on all the work done at the palaces. As a rule the decoration in the palaces is no better than that existing in the splendid private residences of Fez and Marrakesh, and the workmanship is often distinctly inferior. The greater parts of the existing palaces were constructed by Mulai Hassen, the grandfather of the present Sultan, Mulai Yussef, who died in 1894. He must have destroyed, in order to raise these acres and acres of buildings, much of what existed previously. Of the palaces of former dynasties nothing but the merest ruins remains—a few walls at Fez of the palace of the Merinides, and at Marrakesh the great walls and enclosure of what must have been the finest of all Moroccan buildings, the palace of the Saadien Sultans, whose dynasty came to an end in the seventeenth century. Their mausoleum, dating from the sixteenth century, the most beautiful building in Morocco, still remains intact as an example of perfect Moorish art, and there is no doubt, from descriptions still extant, that the neighbouring palace was of unparalleled beauty and magnificence. The ground-plan of its great courtyard, with its immense water-tanks and its fountains, can still be clearly traced, while at one end, facing a long straight tiled walk, between two of the great basins, are the ruins of the Sultan's audience-chamber, a vast square room. The walls are still standing, but the roof has fallen long ago. The description of this palace in the days of its glory reads like a page from the 'Thousand and One Nights.' What had taken a century to build was destroyed in a day. The Saadien dynasty fell, and the cruel despot Mulai Ismail seized the throne. His first act was to order the destruction of this famous palace of his predecessors, and the great building was looted by the soldiery and the crowd. Many of the old houses in Marrakesh to-day have doorsteps formed of small columns, or parts of larger ones, of rare marbles—the remnants of the colonnades that once decked this magnificent palace of the most intellectual and civilised dynasty that Morocco ever boasted.

V.

Perhaps the most noticeable change that has come about in Morocco is in the attitude of the people to medical and surgical aid. The Moor was often ready in the past to accept the assistance of European doctors, and had a certain faith in their medicines, but the opportunities were few. The Medical Missions at Fez and Marrakesh were well attended and rendered great services, and the doctors attached to the Sultan's Court had a certain clientele. As a rule the native's faith was half-hearted, sufficient to accept medicines if given free, but rarely of the kind that would pay a fee. Often, too, the medicine was not taken, and secretly in his inmost heart the patient had sometimes far more faith in the good that might accrue from the presence of the doctor than from the remedies he recommended. A short time since I experienced a good example of this. A Moor, a neighbour of mine, was very ill with typhus fever, and at my recommendation his womenfolk summoned an excellent doctor to attend him. I always accompanied the doctor on his visits. The man was desperately ill. The doctor and I carefully explained to the women how his medicines should be taken, and they apparently followed our advice to the letter. But one day, arriving unexpectedly at the house at the hour in which the patient should have taken his medicine, I saw his wife carefully measure the dose into the glass and deliberately pour it away. I remained concealed for a few moments and then made my presence known. I asked if the man had had his medicine. Holding up the bottle, and pointing to the diminution in its contents, the woman replied, "Yes, he has just taken it." I told the woman that I had seen her throw it away. She showed little or no confusion, but said, "The doctor's presence is sufficient without his drugs. His knowledge is what is useful—who knows what his drugs contain?" I have experienced many similar cases, one that was so absurd that it is worth repeating. Happening to meet an old native who had a terrible sore on the calf of one of his legs, I asked him if he would go as an out-patient to the hospital to have it treated. He willingly assented, and I wrote on a visiting-card a line to the doctor in charge. The man took the card and went his way. A day or two later I met him—his leg was bound up with a filthy rag. I asked him if he had been to the hospital. "No," he replied, "there was no need. My leg is already better." I insisted on seeing the sore. Under the reeking bandage, bound across the open wound, was my visiting-card! I asked the man why he had put it there. "Your kindness," he said, "and the knowledge of the doctor to whom it was ad-

dressed is sufficient cure, so I applied the card to the sore. It is better already." It wasn't. If anything it was distinctly worse, so I took the old man by force and walked him up to the hospital myself, where he was treated. Finding almost instant relief from pain, he followed the doctor's advice, and continued his visits until his leg was healed. I attempted to show him the folly of his own idea of cure, but he would only reply: "Your card was sufficient. It would have got well just the same if you had allowed me to leave it there."

The women were, and are still, the most difficult. But even in their case a great change has come about, and the Medical Mission to women at Fez, so admirably conducted by two estimable English—or rather Irish—ladies has rendered immense service. It is curious that it is at Fez, the most fanatical of all the Moroccan cities, that the most headway has been made in this women's medical work. Elsewhere there has been a considerable measure of success, but nowhere else, I think, have the houses and hearts of the native women been so opened to "Christians" as they have at the Northern Capital. No great function in any of the aristocratic houses is complete if the ladies of the Medical Mission are not present. Speaking the language with perfect fluency, they have succeeded by their good works—and perhaps still more by their good natures—in making themselves most justly and most sincerely beloved. Part at least of the secret of their success has been what is often so wanting, —cheerfulness and love—which constitute, after all, perhaps the most important equipment of real Christianity.

Formerly the mass of the people were satisfied with the healing power of their Shereefs, and with the charms of the "Tholba," or students of religion. They visited certain holy places, mostly tombs, where prayers were offered. Others, still more ignorant, summoned to the bedside of their sick, negro dancers and the devotees of the "Aissaoua" sect, the noise of whose music and chants should have been sufficient to drive away all the djinns of Morocco. At the same time there is a certain knowledge of herbs existing amongst the country people, and many of the remedies to which they have recourse are by no means to be despised. Bone-setting is regularly practised, and well practised, with splints of wood and cane.

The Moors have long been aware of the medicinal value of certain hot springs, which are largely resorted to for the cure of skin diseases and other maladies common to the country. Particularly famous are the hot baths of Mulai Yakoub, not far from Fez, and the benefit derived is unquestionable. I have known natives, scarcely able to ride to the spot and covered with sores, who after a sojourn of from twenty to thirty days at this spot have returned healed.

Apart from the vendors of strange medicines who can be seen in any of the Moroccan markets, with their stock-in-trade set out before them—hideous dried animals and the skins of moth-eaten birds predominating—there are a certain number of native doctors. The most renowned are Shereefs from Dades, an oasis situated to the south of the Great Atlas. These men pretend to inspired and hereditary knowledge, and there is no doubt that there still exists amongst them some trace of medical learning. They operate for cataract, not by removing the cataract but by dislocating it, by which sight is often restored, but without any certainty that the cure is more than temporary. They are also skilful in removing portions of broken skull. There is no actual trepanning of the bone, but the broken part is removed and replaced, the scalp having been opened and drawn back by a portion of the dried shell of a gourd, which, overlapping the uninjured part of the skull, covers the aperture and protects the brain. The scalp is replaced and sewn up.

Perhaps the most ingenious practice in use amongst the Berbers of the Atlas is the use of the large red ant for closing skin wounds. The art of sewing up wounds is known and practised, but they have no means of disinfecting the material used, and they state that the stitches often either open or form sores. They therefore employ the following method. Holding the two edges of the skin together, so as to leave a little of both edges protruding, they apply a living red ant to the wound. The ant closes his strong mandibles on the skin, and is promptly decapitated with the aid of a pair of scissors. The mandibles remain closed, holding the two edges of skin together. As many as four or five of these "clips" are applied to a wound of a few inches in length. By the time the ant's head falls away the wound has closed. This system is in common use in the Atlas, and the Governor of Marrakesh, Haj Thami Glaoui, told me that he insists on his men using it in preference to sewing, unless the sewing can be performed by a European doctor with disinfected material.

The Sultans Mulai Abdul Aziz and Mulai Hafid both took an interest in medicine and dentistry, and had confidence in their doctors. An English dentist who attended the ladies of the palace in the reign of the former of these two Sultans was only allowed to work on the mouths of the inmates of the imperial harem through a small hole cut in the sheet which entirely enveloped the patient as she sat in the dentist's chair. So successfully, however, did he mend up the teeth of the ladies of the palace that the Viziers followed suit, and the dentist had a busy time. The Minister of Foreign Affairs sent for me one day, and after some general remarks asked me if I knew the dentist. I replied that I did, and that he was an adept at his art. The Vizier con-

tinued that he knew personally very little about dentistry, and would I tell him whether every time his wife sneezed it was necessary to sneeze her new row of upper teeth half across the room. I replied that I doubted whether this was an absolute necessity, but I would ask the dentist. I did so, and the lady's set of teeth was quickly altered to fit her better. "It is wonderful," said the Vizier to me later on: "she sneezes and sneezes, and her teeth never even rattle."

In the days of Mulai Hassen, before the advent of a resident physician to the palace, Kaid Maclean, then a young officer, used to dabble in medicine, and so great was the confidence that he inspired in the Sultan's eyes that even His Majesty allowed himself to be treated. Kaid Maclean's knowledge was limited to the contents of his medicine-chest and a book of explanations. On one occasion the ladies of the palace had been suffering—from indigestion probably—and at the same time some disinfectant was required for some one in the palace who had been injured in an accident. Kaid Maclean sent the two medicines, with instructions how they were to be used, but by some mistake the ladies swallowed the compressed tabloids of permanganate of potass instead of the tonic. The tabloids dissolved inside, but brought on violent attacks of sickness, and to the horror of the Sultan and the ladies themselves, they began to vomit what appeared to be vast quantities of blood. The more sick they were the more terrified they became, and in reply to an anxious message Kaid Maclean hurried to the palace. The Sultan was beside himself with fear, but an explanation was forthcoming and the ladies recovered.

Mulai Abdul Aziz's first experience of the use of chloroform might easily have led to more serious results. Dr Verdon, his English doctor had operated on a slave under chloroform, and the Sultan had been present. The operation over, His Majesty retired into the palace carrying with him a large bottle of the anæsthetic. The doctor tried to obtain possession of the bottle, but in vain; and all he could do was to warn His Majesty to be very careful with it. He no doubt was, for apparently nobody died; but rumour has it that his ladies lay all over the palace as insensible as logs of wood—for he had a grand chloroforming evening all to himself. Mulai Hafid, too, quite appreciated the use of chloroform, and insisted on its being administered to a lion that was suffering from overgrown toe-nails. The lion, whose temper was not of the best, took none too kindly to the whole operation, which was, however, eventually successfully performed, to the satisfaction of his Shereefian Majesty.

To-day the people flock in thousands to the hospitals and dispensaries which the French have opened throughout the length and breadth of their Protectorate. There is yet room for more medical work,

for disease is rife, but what has already been accomplished is admirable. The Moor who would never have thought of accepting the assistance of a doctor in the old days now hurries to the nearest dispensary as soon as he feels ill; and any man who meets with an accident is immediately taken by his fellow-workman to the native hospital. Crowds patiently wait their turns in the gardens and corridors, and the women's days are almost as congested as are those for the men. Whatever may be the people's real sentiments toward Europeans, their confidence in "Christian" doctors is undisputable. Yet the very people who flock for medical aid would probably not acknowledge that any change has taken place in their views. They don't realise that only ten years ago, even if the possibilities had existed, they would never have dared to show this outward respect for and belief in the skill of the "infidel." But the change has come gradually, and is unnoticed by those to whom it is owing. The same sequence of mentality is noticeable in many other ways. The "universities" — "Medarsas" — of Fez and Marrakesh, closed for centuries to Europeans, are now open once more to the Christian visitor, who is allowed to enter and admire these gems of Moorish architecture. The religious authorities could no longer insist on their being kept closed when they acknowledged that a few centuries ago Christian scholars were actually being educated in their precincts, so after a little hesitation they decided to permit the "Medarsas" being visited. The authorities of the Department des Beaux Arts immediately set about the restoration of these architectural masterpieces. At first the students were shocked at the presence of the "Christian," and on one of my visits to the beautiful "Medarsa" of Ben Yussef at Marrakesh, they complained rather bitterly that the French architects were restoring the old work and taking liberties with the structure. They would rather, they said, have it left alone in its ruined condition than have it tampered with by "unbelievers."

A year later I returned to the "Medarsa." The same, or many of the same, scholars were there. The Department des Beaux Arts had completely restored one side of the great courtyard, but were waiting for further funds before beginning the rest. Again the scholars complained, but their complaint was a different one —the French architects had abandoned their work. What right had they to leave it unfinished? Would I use my influence to see that the restorations were continued and completed? I reminded them of their complaint of only a year ago, and of their objection to the work being undertaken at all. They laughed and replied, "Well, you see, yesterday was yesterday, and to-day is to-day."

# ON HAZARDOUS SERVICE.

BY MERVYN LAMB.

## CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCING JEAN BART.

On a hot evening at the beginning of August a blue motor-car, which had evidently travelled far and fast, entered a small village in Picardy, and passing down the main street drew up in a cloud of dust before a little red-bricked school-house, outside of which one or two men of the British Signal Corps were standing.

Out of it stepped a French officer, wearing the brassard of the Liaison Staff, whilst from the front seat next the chauffeur descended a square-built infantry soldier of about forty years of age.

Telling the chauffeur to wait, the officer entered the brick courtyard, which served as a playground for the children, and mounted the wooden stairs leading to the upper class-room, where four or five tired-looking British staff officers were engrossed in writing on wooden trestle-tables, or in studying maps which seemed to cover every square inch of available space. Passing through this room the officer entered a small boarded-off compartment and greeted the solitary occupant, saying, "Sir, I have brought the soldier, Jean Bart, who has been placed at your disposition by the Dixième Armée."

The British officer rose from the solitary chair in front of the solitary trestle-table in the room, thanked him cordially, and suggesting that Monsieur le Capitaine would probably be glad to get back to his billet and get some food, added that he need have no further anxiety as regards the soldier, since the British Intelligence Department would assume all further responsibility for his support from that moment.

And indeed this particular officer was more than a little pleased to see this particular French soldier.

For days lengthening into weeks, the women and children, who alone were left in the fields, had stopped from time to time to gaze nervously towards the east, and at night when the clouds came down low they had shuddered as the windows in the little village rattled and the distant rumble rose to a shattering roar.

For this was the fifth week of one of the great battles of the war, and, as the reader may already have guessed, the energies of a huge army were being directed from this unsophisticated little village.

In the school-house, in conditions very different to the popular ideas of high life on the gilded Staff, was located the Intelligence branch of the

General Staff, and the upper room was in communication not only with every army on the Western Front, but also with every part of the globe where German troops were fighting.

Nor were things going altogether well. A great success had unquestionably been won, but progress was every day becoming harder and more costly; in fact, it was bludgeon work, the effect of which on the enemy's plans was difficult to gauge, and it was precisely this problem which the officers in the school-house had to solve.

Actually on the British front, the documents, prisoners, intercepted cipher messages, &c., at which the Staff slaved all day and far into the night, gave a fairly accurate picture of the situation. But what lay behind? Ah! that was indeed the question.

Was the enemy bringing troops across from Russia? Had he definitely abandoned his great offensive in Eastern France? Was he about to organise a great counter-stroke against the flank of the spear-head which had been thrust by the British into his side, or did he intend to straighten out the line by a retirement?

Unfortunately at this crisis a series of misfortunes had befallen the Intelligence Service.

The worthy miner travelling with important messages in the lining of his cap from Mons to Hal had thought fit to try and take them on to Brussels, where he had a lady friend, instead of placing them in the rear axle-box of the second carriage of the vicinal train, from which they would have quickly reached the little school-house, and swept away many awkward doubts.

This error of judgment had led to the death of several devoted patriots, and had enabled the German police to make wholesale arrests which had destroyed at one blow much of the patient work of many months.

The delicate web could and would be rewoven in time; but time was not available if the present problem was to be solved before the Germans had themselves supplied the answer.

Consequently all northern France, including the French armies, was canvassed for a man willing to take the greatest risk; and Jean Bart was that man.

A determined cheery-looking fellow, he was now in voluble conversation with the Staff Officer, and the latter had established the fact that in private life he was a "fraudeur" in a big way of business apparently, and thoroughly proud of the fact. Did he not possess a fast lorry and a motor-car? And had he not, on one of his last trips, got across the frontier with 20,000 francs' worth of tobacco, and only one man wounded. As the two pored over a large-scale map, Jean pointed out the wood near Bohain where he had unfortunately wounded a garde champêtre, who attempted to interfere with one

of their midnight operations, and the little lock bridge near Condé where on another occasion he had stopped pursuit by broaching petrol-tins and setting them on fire. His cheery face shone as he recounted the various exploits which the familiar landmarks recalled. "Ma foi! but this life in trenches, like a rat in a sewer, at the beck and call of fat-headed sous-officiers, was très-ennuyant. No scope for a man of brains and intelligence," said he, twirling his moustache. "Only put me over there in my own country amongst my friends, and I will give the 'sales Boches' something to think about."

"Money! You insult me, mon Commandant. I am a soldat français and chief of fraudeurs, and what I do, I do for la gloire et la patrie," and his blue eyes sparkled as he threw out his chest.

Then more thoughtfully he added that the English officer might be of some assistance, "après la guerre," in that small question of the garde champêtre and the five years' imprisonment which was still waiting to be liquidated—but that was a matter of no immediate importance.

After a further close study of the map the officer took up a telephone on the table, and shortly after an alert-looking sergeant appeared.

"You will take this French soldier, and will provide him with a billet and food for the night, and I will see him again at 10 A.M. to-morrow. In the meantime I have warned him not to discuss his business with you, nor with any one else in the village."

When they had gone the officer again took up the telephone, and after a few minutes conversation with a Flying Corps Squadron Commander returned to the study of certain little pieces of paper on which he had previously been engaged, and which lasted far into the night.

Next morning a young major in flying corps uniform might have been seen in earnest conversation with the staff officer over the map. Finally, the former said, "Well, if it must be done and can be done, my lads will do it, but I don't like it. You see, this front is stiff with Boche machines, and though they don't venture over our side much, my people have to fight whenever they go across the line. We spot new aerodromes nearly every day, and any lame duck has a pretty poor chance of getting home. These places west of the Canal du Nord are out of the question, as our 'planes are shot at heavily whenever they go over them.

"These two farther east might be better, but it's the deuce of a long flight for a slow two-seater machine, and of course it's out of the question to try and land a fast machine in such conditions; it would not have a hundred to one chance of getting off again.

"It's all very well for these French fellows, who can select a place they actually know and generally on a quiet front.

I suppose you haven't sounded them on the subject?"

The Staff Officer nodded, and added laconically, "Nothing doing; they've lost too many already."

"Well," said the Flying Officer, "our only chance is in an east wind; the Huns don't care about coming too close to the line for fear of our forcing them over our side, and we might get a flying start. We must reconnoitre the place beforehand, as there's a ground mist most evenings, and that is the devil, as you can't see what you are going down into. Anyway, we'll make a strong fighting reconnaissance to-day to see whether there are any fresh aerodromes about and try and draw their 'Archies.' We'll also photo the place suggested, if we can get anywhere near it. In the meantime you'll be getting all possible information from refugees, and teaching the Frenchman your side of the business before I take him on? Right-o!" and out he went, a very fine type of the determined young Englishman who made the British Flying Service the first in the world.

## CHAPTER II.—JEAN BART TAKES THE AIR.

For Jean Bart the next few days rather reminded him of his village school-days. He learnt all the intricacies of the German uniform, how to tell a guardsman from a fusilier or field artillery from foot artillery, where to look for the regimental number, which were the important marks on vehicles, the difference between Divisional, Corps, and Army pennants, and other similar details. He wrote apparently meaningless messages on little pieces of flimsy paper, rolled them up and fitted them into little aluminium cases; he was taught how to look after pigeons, and when to release them. At night he practised sending a simple code by means of an electric torch.

Certain names, certain places, and certain dates he committed to memory, and with the marvellous adaptability of the intelligent Frenchman he absorbed it all with the greatest ease.

At the end of three days he was ready for instruction at the Aerodrome, to which he looked forward with keen pleasure, having never been in an aeroplane.

Here, things had not turned out too well.

The fighting reconnaissance of four machines had crossed the line at a great height, and headed straight for the objective, which they reached without opposition, except from "Archies" near the line. One pilot then dived down to get a better look, and was promptly attacked by seven enemy machines, which had been following and waiting for such a chance. A general *mêlée* ensued, in which both sides lost a machine, whilst one of ours only struggled back over the

line with great difficulty, covered by the remaining two, who fought a gallant rear-guard action against ever-increasing odds. It also crashed on landing, the pilot being badly wounded, and the camera unfortunately was smashed. However, the general impression gained was that Jean Bart's statements were correct, and that it might be possible to land him there and for the aeroplane to get away again.

It was decided to make the attempt as soon as the wind was favourable. Meanwhile Jean Bart was shown how to swing the propeller, and practised getting in and out quickly, in which he displayed great agility. He was also taught to use the Lewis gun, and given short flights to train him in picking out landmarks on the ground, in all of which he showed great aptitude, and established a firm *entente* with his instructor; the latter, a fair-haired, blue-eyed youth named Archer, aged eighteen or nineteen, with the frank cheery face of the public schoolboy, no vestige of even an incipient moustache, and a pink-and-white complexion.

On the fifth day the wind had shifted to the north-east, and it was decided to make the attempt, the start being timed so as to reach the landing-place just at dusk, whilst there was still light enough to see the ground, but close enough to darkness to give Jean Bart a chance of getting away with his stock-in-trade.

The latter consisted of a large basket containing seven of the finest carrier-pigeons in France, a bag of grain, message forms and carriers, an electric torch, an automatic pistol and some food, whilst under his uniform he wore an old corduroy suit.

The sun was well down below the horizon when, at 9.15 P.M., Jean Bart, after a last word with the Staff Officer, stepped into the machine, followed by the pilot who had instructed him. The latter, after some preliminary tests, gave the word "stand clear," and the machine left the aerodrome, closely followed by two fighting scouts, which were to see it a short way on its eighty-miles outward journey, in case any enemy machines, contrary to their usual custom, should still be in the air.

Steadily they made their way eastwards, whilst to the south the roar of the guns on the Ancre grew ever clearer. Soon they were crossing the great Canal du Nord, over which the mist was beginning to gather, and in another twenty minutes came in sight of the little wood just beyond which lay the landing-ground. The pilot throttled down his engine and began to lose height, coming down so as just to skim over the trees. It was already nearly dark, and he decided to fly low over the ground, which was evidently short grass, to see how best to land and get out again. It was indeed fortunate that he did so, for a large

herd of cattle, which had been lying down, jumped up and scattered over the field in all directions, making any landing impossible. At the same time, from a shed at the side, a number of men in uniform came out and stared open-mouthed at the aeroplane prior to running back to their rifles.

The pilot opened out his engine and just cleared the wood; but what was the next step?

Evidently they had come down into the middle of a big German supply convoy, probably driving cattle requisitioned from the unfortunate inhabitants.

There was still half an hour before dark, and the pilot was loath to abandon his mission, so he flew on, looking for another place to land, trying to ascertain from Jean Bart by signs whether each field was any good. The latter had, however, now lost his bearings, and it was getting too dark and misty to see the ground distinctly from the air. Archer therefore rose to try and get his bearings with a view to making his way home. Unfortunately the mist had already softened out the edges of the woods, none of the distant landmarks were visible, and he found that he was dependent entirely on the compass, a most uncertain guide in a strong wind. However, he steered a westerly course, and after an hour saw the long line of Very lights which from Switzerland to the sea marked the opposing trench lines throughout the hours of darkness.

He crossed them, but could see no sign of the rockets which he knew were being sent up from all the aerodromes near his starting-point.

It was now past midnight, and his petrol would soon be running out, so selecting an apparently open space he came down, turned on his wing lights, saw that it was a field of standing corn in which a proper landing was impossible, and "pancaked" artistically.

Thus it was that next morning the squadron commander received a telephone message to say that Lieutenant Archer and his machine and passenger were down undamaged 100 miles to the south in the French lines, and would be along in the course of the day.

That evening, after hearing Archer's story, the Squadron Commander had a long consultation with the Staff Officer.

He thought the pilot would have a better chance by going a little earlier, since this would enable him to see the ground and perhaps obviate any preliminary reconnaissance, which was a costly business, and put the Hun on the watch. Obviously the enemy would know now what was in the wind. A young pilot in the squadron was very anxious to be allowed to try, and if any one could do the trick he fancied this lad Albert would. So two evenings later, but considerably earlier than on the first occasion, Jean Bart again mounted

a machine in front of a small youth whose name was destined later to become famous throughout the Empire.

There was nothing to show that he appreciated the danger of flying alone in daylight into the middle of the Huns, except possibly his sole remark, "I suppose the Froggie can use the gun. Tell him to keep it handy."

Escorted as before, the machine left, heading in the direction of Le Cateau. So soon as they crossed the lines, they were heavily "archied," but going straight ahead the pilot in about fifty minutes after crossing the line came in sight of the appointed place, and dived down towards it.

At that moment Jean Bart saw two German machines standing, and another just landing on an aerodrome a couple of miles to the south, whilst not far to the north there was another large aerodrome. Nor was this all—for as they lost height they were heavily fired at from the ground, and the pilot recognised the fact that even if he did land Jean Bart, the latter had not the faintest chance of getting clear away.

Without an instant's hesitation he swung his machine round, and went straight for the aerodrome to the south just as an enemy machine started to rise. Jean Bart's eyes brightened as he guessed what was up, and cleared the Lewis gun for action. By the time they were over the aerodrome the enemy was still only some 100 feet above the ground, and without sufficient air room to manœuvre. Amidst an ill-directed fusilade from the ground Albert dived at him, and Jean Bart emptied a drum somewhere in his direction, as the Hun turned quickly to the right.

Whether the Frenchman hit him, or whether, as is more probable, the Hun merely sideslipped in trying to avoid them, they saw him crash sideways on to a hangar, and Albert promptly headed his machine across the aerodrome to where a crowd of mechanics and pilots were trying to get two more machines ready for the air.

These ran for cover to the hangars, into which Jean Bart emptied another drum, and then the pilot headed for home, with the conviction that it would be some little time before they recovered sufficiently to pursue him, and that darkness would then cover his retreat.

Needless to say the Frenchman's share in this exploit lost nothing in the telling, and the Staff Officer had some difficulty in curbing his ambition to blossom out as an "Ace," and bring him back to the less romantic but more important work in hand.

In spite of two fine efforts success seemed no nearer, and time was passing. After much anxious discussion it was decided to make one more attempt, and if that failed, to wait for the full moon about the end of the month and try a night landing, which had never yet been attempted or

been regarded as a feasible operation.

The two attempts had shown that if the first had been too late the second had undoubtedly been too early. The new place selected was rather north of what appeared to be the main area of German rest billets, and about five miles from Jean's village, where he said he knew of a suitable place.

Archer, at his own urgent request, was again to be the pilot, and about nine o'clock the two left the aerodrome, determined but perhaps a little less hopeful than on previous occasions.

Ground mist was already lying thick in the valleys, which boded ill, but shortly after 10 P.M. Jean pointed towards a round hillock on which three trees were plainly visible rising out of the mist, and beyond which was apparently a level blanket of fog lying between two woods.

This was the place, but what the landing would be like it was quite impossible to say. However, Archer put the nose of his machine down, went into the mist, skimmed a high hedge, and seeing that the visible part of the field beyond was lucerne, instantly decided to chance it and touched ground. As the machine ran on, to his horror out of the mist appeared a line of uncut corn, and beyond it again a high hedge similar to that over which he had come in. He switched off his engine, and the machine just stopped in time to avoid the corn.

"Très bien," said Jean Bart with emphasis, and in a second was out and putting the pigeons, &c., in the corn, blissfully unconscious of the awkward predicament in which the pilot had landed himself.

The latter, after a hasty glance round the field, rapidly decided that he had only one chance of getting out, and that was to go back to the hedge over which he had come in. From there, if he could clear the corn, he might be able to clear the hedge beyond it. It was a poor chance, but there was nothing else for it. Fortunately he knew a tolerable amount of French, and calling to Jean, he explained that the latter must swing the propeller to start up the engine, and then slew the machine round and take him back to the hedge.

Although Jean knew that the alarm must by now have been given, and that every minute's delay endangered his prospects of escape, he carried out Archer's instructions with perfect *sang-froid*, walking back with the machine whilst it taxied to the hedge, and slewing it round again there. Then he held it till told to "stand clear," and watched the machine dash across the field, where to his dismay he saw it half rise and then crash heavily in the corn, turning over on one wing.

He ran after it, and found Archer scrambling out, with blood streaming from a cut on the side of his head, but otherwise apparently unhurt.

Looking at his machine, the latter remarked, "Well, that's torn it," and then to Jean in French, "You'd better clear off and get on with your job; never mind about me."

Thus it came about that the watchers in the aerodrome waited in vain for the machine which came not, and that anxious inquiries to other aerodromes that night and next morning produced no result, and that a gloom descended on the squadron for the boy who had taken more than an ordinary risk, and had last been seen by the escort disappearing down into the clouds beyond the Canal du Nord.

Likewise the two elderly privates sitting sleepily after tea in the kitchen of the little white cottage in the main street near the school-house seemed depressed, to judge from their occasional remarks, such as "poor little beggars, done in, I guess," or "—— hard lines, I calls it."

It was past six o'clock when the sharp ring of an electric bell brought them both to their feet with a jump and sent them dashing up the rickety stairs with surprising agility.

At the top they opened a door leading into a loft in which were some fifty pigeons, and in a solitary compartment was one bird with the magic carrier on her leg.

The two privates, beaming with delight, gently released it, and whilst one of them took the message to the school-house, the other attended to the pigeon with all the British soldier's love of animals and special affection for this particular tired bird.

When the Staff Officer opened the message he read,

"Vive les Anglais.
Deux Amis."

Then, calling up the squadron commander, he said, "They've got down and away with the birds and your lad is all right. He must have made a bad landing, but I don't despair of seeing him back again, and I hope there will be something good waiting for him when he does come."

## CHAPTER III.—IN THE LIONS' DEN.

We must now go back to where we left the two standing by the crashed aeroplane. Jean absolutely declined to budge unless Archer accompanied him, and since every moment's delay was probably bringing nearer the miscellaneous assortment of cyclists, security police, dogs and Landsturm who might be expected to be in motion towards the aeroplane, there was no time to be lost. The machine was sure to be found in the morning in any case, and the enemy would be on the track of a certainty instead of following up the usual rumours which plague the nerves of the occupants of

back areas in every army, and of the Germans in particular.

Jean evidently had already made up his mind as to what he intended to do, for, picking up the pigeons, he made for a wood a few hundred yards to the N.-W., into which he plunged. It was now nearly dark and the mist was getting thicker, so that Archer began to feel more secure, though it was eerie work.

After about two hours' steady walking, mostly through woods, they reached a ruined shrine in a small clearing. Here Jean proceeded to divest himself of his uniform, and pulling an old cap over his ears and rubbing earth on his face, he announced that he was going to visit some friends and see how the land lay, but would be back before dawn—meanwhile Archer had better lie down in the undergrowth, see that no vermin got at the pigeons, and listen for his whistle.

Evidently the shrine was quite close to a village and to a main road, as presently some mounted men clattered down it followed by a long column of either transport or artillery.

Hours passed and Archer was beginning to wonder whether anything had happened to Jean, when he heard the latter's low whistle and he appeared carrying some bundles. He seemed considerably put out, and it transpired that the village was full of Boches, that Jean's house had been turned into a bureau, and that a fat swine of a Feldwebel had taken up his abode in his aunt's house, which would otherwise have been a comfortable hiding-place.

Also the news about the aeroplane had been spread by some mounted police who had just ridden in. He much regretted that he should be unable to offer Monsieur le Lieutenant the hospitality which he had hoped, at any rate for the present, and he would have to put him in "les caves."

For the benefit of those who have not heard of the Caves of Monchy, or how the best part of two Divisions assembled in the caverns under Arras prior to Allenby's great assault, it may be mentioned that the frugal Frenchman does not cut the huge open chalk pits which scar the face of England, having instead too much regard for the value of the land. In the limestone country, when he wishes to build a village, he makes a few shafts into the ground and then tunnels out below without further breaking the surface, building the village probably on the top or close at hand. Jean's village had been built on this sound economic principle, and the smugglers had had frequent reason to bless the foresight of their ancestors.

The first pale light of dawn was beginning to show as Jean led the way through the wood in the direction of the village. When apparently quite close to it he crawled under a large clump of bushes, and pulling aside some loose dead branches, flashed his torch into what appeared to be a round hole

leading into the chalk, down which he promptly disappeared. Archer following him, slid down it for a short distance, and then found himself on roughly-cut steps leading to a large vaulted chamber in the white limestone. Jean meantime had gone back to rearrange the cover at the entrance, and then rejoining him led the way for several hundred yards through an apparently endless labyrinth of passages connecting large chambers similar to the first. At one point Jean stopped, and pointing to some steps leading up, said, "My house." A little farther on he again stopped before similar steps, and explained that they led up to the floor of the room of his aunt's house, in which lived the accursed Feldwebel, and that a heavy chest of drawers was placed over the trap-door to conceal it.

Jean then remarked that he must send one of the pigeons off to "le Commandant" to let him know they had arrived, but that he would have to wait until the sun was up, otherwise the bird might hang about or go into a loft and then anything might happen to it. The Germans had killed all the pigeons in the country except those in lofts kept for their own use, and therefore it was a ticklish job sending a pigeon off. However, Adrienne was "très débrouillard" and would manage that.

Adrienne, it appeared, was his so-called niece, living with her grandmother, Jean's aunt. He went on to tell Archer that at least for the next ten days he would be employed in carrying out "le Commandant's" instructions. For this purpose he would have to collect some friends, and send them out on various missions over the country as far south as St Quentin and up to the Belgian frontier in the north. He hoped to be able to send off six pigeons with messages at intervals of not more than two days, as he got the reports in, and in one of the last ones he was to give a rendezvous for an aeroplane bringing a fresh lot of pigeons, which would come when there was a full moon in about twelve days' time. This would mean sending signals from the ground, hence the torch.

The Commandant and he had tentatively fixed on certain possible places, which "les aviateurs" thought they could find, but they would have to be reconnoitred to see which was safest, and this he proposed to do himself, being now an expert in all flying matters.

The whole thing was not going to be easy. The Boches had registered the occupants of every house, and all had to be at home from 6 P.M. till 6 A.M., during which time Security Police made surprise visits and compared the occupants with the descriptions on the doors. François, Pierre, and several others of his best men had already been deported, and the whole countryside was terrorised by frequent perquisitions and arrests on the evidence of agent's provocateurs recruited by the enemy from

amongst the meaner spirited of the population. Let these curs wait till after the war! and he drew his hand expressively across his throat. Then again, no one could move a mile outside the village without a pass stamped by the Kommandatur, with which the Feldwebel was apparently connected.

In the meantime Archer must just lie low, and he would see what could be done to extricate him when the hue and cry had subsided a little.

Presently he took a message form, wrote a few words on it, and taking a pigeon from the basket, fixed a carrier to its leg. Then taking off his boots, he crept quietly up the steps, and when six feet along a passage, sat down at the foot of a wooden ladder fixed to the side of a short vertical shaft.

Some time elapsed before the movement of a heavy weight above was followed by the lifting of a trap-door. A long whispered conversation followed, the pigeon was handed through, and Jean returned, blowing out the little oil-lamp, and saying that they could now sleep till night as there was nothing more to be done.

Archer woke to find Jean standing over him, saying that he was now going out and that if Archer wanted some fresh air he could come too. Looking at his watch, he saw that it was 11 P.M. Jean suggested that he should change into the clothes which he had brought in one of the bundles; but Archer preferred to stay in uniform, as otherwise if caught he would certainly be shot off-hand as a spy, and also implicate the villagers as having supplied him with civilian clothes.

Jean led the way through the "caves" to the shrine in the wood, where they were shortly joined by five or six men, mostly of middle age, and one girl, who so far as Archer could see was about the same age as himself, and who was evidently Adrienne. A long whispered consultation followed, Jean issuing instructions in a very clear and precise manner; and after about an hour the men disappeared quietly into the darkness, only Jean and Adrienne remaining.

"I have told them to come back here in two days' time to report," said the former, "and I am now going to make the reconnaissances for the aeroplane. If I am not back, Adrienne will arrange to collect reports and send off the pigeons."

"Yes," said Adrienne with a charming smile, "and I will charge myself with Monsieur's welfare during the absence of my uncle. Monsieur will be well cared for, but I fear he will find it somewhat dull down in that horrible cave. And Monsieur is wounded," she added sympathetically as she noted the gash on the side of his forehead.

Several days passed, days of intense boredom for Archer, broken only by occasional visits from Jean and by glimpses of the pretty face of Adrienne through the trap-door during the absence of Feldwebel, when

she handed him food and dressed his wound with tender care. Five pigeons had now been sent off with information covering the country for 30 miles round, whilst Jean had decided on a place about 8 miles away as being the best for the aeroplane, which was to come with the full moon and was due in six days' time. After talking over the matter with Archer, they decided to suggest that the aeroplane should land and take Archer back, instead of merely dropping pigeons from the air as had been planned by the Commandant.

## CHAPTER IV.—A NEAR THING.

One morning Jean came in in a state of great excitement. It seemed that there was a big movement of troops taking place. All numbers had been covered up, and he could not find out where the troops had come from, but they all seemed to be passing towards the west, moving only at night, and staying in the woods and villages by day.

Every day the village was full of drowsy troops who passed away in the night, only to be succeeded by a fresh lot, and the same thing was reported on other roads right up to the Belgian frontier. He must get some information as to the unit numbers for "Monsieur le Commandant." A German officer had taken up his quarters in the aunt's house, leaving only the kitchen and one room for the family. Apparently he had something to do with the staff directing the movement, as Adrienne said his room was full of papers, and telephones had been put in. Unfortunately neither Jean nor Adrienne could understand their "sale language," but perhaps Monsieur Archaire did, in which case there might be something to be done. On Archer's saying that he had learnt German at school, Jean and Adrienne, who had no knowledge of how languages are taught in England, at once decided that he should raid the officer's room when Adrienne gave the word, which would probably be about 11 A.M., as both the Germans went out somewhere to feed about that time.

To understand subsequent events, a brief description of Adrienne's house is necessary.

This was the ordinary single-storied four-roomed farmhouse, two rooms being on either side of a passage which ran through from the front door to a back door opening into a courtyard behind. On the right of the passage the German officer occupied the front room, whilst the Feldwebel lived in the rear room looking on to the courtyard. On the other side of the passage the front room was a kitchen opening into the back room where Adrienne and her grandmother slept. The whole of the top of the house was one big attic, reached by a wooden staircase

half-way down the centre passage.

Across the courtyard was the usual type of two-storied French barn, the lower half being divided in the middle to separate the carts from the horses, whilst the whole of the upper storey was used for straw and hay.

Archer, after climbing the ladder, found himself in the back room, where Jean replaced the trap-door and put the chest of drawers in its usual position on the top. Then they went along the passage to the door of the front room, which was locked. However, Jean produced some wire, with which he opened it, and whilst Adrienne watched from the window, Archer made a hasty inspection of the interior. On the table were two telephones and a mass of telegraph messages neatly arranged in clips, some being apparently messages received and others copies of messages sent to different addresses. The ones not in cipher apparently all related to the supply of provisions to troops, and he thought what a gold-mine this would be to any one who understood intelligence work. To him they conveyed very little, but he noticed that one file was all addressed to A.O.K. 16, and that another contained messages from the same addressee, but all in cipher, and he could of course make nothing of them. The message on other files appeared to be addressed to 51 R.D., 7 B.D., 125 I.D., and 126 I.D., which numbers he wrote down on a piece of the German's paper with that gentleman's pencil, whose name he ascertained was General-Stab-Major von Brittstein. He could make nothing of any of the various papers in the drawers of the table, and a tin box, which probably he thought contained the cipher, he could not open. He debated for a moment whether he should take it away bodily, but remembered that he could never get it across the lines, and would certainly cause the arrest of Adrienne and her grandmother as soon as it was missed, so he decided that the game was hardly worth the candle. More than half an hour had passed and Adrienne was obviously getting anxious, so he called to Jean, who was talking to Grandmère in the kitchen, to come and lock the door again. It spite of Adrienne's protestations, Jean then insisted that he should go and see the old lady, and this delay had serious consequences, for they had been in the kitchen barely two minutes when the little gate outside clanged and heavy boots mounted the steps and entered the passage.

There were apparently three men, and Archer heard the words "Engländer" and "Taube," whilst, apparently, the third man, probably the Feldwebel, was protesting that the occupants were *gute leute*.

Adrienne was the first to recover, and pointing to the back bedroom whispered, "*Vite!* go in there, and when you hear me drop a pail get

out of the window and go to the hay-loft." Then, picking up a pail, she went to the door and said "Good afternoon, gentlemen, we have no room, as Monsieur le sergeant will tell you; we have an officer billeted here besides himself, unless," she added, "you wish me and grandmère to sleep in the attic with the rats."

One of the two men, both of whom were of a strong Jewish type, replied roughly in good French, "we believe you have been harbouring a cursed English swine. A carrier-pigeon was shot down close to this village two days ago, and that blackguardly uncle of yours has been seen in the neighbourhood. We'll find him or you will go to jail."

"Monsieur le sergeant here can say whether any Englishman could have been in this house without his knowing it, and I beg to inform Monsieur that my father fell at the Marne, and that my uncle, like my father, is doing his duty in the ever-victorious French Army," said the girl proudly.

The police officer was about to reply when von Brittstein entered, and seeing the police uniform, asked haughtily what they were doing in his billet. At this moment Adrienne dropped her bucket, whilst the man clicked his heels and explained their mission at considerable length.

Adrienne then started on an impassioned speech, appealing frequently to the Feldwebel, which, however, was cut short by the Major turning to the policemen and telling them to hurry up about their business, and to take care that they did not disturb him, or it would be the worse for them. He then went into his room and banged the door.

Rather crestfallen, the two told Adrienne to come with them. She gave the Feldwebel a look and he followed, partly no doubt from curiosity, but also to be able to say "told you so" to the police. The latter searched the house thoroughly, but, needless to say, without any result.

Adrienne hoped that they would now depart, but one of them, noticing the barn, said, "Ha! that looks a likely place; we have not tried that yet. Come, mademoiselle."

Picking up her pail again, as if going to draw water from the pump in the yard, Adrienne followed them across the courtyard. She then unchained a fierce-looking sheep-dog, which resented the approach of the Germans to the barn, and holding it by the collar, remarked, "Charles does not love Messieurs les Allemands, and I will hold him whilst you search."

Archer and Jean, lying close to the edge of the loft, were listening breathlessly, and Archer for one thought that they were now surely cornered.

In the lower half of the barn, in the far corner of which the ladder to the loft was situated, was a great farm waggon piled high with straw, filling half the floor space and almost touching the boards above, and com-

pletely concealing the ladder from the courtyard.

Adrienne, whose quick brain had already decided on a plan, stood just outside in the courtyard watching, as the three men, after searching the lower half, reached the bottom of the ladder. As the first man put his foot on the bottom rung, she slipped off the dog's collar, dropping her pail, and shouting, "Attention! Attention! The dog, the dog. He will devour you."

Attacked suddenly in the rear, the two security policemen both tried to get up the ladder simultaneously, and Charles got his teeth into the gaiter of one, who yelled with terror. The Feldwebel, whom the dog knew, stood at the foot of the ladder shouting with laughter at the undignified discomfiture of the men who, apart from being Jews, had annoyed him by their self-importance and air of superiority. Also, if the truth be told, he had a sneaking admiration for the pretty French girl, and now took her part against the irate police.

Meantime Jean, followed by Archer, had jumped down on to a manure-heap and slipped across the courtyard into the back door of the house, and by the time Adrienne had again secured the dog they were up in the attic. Major von Brittstein, immersed in his work, if he heard the fracas, did not consider it consistent with his dignity to leave the front room. Thus it happened that shortly after the two policemen left the house uttering threats against Adrienne, her family, and more particularly her dog; but she rightly concluded that they would not return for some time to come, and that the stowaways would be safe in the attic, since escape to the "caves" was now cut off by the return of the Feldwebel to his room.

When Adrienne arrived there she threw her arms round Jean's neck, half-laughing, half-crying, and kissed him; and then, somewhat to Archer's embarrassment but not altogether to his distaste, followed suit with "Monsieur Archaire."

That evening was spent in writing out the information gained. Archer wondered whether the numbers he had got were any good. He came to the conclusion that the four were the 51st Reserve Division, the 7th Bavarian Division, and the 125th and 126th Infantry Divisions, probably formations which were using the route through the village, or anyway were in the neighbourhood, in which surmise he was quite correct. His reminiscences of Otto's German Grammar threw no light on the "A.O.K. 16." It sounded like some Army Ordnance Corps unit, but equally it might be something more important, and he eventually put it in on chance. Jean also decided that, as there would be only one more pigeon after this, he would put down the identity number of the place for the next aeroplane, with details of their plan, and repeat it on the seventh and

last pigeon to make sure that the Commandant got it. What the police had said about shooting a pigeon was rather disturbing, and it would not do to trust over much to the safe arrival of a solitary pigeon.

## CHAPTER V.—THE COMING OF THE AEROPLANE.

The sixth pigeon had been safely despatched, and Archer was back in the caves, sleeping by day and only going out at night to lie up on the edge of the great road and watch the endless procession of guns, infantry, and transport which passed towards the West. As he timed the columns, how he prayed that the Intelligence Department would be able to fathom the secret of this great movement from the messages they got.

The seventh and last pigeon was to go that morning confirming the rendezvous previously given, but when Jean came in from his nightly prowl his first words were a cold douche. "The accursed clumsy swine have started to build a camp in the wood within a few hundred yards of our landing-ground, and they are digging practice trenches in our field. If the aeroplane tries to land there, as we suggested, it will be crashed to a certainty. We shall have to change to the other place three miles beyond. Thank God, Adrienne has still got the last pigeon, and we must get it off to-day."

So the last message was prepared with great care, and at the usual time, when the Feldwebel went out to his meal, it was handed up to Adrienne. She got the bird out of a hiding-place in the back room and carried it in the bosom of her dress into the kitchen. The use of the aluminium carrier had been abandoned as making the birds too conspicuous, and she was just starting to tie the message round its leg with thread, when it commenced to coo loudly. She put her hand on its head, but too late, for the door of von Brittstein's room was pushed open and his hand was already on the kitchen door. Adrienne did the only thing possible, and she did it without an instant's hesitation.

When the German entered the room she was stirring a pot on the stove, the message was in her mouth, and the bird with a twisted neck was under her skirt.

"I heard a pigeon," he thundered, as he stared round the room.

"Monsieur must have been mistaken, I think," she said quietly, "but he is at liberty to search either me or the room. Has Monsieur looked on the roof? He will know that there is a German pigeon loft at the end of the road and the birds may have been loosed for exercise." The Major glanced suspiciously round the room, and then, his suspicions somewhat allayed by her calmness, went outside to look at

the roof. The dead pigeon was at the back of the stove by the time he returned to interrogate her again.

When with tears in her eyes she broke the news about "le pauvre petit oiseau" to Jean, the latter looked very grave. Their only hope of returning by air was now entirely removed. For himself he did not mind, as he still had many arrangements to make for the Commandant up in Belgium, and besides he had other means, but it would be a bitter blow for the boy. Worse still, there was a good chance of the aeroplane and its pilot being captured, unless it could be warned, and this meant signalling to it from close to the new camp. "N'importe," that would have to be risked, and when Jean told Archer, the latter insisted that he would accompany him. They bitterly regretted having proposed an actual landing instead of leaving the arrangement as originally made by the Commandant at merely dropping pigeons from the air.

The route to the rendezvous was a long and circuitous one, and as they had to be there by 11.30 P.M., this meant starting the night before and lying up during the day. Carrying stout bludgeons, they emerged from the wood about midnight, where Adrienne at great personal risk and in spite of the moonlight came to wish them "bon voyage." As she pressed his hand, Archer raised it to his lips and endeavoured to thank her for all she had done, but, blushing, she snatched it shyly away and was gone.

Jean, like Archer, had decided to go in uniform, "for this may be a fighting job," he said, "and if I have to hit a Boche it is well that he should know it comes from a French soldier. Also it may save reprisals against the inhabitants."

After a long tramp they lay up before dawn under the tarpaulin on the top of a haystack about a mile or more from the rendezvous, where they remained undisturbed throughout the day. As the sun went down the moon rose, but fortunately it was obscured behind a heavy bank of clouds.

"Come on," said Jean, "we must get to those trenches before the moon gets high," and led the way behind hedges to a point where Archer could see a green field about 400 yards across and lying somewhat below them. A party of Germans were apparently still at work, and the two had to wait some time before they saw figures leaving the trenches and going up the slope on the far side, where they disappeared into the wood. Jean, after watching for a few minutes, walked boldly out, saying, "Turn your cap round, they'll think we are part of the working party in this light," and made straight for the nearest trench, along which he proceeded to walk. Suddenly he stopped and sank down, and Archer heard voices round the next traverse and the clatter of entrenching tools. Probably the last men straight-

ening things up before going back to camp, thought Archer at the time, though in the light of subsequent events he came to the conclusion that they were sentries left for the night over the tools. Whoever they were, they were very distinctly in the way.

Seemingly they also had heard something, as one called out in German. Receiving no reply he discussed the matter with a companion, and then Archer heard their footsteps advancing towards the traverse behind which the two were standing. Jean moved from the corner, sat down on the fire-step, and leaned back against the parapet in the shadow, motioning to Archer to do the same.

One man, then another, came round the corner wearing steel helmets and carrying spades. They stared at Jean and Archer sitting motionless, and then advanced uncertainly, drawing their bayonets and saying, "Wer da." When they were well beyond the traverse Jean sprang at the leading man and the two went down together at the bottom of the trench. Archer to this day does not clearly recollect what happened, but he remembers jumping on to the fire-step to get past at the second German, and dashing his club in the latter's face just as he was making a cut at the Frenchman in the bottom of the trench.

Two minutes later all was quiet, and the two, breathless and dusty but otherwise undamaged, were peering over the parapet in the direction of the wood, where, however, no alarm seemed to have been raised amongst the Germans, who were having a concert of some kind.

They waited until nearly 11.30, and then they went cautiously along the trench till they were well in the middle of the field, and not more than 200 yards from the wood, where all was now quiet. Jean stopped where a high traverse concealed them from the wood, mounted the fire-step and drew out the electric torch with which he was to warn the aeroplane to keep away.

The ground mist was now lying in wisps, partially obscuring the features of the ground from the air, when they heard the distant drone of an aeroplane gradually getting louder. The moon was half veiled, but though it was quite light they could not see the machine. Then they heard the engine throttle down, and when Jean judged it was about within range he commenced to signal. To his dismay the torch made no response. It had been tested before they left the hay-rick, but evidently had been damaged in the recent struggle.

Nearer and nearer came the machine, and suddenly it appeared almost over their heads and only some 50 feet up. Jean drew his pistol and fired rapidly in the air, but well below it. The engine above opened out with a roar and the machine commenced to rise rapidly as Archer heard shouts from the wood, whether

as the result of the shots or from hearing the aeroplane he could not say. "Come on," said Jean, "let's get out of this quick before they discover the dead Boches and that it was not they who fired at the aeroplane." The two reached the hedge without mishap, and there we must leave them.

But before closing this chapter we will return for a moment to the little schoolhouse, and the day when the last pigeon reached the loft. As each preceding message had arrived it had become clearer that a big concentration was in progress in front of the British left, but the numbers of the units given presented a puzzling problem.

Certainly there were two Divisions from the French front, but of the remainder some corresponded to no known formations, whilst other units given were part of Divisions still being reported as on the Russian front. The messages were no doubt genuine, but it looked very much as if Jean Bart had somehow got mixed up.

When the last message was opened by the Staff there was a shout in the little upper room. "By Jove! the Hun has formed three new Divisions, and old von Biffen's army is over on our front—and the Russians haven't even missed him." For A.O.K. 16 stood for Armee Ober Kommando (Army Headquarters) of the 16th Army, which up till that moment was reported as pressing the Grand Duke beyond Warsaw, and where, in fact, only a skeleton remained in the front line to prevent its departure becoming known to the Allies.

And that is why the British Army closed to the left, whilst the French railways were crowded with troops moving from East to West, and why the Russians suddenly stopped their retreat and resumed the offensive with great success. Also why, six weeks later, the D.S.O. was pinned on Archer's breast, and Jean Bart is the proud possessor of both British and French decorations.

But that is another story, as also why Grandmère, released from a German prison after the armistice, looks proudly but sadly at the little case containing the Cross of the Legion of Honour and a curl of brown hair, which hangs on the wall beside the stove in the old kitchen.

*(To be continued.)*

# COLONEL EDWARD HAMILTON OF THE HONOURABLE EAST INDIA COMPANY'S SERVICE.

BY LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR J. SPENCER EWART, K.C.B.

I HAVE in my possession a memoir of the life of Colonel Edward Hamilton, who was, many years ago, in the service of the East India Company, and who in the later years of his life witnessed some of the events on the Continent which arose out of the French Revolution. This memoir was dictated by him to his wife,[1] I believe at Clifton, when he was eighty-one years of age, and the last few pages of it, now almost illegible, were apparently added by his widow subsequent to his death. It is written in those ponderous and pompous periods which passed for elegant English with our ancestors, but much of it seems extremely interesting, especially that part which takes us back to the days of Clive.

Edward Hamilton was born in Geneva about the year 1733. His father was the second son of the Hon. George Hamilton, of Chilton, Kent, brother of the sixth Earl of Abercorn. Much kindness was shown to Edward through life by his cousin, James, seventh Earl of Abercorn, and by the latter's mother, the then Dowager-Countess, both of whom seem to have been most solicitous for his welfare and anxious to help him. His grandfather and his grandfather's brother, the sixth earl, were evidently gentlemen of expensive habits, and allusion is made at the outset of the memoir to their friendship with the Prince of Wales, the eldest son of George II., and the doubtful privilege which they enjoyed of "having the honour of the Heir Apparent's Company for many weeks together at their house in the country, of advancing money to His Royal Highness, and of receiving the most solemn and gracious assurances of everlasting gratitude."

Edward's father seems to have inherited his father's tastes, and, ruined in fortune, he went abroad, settled at Geneva, and married a daughter of the Baron de Vassarot of Amsterdam. This lady, one of several children, had inherited from her father some property in Savoy and £30,000, a fortune which her husband now appears to have spent as rapidly as circumstances permitted. One of her sisters became the mother of "the celebrated Hubert, the friend

[1] Miss Jane Ewart, daughter of the Rev. John Ewart, minister of Troqueer, near Dumfries, and sister of Mr Joseph Ewart, British Minister at the Court of Berlin (1787 to 1792), and of Mr William Ewart, after whom the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone was named.

of Voltaire," whilst a brother became the father of a Baron de Vassarot, who joined the service of the East India Company, served under Clive, and is mentioned, so the memoir states, in 'Cambridge's History of Hindoostan.'

Edward alludes to the extravagance of his parents, and remarks that their example led him "to think that a coach and six and all its appendages were necessaries of life, which were too often employed in conveying me from their country house to a school in Geneva." The Earl of Darnley, who happened to be staying with his father at the time of Edward's birth, was the latter's godfather, though he tells us that he never saw or heard from his godfather afterwards. We also read in the memoir that Hamilton's only and elder brother joined a Swiss regiment in the French service, and that "to the late Earl of Warwick my young heart was warmly attached. He had asked my eldest sister in marriage, but unfortunately her affections were engaged to M. de Salle, Syndic of Geneva, whose wife she afterwards became."

When, in the year 1742, the boy had attained the age of nine, the Earl of Aberoorn came to stay with his father at Geneva. He strongly urged that Edward should be sent to England to be educated under his supervision, and it was finally decided that this course should be adopted as soon as the boy was twelve years old. The father was too proud to accept the earl's proffered financial assistance; he insisted on bearing all the expense of his own son's education and outset in life.

On arrival in due course in England, Edward found that the Earl and Dowager-Countess were at Bath, whither he followed them, and where they received him with the utmost kindness, introducing him, as he tells us, "to the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, the present Lord Minto, father and family, and the celebrated Mr Nash."[1]

On his return with the earl to London, Edward was placed at a school at Enfield, where he "had the happiness of forming the strictest friendship with Lord Strathnaver,[2] afterwards Earl of Sutherland, who possessed every virtue and excellence of which human nature could be capable at that interesting age." Another schoolfellow appears to have been "an amiable Scotch youth, the late William Hope Vere, who had lost his hearing by some early misfortune."

Lord Strathnaver and Mr

[1] Richard Nash—"Beau Nash," the "King of Bath"; born at Swansea, 18th October 1674; Master of the Ceremonies and leader of fashion at the Bath Assemblies; died 3rd February 1761.

[2] William, Lord Strathnaver, afterwards 18th Earl of Sutherland; born 29th May 1735; an officer in the Army; died at Bath, 16th June 1766, aged thirty-one. He and his wife, Mary, daughter of William Maxwell of Preston, Kirkcudbright, were buried at Holyrood.

Hamilton were evidently precocious boys, for we next read of "the interesting circumstance of his Lordship and myself being chosen at a ball given there (Enfield) to introduce for the first time to public notice the two Miss Gunnings, afterwards Countess of Coventry and Duchess of Hamilton."[1]

After being fifteen months at school, Edward Hamilton, through the interest of his noble kinsman, was appointed "to walk the quarter-deck on board the *Surprise*, 20-gun frigate, Captain Baird, a distinguished and valuable officer, who had been long with Lord Anson, and was not less remarkable for severe discipline than excellent conduct."

Apparently amongst his shipmates, or fellow-passengers, were several sons of Scottish noblemen and gentlemen, including "Lord Lindores,[2] two Somervilles, two Dalrymples,[3] two M'Doualls, and several others,—all long since in their graves." Yet another passenger on board was "no less a personage than the African Prince, William Ansah Sicera-coo, Prince of Anamaboo, son of the King of Anamaboo, who had been committed by his father to the care of Lord Halifax, then Minister, to have the benefit of an English education, which, unfortunately for him, he had enjoyed and was now to be returned to his native country."

The *Surprise* touched at Madeira, Cape-de-Verde Islands, and Senegal, and then sailed along the African coast, visiting Seconde, Cape Coast, and Castle Dalmina. At the last-named place Midshipman Hamilton, who from his residence in Switzerland had acquired a fluent knowledge of the French language, was able to make himself extremely useful to the commodore on the station (Jasper) by acting as interpreter in the settlement of a violent dispute which had arisen between the Dutch Governor and some of the British and foreign residents.

"From there," we then read, "we sailed down the coast to Anamaboo, where His Majesty the King received us with all possible kindness and dignity. We delivered to him his son, with, alas, all the feelings of an Englishman, magnificently equipped in a full-dress scarlet suit, with gold lace à la Bourgogne, point d'Espagne hat, handsome white feather, diamond solitaire buttons, &c. The King bore no other mark of Royal dignity than a piece of broadcloth thrown over his shoulders. He carried his son on shore in full dress, under a Royal Salute from our men of war, and the moment

[1] Elizabeth, second daughter of John Gunning, Esq., of Castle Coote, in the county of Roscommon; one of the three beautiful Misses Gunning.

[2] Francis John Leslie, 7th Lord Lindores; served in the Marines, and died 30th June 1775 without issue, since when the title has been dormant.

[3] One of them, no doubt, Alexander Dalrymple, an eminent hydrographer. He was in the East India Company's service. A son of Sir James Dalrymple, 2nd Bart. of Hailes.

he landed stripped the poor Prince, giving him no other mark of distinction from the other savages than that borne by himself."

Great fêtes were subsequently held in Anamaboo, which "gave a perfect and painful idea of savage life," and one is not surprised to learn that the distressed and humiliated prince did not appear again on board the ship in his undress uniform.

Midshipman Hamilton now appears to have fallen foul of his captain, who frequently sent him to the fore-topmast. In this situation he was "heedless enough" to drop a hatchet, which fell close to the captain. "He being very passionate, threatened severe punishment," we read; "the dread of dishonour was ever the strongest influence on my mind. I remained for three days and three nights at the masthead, and did not come down until invited to dinner with the captain, who was kinder to me than ever and made me quite drunk."

After a visit to the island of St Thomas the *Surprise* was ordered to England to convey despatches relating to West African affairs, but the voyage seems to have been far from pleasant. "Soon after we sailed," writes Hamilton, "we discovered that our Purser had left behind at Spithead six weeks' provision of every description, and so imperfect was the knowledge of navigation at that time that we had not even one Hadley's quadrant to make our observations, but a simple Davies. We were first exposed for forty days to complete want of bread with every other sustenance, except some very hard stock fish, which we were all glad to assist in beating for a whole day before a mouthful could be swallowed. We were soon eat up with scurvy, lost our way, mistook the Bristol for the British Channel, and must all have inevitably perished upon the Island of Lundy, when I, upon the foreyard, espied breakers and cried out in time to put about."

The ship arrived at Portsmouth in a shocking state, but, after a refit, was employed off the coast of Ireland and in conveying King George II. to Helvetsluys.

On his return from this last service Mr Hamilton was appointed to H.M.S. *Penzance*, Captain (afterwards Sir Charles) Saunders, in which ship he sailed for Newfoundland. There is little in the memoir relating to this period of service, but one next learns that on getting back to England Mr Hamilton was destined to experience a sad disappointment and reverse of fortune. As soon as he reached London Lord Abercorn sent for him and broke to him the news that, owing to his father's financial circumstances, the latter was not in a position to support his son any longer in the Navy, and that Edward was to return at once to Geneva. The earl very kindly presented Mr Hamilton with £25 for his journey to Savoy, but the young man was deter-

mined not to return to be a further burden to his family, and decided to endeavour to make his own way unaided in life.

Turning the black horse which he had ridden from Portsmouth to Lord Abercorn's London house back towards the coast—for there were no coaches in those days—he "procured a passage to Plymouth in a miserable little fishing boat in the depth of winter." On arrival at his destination he lost no time in seeking out and calling upon M. Bordier, Swiss Pastor to the French Church there, who had formerly been a tutor in his family. M. Bordier proved himself a friend in need, and at once introduced Mr Hamilton to Mr Vanbrugh, Commissioner of the Dockyard, who in turn recommended the young man to Captain Knowles of H.M.S. *Salisbury*, 64 guns, which was lying in the Hamoaze and fitting out for service on the East Indian Station. Satisfied with the boy's certificates from Captains Baird and Saunders, Captain Knowles was sympathetic, and immediately accepted Mr Hamilton for his ship as a midshipman, assuring him that he would be so graded.

Extremely short of money, for he honourably returned to Lord Abercorn the £25 which he had given him for his journey to Geneva, Edward was now compelled to sell to the purser his right as a midshipman to extra provisions—worth about £12—for which he received £9. With this sum he bought the kit necessary for a long voyage.

The *Salisbury* set sail for the East in the year 1755, and called at Madeira, where young Hamilton "experienced a new mortification." During the ship's stay at the island, the captain's secretary (Curtis) confided to him that he had been basely deceived by Captain Knowles, who, to make a little money, had rated his own cook as midshipman in his stead. So utterly disgusted was Mr Hamilton at the treatment meted out to him, that he left the ship and nearly succumbed to the proposal of the Roman Catholics on the island that he should change his religion and stay amongst them, a suggestion which was apparently reinforced by the arguments and influence of "a beautiful daughter of one of the wine merchants." Happily for our young hero, "a dear friend and fellow midshipman" went in pursuit of him and induced him to return and demand from his captain an interview, and a promise that he should have the next vacancy as midshipman. In the meantime he had to be content with the cook's grading.

From Madeira the *Salisbury* sailed to Madagascar, where some violent storms were encountered; and Captain Knowles was compelled to make signals of distress, being ordered by Admiral Watson to make his way, if possible, to Point de Galle in Ceylon. As this port was approached, a Dutch pilot was picked up,

who, however, positively refused to take the ship in without previous authority from the Dutch Governor. Captain Knowles, who seems to have been a man of action, accordingly put a rope round the pilot's neck, stood on, and in answer to a warning shot from the fort, fired a round at its flagstaff with such good purpose that the shot reached the room in which the Governor and his staff were at dinner. Strange as it may appear, this preliminary interchange of compliments does not seem to have produced any unpleasantness, for we read in Mr Hamilton's memoir that on getting into port everything they wished for was granted, and the officers were invited to a ball in the evening.

Hamilton gives his opinions very freely about his commanding officer, Captain Knowles. "He was," he says, "a truly brave and good officer, but miserably fond of money. He had likewise an unfortunate idea that prayers could supply the place of some other duties. We had regularly prayers twice a day. A fine parrot of mine had soon got some of the responses by heart, so the Captain ordered his head to be cut off. My next favourite was a monkey, who presuming to take some liberties with him in his way, the Captain himself shot him dead. How necessary," Mr Hamilton adds, "in all situations is it never to forget the mischief which is done by such failings," the failings alluded to being apparently the captain's predilection for family worship and the destruction of pet animals.

From the Malabar Coast, to which the *Salisbury* now proceeded, the ship was sent to assist in the operations undertaken against Gheriah, the stronghold of the pirate Angria, which was captured on the 13th February 1756, by a combined British squadron and landing force under Admiral Watson and General Clive. After this service the *Salisbury* returned to Bombay, where Mr Hamilton was promoted to be an acting-lieutenant in H.M.S. *Cumberland*, the flagship of Admiral Sir George Pocock, commander-in-chief on the East Indian Station. At this time Edward Hamilton had been ten years in the Navy, during which period he had never had one line or news of any kind from his own parents or family at Geneva. As a matter of fact his father was dead, but he did not hear of this until a later date.

On reaching Bombay, Mr Hamilton got into touch with and now came under the influence of the cousin already referred to — the Baron de Vassarot — who was "then commanding the English Cavalry in India," and who had been very favourably mentioned for his conduct at the siege of Madras. On hearing of his kinsman's arrival, De Vassarot at once wrote to the young lieutenant and asked if he was really "le cher petit Edouard" whom he remembered at Geneva, and whom he had so often held on his knee in the old home. On learning

that such was really the case, he at once directed his agent (Mr George Mackay) at Madras to supply Hamilton with whatever money he wanted, and he forwarded to his cousin "a complete suit of blue velvet uniform and a quantity of linen."

While Edward was serving in H.M.S. *Cumberland*, the flagship took fire, and he relates that, when he rushed into Sir George Pocock's cabin to report the alarming news, the old admiral quietly remarked, "Then you must put it out again." To achieve this, however, it became necessary to scuttle the ship, which "was saved to the astonishment of the whole fleet, who had slipped their cables expecting every moment to see us blown up." Unfortunately on this occasion "my fine new velvet cloathes were destroyed."

Following upon this occurrence, Hamilton was present "in a sharp engagement with the French under Admiral Daché, when nothing but honour and blows were gained."

De Vassarot now strongly urged his young relative to quit the Navy and join the military forces in India, a step which Hamilton was all the more disposed to take because Sir George Pocock professed himself unable to confirm his acting rank of lieutenant. Edward left the sea service "with every pang of regret," and "with the strongest and kindest certificates from the Admiral." "I had now," he writes, "reached my 23rd year, which to me appeared tremendously late to begin a new trade." However, De Vassarot successfully combated all his cousin's objections, pointing out that he had power to push the latter on in the Company's service, and a regretful and affectionate parting between the young lieutenant and the veteran admiral "finished the business."

Unfortunately, however, for young Hamilton, no sooner had his transfer to the military forces been carried out than De Vassarot was ordered to the Coromandel Coast. Left to his own devices, the young officer soon got into debt and fell into very straitened pecuniary circumstances. "Often," he says, "a solitary walk in the woods served me in place of my dinner," and he danced in the evening with his heart as light as his stomach. He speaks at this time of the kindness of a Swiss officer named De Ziegler,[1] who, finding that Hamilton had had no breakfast, contrived to leave 100 rupees upon his bed—a sum which Hamilton repaid later, out of the first prize-money he earned, when he ascertained whence the loan had come. He also mentions the friend-

[1] Captain de Ziegler commanded the Swiss Company of the European Regiment. He arrived in India in October 1752 with 100 Swiss Protestant recruits for this company. There were quite a number of Swiss officers at this time in the service of the East India Company.

ship he formed for Mrs Draper (wife of the Secretary of the Presidency), "the celebrated Sterne's Eliza,"[1] who appears to have been extremely good to him. Society in the East must have been somewhat mixed at this period. "Manners," says Hamilton, "such as I had been accustomed to in my youth, were not very common in India, my own Captain having been the Governor's barber."

Hamilton's first military service was in command of some Portuguese and sepoys, who were detached to protect a very valuable fishery; but in February 1759 he was ordered to join an expedition, which was undertaken by a force of 800 men of the Bombay European Regiment and 1500 sepoys, under Captains Maitland and Lane, against Surat, where the natives had assumed an aggressive attitude. In this campaign he was placed in command of a bomb-ketch mounting one 13-inch mortar and sixteen smaller guns. The expedition sailed up the Taptee river and found the enemy in great force holding a Dutch factory and battery, which Hamilton was ordered to silence. In the subsequent landing, which led to some desperate fighting in the narrow streets of Surat, Hamilton was grievously wounded, one of his assailants plunging a long dagger up to the hilt in his body. He was apparently saved from death by the prompt assistance of his sergeant, George Dorey, who killed Hamilton's antagonist with his halbert and secured the poniard.

For eight months following upon this affair Hamilton lay in hospital upon his back, his life being often despaired of, and it was long before he could be moved with safety to Bombay. During this prolonged illness and period of convalescence he amused himself by learning to play the flute, a diversion which he varied by kindly efforts to console a fellow-sufferer, "whose death was occasioned in the end by a wound which had only run through his arm."

On his return to Bombay he was promoted to be lieutenant and adjutant of the European Regiment, and had "the unspeakable satisfaction" of seeing his cousin De Vassarot appointed to be commandant at Surat. Very honourable mention, he says, was made in despatches to Europe of his own services in the recent fighting.

Hamilton, it would appear, had by this time learnt to pick up some of the perquisites which added such an attraction in early days to service in India, for he narrates that he now despatched to Lord Abercorn a ring, "worth about £200," "as some indemnification for any expense he may have incurred for me in England." A little later, he mentions that his lordship responded to this by sending

[1] Laurence Sterne, born 24th November 1713, died 1768; author of 'Tristram Shandy.'

out to him "a very handsome watch, with Scottish pebble, magnificently engraved with all the arms I was entitled to bear."

His cousin De Vassaret was not destined to command at Surat for long. Within two months of his appointment, Hamilton received "the agonising account of his death from a fever which carried him off in a few days."

For the next few years Hamilton acted as aide-de-camp to Mr Cromland, Governor of Bombay, an appointment which he held until the massacre of Europeans at Patna and a mutiny at that station called him to more active work.

He was ordered to join a force consisting of three companies of European infantry, one of artillery, and three of Bombay sepoys, which was directed to proceed as quickly as possible as a reinforcement to Calcutta. These troops, which were under command of Captain Pemble, embarked at Bombay in the transports *Earl of Middlesex* and *Lord Mansfield*, and sailed for their destination on the 12th October 1763. Hamilton was apparently on board the latter ship as senior officer, and it was three months and seventeen days before the *Lord Mansfield* reached Calcutta. Blown out of her course, the vessel was nearly lost off Cape Pullaway, on the coast of Sumatra, and those on board were reduced to the greatest extremity for want of food and water, which they tried in vain to obtain from the cannibals of the Andaman Islands. "A fine young man," writes Hamilton, "my lieutenant, in an attempt to get water, was shot by the arrows of these wretches and devoured within sight of the ship."

Eventually, after a trying and stormy voyage in the monsoons right up the Bay of Bengal, the ship dropped anchor in Belasore Roads, and Hamilton, proceeding to Calcutta, reported his arrival to the Governor, Mr Vansittart,[1] who was rejoiced at the appearance of this long-expected reinforcement.

The situation in Bengal at the moment of Hamilton's arrival at Calcutta was extremely critical. The forces of Sujah Dowlah, Nabob of Oudh, and his overlord, the Great Mogul—the Emperor of Delhi—together with those of Meer Cossim, the temporary successor of Surajah Dowlah, were threatening the settlement of Patna, which was held by Major Carnac, who had already been joined by a portion of the reinforcements from Bombay under Pemble. The troops of these Indian rulers, in arms against the British, were by no means to be despised in a military sense, having been trained and disciplined by a renegade Frenchman, who went by the name of "Sumroo"[2] amongst the

[1] Mr Henry Vansittart of Foxley, Berks, M.P. for Reading; a Director of the H.E.I.C., and Governor of Bengal from 1760 to 1764; he died December 1769.

[2] His real name was "Sombre."

natives. This individual was in reality responsible for the recent massacre of 400 Europeans at Patna.

The forces at the disposal of the British, on the other hand, seemed thoroughly unreliable; the European element, composed of English, French, Germans, and Dutch, being generally indisposed to advance, whilst the sepoys were almost in a state of mutiny. Carnac, the officer in command, was quite unequal to the task imposed upon him: he had failed to instil any confidence into his army, whilst, owing to his adherence to defensive tactics, so fatal in dealing with Orientals, he had forfeited also the confidence of the Bengal Council.

Hamilton, after his interview with Governor Vansittart, lost no time in disembarking his men, and in marching them the four hundred miles which lay between Calcutta and Patna.

He was, he says, very cordially received by Carnac, whom he found intrenched under the walls of the last-named city, but he gives a melancholy account of the state of discipline into which the force of 6000 men had drifted. "The rapacity of the officers," he writes, "equalled the want of subordination. Carnac and his whole staff were continually at cards." "I have come," he continues, "to headquarters, after seizing an hiscara (spy)—come to inspect our positions in order to attack us,—and have been told by the Commander himself not to speak one word until the deal was over, as £800 depended on the game."

The enemy, in the meantime, with 60,000 men, including a numerous cavalry, were threatening to storm the British intrenchments, and had they decided to pass by Patna and occupy Cassim Buzzar and Calcutta, Bengal, in the opinion of Hamilton, must have been lost to Great Britain. Several partial attacks on Patna were repulsed, including one in which 600 Indian rockets were used against our lines; but nothing whatever in the way of counter-attack was attempted by the supine Carnac. Happily for the prestige of our small army in Bengal, this incompetent officer was relieved in his command by the arrival in Patna, on the 14th of August 1764, of Major Hector Munro, a man of a very different disposition, and cast in another mould. Carnac was recalled and censured.

Munro, who on arrival selected Hamilton as his brigade-major and adjutant-general, instantly took the field against the enemy, and brought back a whole regiment of sepoys who were trying to desert. Twenty-four of these men he blew from guns, and Hamilton, who appears to have been in charge of the executions, remarks that "this had a very desirable effect, and was absolutely necessary." 'Crown and Company,' the historical records of the 2nd Battalion Dublin Fusiliers, formerly the Bombay European Regiment, to which corps Hamilton seems to have belonged, thus refers to this incident:—

"Arriving on the 14th of August, he (Munro) at once set about preparations for a more active campaign, speedily asserting his claims as a disciplinarian and tactician. Encouraged by the easy treatment met with by former mutineers, a native regiment broke away. Munro shot twenty-four of them—blew them away from the guns—an awe-instilling punishment held in great dread. Of the selected two dozen, four came forward: they claimed that, being of the Grenadier Company of their regiment and accustomed to lead in the field, they should now be allowed to lead the way to death at the mouths of the cannon awaiting them. Their request was granted amidst the admiring acclamations of their comrades, white and black alike. Then the native troops said it was enough; they would not allow any more executions. Perhaps, had they adopted a less dictatorial tone, Munro might not have gone further, but to stop by their order would have been to sacrifice the discipline of the force. One of the most humane men, he saw clearly that to save many he must sacrifice a few. Other guns were laid on the native regiments, and the grim scene was continued. It had the desired effect: no more murmurings were heard. The troops recognised that they were now led by a man."

On the 6th of October 1764 Munro advanced against the forces of the Mogul, and of Sujah Dowlah, his Vizier, who had taken up a position at Buxar with 60,000 men. Munro had at his disposal only 6200 of all ranks, supported by twenty-two pieces of artillery. In the great battle which followed he utterly defeated the enemy, inflicting enormous losses, and captured 132 guns and much treasure. His own casualties amounted to 834 officers and men.

Edward Hamilton, who had two horses killed under him, tells us that he "had the honour to drive the enemy's right wing into the Caramnassa river, where they had a bridge, but so great was the press made by them and their elephants in flying over, that the bridge fell in and thousands were drowned at that moment, the river being very large. The carnage everywhere was dreadful, and never was success more brilliant. In pursuing the enemy I came upon a part of the Mogul's treasure, and of course seized it. My orderly sergeant, who was more experienced in plunder than myself, said, 'Sir, that is yours according to the established custom.' I instantly sent it under escort to the common stock, and the Honourable Charles Stuart, Commissary for Prizes, who received it, told me afterwards that it constituted the most valuable booty of that glorious day; but, alas! plunder was too plentiful and the love of it shamefully great. *That* occasioned an order to halt upon the field of battle—much against my inclination—because it was clear that by immediately pursuing the enemy to the gates of Benares

which we could easily have done, a speedy and equally glorious end would have been put to the war, and much blood and treasure spared without further exertions. The immediate effect of that day was to separate the Army of the Mogul from that of the Vizier. The Mogul surrendered into our hands and made us magnificent presents, after which we marched to Benares and settled the Articles of Capitulation, when some very infamous conduct took place. A British officer was known to betray his trust and received a large bribe."

A hard campaign followed, under the leadership of Sir Robert Fletcher, who occupied Allahabad on the 11th of February 1765. "Major Munro," we are told, left the army within a few days after the battle of Buxar, "loaded with money and jewels." Hamilton himself accompanied Fletcher on his march to Chunargur, Allahabad, and Juanpore, and in the subsequent pursuit of Sumroo in the direction of Lucknow — a pursuit which was continued until an order of recall to Allahabad reached the force from Clive, who, landing at Madras early in the year, now assumed once more the control of the army in India.

On his return to Allahabad, Hamilton was placed in command of the Fort at that station, and was entrusted with the custody of the person of the Great Mogul. "In the course of his campaign," Hamilton remarks, "Sir Robert Fletcher had saved the country of Nisaphkawn, in consequence of which that ruler made Sir Robert and his family a present of two lacks (*sic*) of rupees, the half of which was meant for me, but was never paid." He (Hamilton) remained at Allahabad for about three months, during which period Clive and his staff arrived at Benares. He mentions that on one occasion he was detached to the latter city with 200 horse to escort Clive from Benares to Allahabad, where the final peace negotiations with the Mogul and his Vizier were completed. "Carnac," we read, "who had been sent back to Europe as a disgraced Major, was now returned with Lord Clive as a Major-General," and was once more reinstated in command, "the brave Sir Robert Fletcher" being relegated to a subordinate position under him. Hamilton seems to have found his position as commandant at Allahabad and custodian of the Mogul an extremely lucrative one, and when pressed by Carnac to resume his old position on the staff, he first declined the offer. Taunted, however, by Carnac with the suggestion that he must be "tired of fighting," Hamilton reluctantly resigned his appointment at Allahabad into the hands of a Major Dow, who "thereby made his fortune." He then rejoined the army in the field and was ordered on service, being severely wounded in the hip "in an attack on Morero, the famous Moratto

General." Thus incapacitated, he received instructions to return to his own Presidency of Bombay, and shortly afterwards he embarked at Calcutta, "only thirteen of the brave fellows" who had accompanied him with the reinforcements from Bombay being available to return with him.

The ship in which he sailed was nearly wrecked on the coast of Ceylon, put into Point de Galle, and eventually reached her destination, when Hamilton resumed his former duties. He remained at Bombay for about a year, being offered, he tells us, the command of an expedition to Persia, the departure of which was, however, countermanded. His health was failing him greatly, and after trying a visit to Fort Victoria for the benefit of the "baths," during which excursion he "made an acquaintance with the mermaids of the river Bancoota," he returned to Bombay, when the Governor, Mr Cromland, who was sailing for England, induced Hamilton to accompany him on leave of absence.

In January 1769 he sailed for home in the *Speaker*, Captain Dewar. Twelve years had elapsed since he had received the slightest tidings of his family at Geneva, though he had written to Mr Duval, a London friend of his cousin, the late Baron de Vassarot, asking him to remit some of his prize money for the relief of his mother's necessities. The *Speaker* touched at St Helena, and in July Hamilton once more set foot in old England.

On landing he proceeded direct to London, and "got into Tom's Coffee House, opposite the Exchange," with his two black servants. He immediately wrote a letter to Lord Abercorn and despatched it to the latter's house in Cavendish Square, only, however, to receive a reply that his lordship was absent in Scotland. Hamilton speaks in his memoir of the terrible feeling of depression which then came over him from his sense of loneliness in the world and from the debilitated state of his health, broken down as it was from the effects of his wounds and the dropsy from which he was now suffering. He bethought himself, however, of Mr Duval, De Vassarot's friend, whom he at once visited, being fortunate enough to find him at home at his residence in the City.

"I found," he writes, "Mr Duval employed in setting a necklace of pearls and diamonds for Lady Clive, valued at £28,000, in which I recognised the identical jewels which had been publicly offered by the Vizier of the Mogul to Lord Clive, which in public had been refused, but had found some means of getting into his possession afterwards. Lord Clive told the Vizier that he was come to prevent everything of the kind, and positively prohibited that which was presented to me by Nisaphkawn and which my blood and services had so dearly purchased!

"I afterwards saw Lord Clive in England, the most wretched of men, and witnessed

afterwards the death of many so well known during these conflicts in India, who all afforded a tremendous proof of the vanity of such pursuits as theirs had been."

Mr Duval was able to give Hamilton the comforting assurance that his mother was alive and well, and the sad news that his only brother had died in London "in afflicting circumstances."

At the latter end of August 1769, after several enjoyable weeks spent in the agreeable society of Mr Duval, Hamilton set out for Savoy upon a visit to his mother. The splendid view from Mount Jura, as he approached his old home at Thonex, recalled to him his happy boyhood and the days when he used to swim as a lad in the Lake of Geneva, and he recounts that the sight of the glistening snow on the mountain-tops drew from his two native servants the exclamation, "Oh! what a quantity of sugar!"

Geneva at the time of his visit was invested by French troops, but as peace had been declared in 1762 between France and Great Britain, he found that the "regimentals" in which he travelled were a sufficient passport through their lines, the French officer who stopped him at Nion merely remarking when he recognised the British uniform, "En voilà assez!"

"M. de Voltaire," he tells us, "was close by at Pregny and had opened his little theatre to entertain all the French officers. He immediately came out with my cousin, M. Hubert, paid my country and myself the handsomest compliments, and having been informed that the Mogul had been my prisoner, that subject occasioned much enquiry. He would not permit me to go on without giving every proof of the greatest kindness, after dinner conducting me to his theatre where was representing that evening a little piece composed by himself."

Passing on to his beautifully situated home at Thonex, overlooking the Lake of Geneva and facing Mont Blanc, Hamilton now once again found himself reunited to his mother and to a nephew and niece, the charming children of his sister, Madame de Salle, who had died during his absence in India. Though he found many debts to liquidate out of the apparently ample means which he had accumulated in the East, he seems to have spent four months of unalloyed happiness in the place of his birth, being fêted, as he says, after all his exploits and experiences abroad, "comme la bête curieuse pour tout le pays."

From Savoy he returned to Paris, where he was received with the utmost affection by several of his old schoolfellows of his early Geneva days: Messieurs Necker,[1] Thel-

[1] James Necker, a native of Geneva, financier and Ambassador of the Swiss Republic to France; settled in France, and was twice Prime Minister under Louis XVI. The Revolution destroyed his popularity, and, yielding to the storm, he fled for safety to Switzerland. He died at Coppet in 1804, aged 72.

lusson,[1] Deodati, and many others. "I was introduced," he writes, "to the Court of Louis XVth, Lord Stormont[2] being then our Ambassador."

"Paris in 1770 was 'un séjour des Dieux.' Literature, music and every agreeable attainment had reached the highest pitch. My time was passed in the first society at Versailles and Paris, living with Madame Necker,[3] D'Alembert,[4] Diderot,[5] Thomas,[6] Marmontel,[7] L'Abbé Raynal,[8] Madame du Deffand,[9] and all her coterie; in music with Gluck,[10] Puccini,[11] Gretey D'Albaret, and with all the first professors in Europe. By all I was caressed; I know not for what. All the paternal cares of Doctor Tronchin[12] greatly benefited my health. Messieurs les Dues De Biron and De Richelieu at that time did the honours of Paris. Twice a week all the first people were entertained by them. A cover was always laid for me, and the kindest attentions paid."

Paris was indeed a city of gaiety and luxury at this time. "Qui n'a pas vécu avant 1789 ne connait pas la douceur de vivre" is an observation attributed to Talleyrand; but over the capital was slowly and silently creeping the shadow of the French Revolution. Hamilton was very loath to leave his pleasant surroundings, but he was under engagement with the East India Company to resume his military duties as soon as the state of his health permitted, and the hope and prospect of a renewal of his strength now took him to London, although

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[1] Peter Thellusson, born at Geneva; he settled in London, amassed an enormous fortune, and died at his seat, Plaistow, Kent, on 21st July 1797.

[2] David, 7th Viscount Stormont, was British Ambassador in Paris from 1772 to 1778.

[3] Madame Necker was the daughter of a Protestant divine. She was a clever writer, a benefactress of the poor, and an intimate friend of Buffon, Thomas, and other well-known men. She died at Coppet in 1795.

[4] Jean le Rond d'Alembert, an illustrious philosopher and mathematician; born in Paris 16th November 1717, died 29th October 1783.

[5] Dionysius Diderot, celebrated writer, born at Langres; with D'Alembert, compiled the 'Dictionnaire encyclopédique'; he died 31st July 1784.

[6] Anthony Leonard Thomas, born at Clermont 1732, member of the French Academy and secretary to the Duke of Orleans; he was highly esteemed as a writer; he died 17th September 1785.

[7] Jean François Marmontel, eminent French writer, born at Limousin 1719; a friend of Voltaire; imprisoned in the Bastille; died at Abbeville 1798.

[8] Guillaume François Raynal, French historian, born at St Gémes 1718, died 6th March 1796.

[9] Madame la Marquise du Deffand, born 1697. Her salon in the reigns of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. was the centre of all the wit, sarcasm, and intrigue of the capital—the rendezvous of foreign diplomats, scandalmongers, and all the leaders of literary and political thought in Paris.

[10] Christopher Gluck, musical composer, died at Vienna 1787, aged 73.

[11] Nicholas Puccini, celebrated musician, born at Bari near Naples. He divided with Gluck the applauses of Paris; died 7th May 1800.

[12] Théodore Tronchin, born at Geneva 1704; physician to the French Royal family; he died in Paris in 1781.

his friend, the learned Doctor Tronchin, predicted an early termination to his life should he endeavour to return to a hot climate.

In London, however, his leave of absence was extended for a further period of twelve months, and he tells us that, after an interview with the Duke of Richmond, he found himself summoned to the Bar of the House of Commons to give an account of the state of the army in India, the mutiny at Patna, and other matters. Of this experience he remarks: "I had imagined that the House of Commons had something about it very awful and dignified, but I had not been ten minutes at the Bar until I felt perfectly at ease. During two hours and three-quarters I underwent a strict examination, and, as some matters began to press rather hard upon some of the friends of Lord Clive, likewise some home questions being put from the opposite side, which would have led to replies no less decided against Lord Clive's members, of which there were seven in the House, the Speaker interposed and begged to put an end to the discussion, observing that I was quite exhausted; so I was permitted to withdraw."

Hamilton's health now took a turn for the worse, and, advised by Lord and Lady Abercorn, he consulted Doctor Fothergill,[1] a London physician of the highest repute, who said he would not be answerable for his life if he stayed a week longer in London, and ordered him to Bristol Hot wells, where he joined a congenial circle of friends and fellow-patients, which included the Bishop of Chichester (Dr Ashburnham), Sir Cornwallis and Lady Maude (afterwards Lord and Lady Hawarden), and Mr and Lady Bridget Lane. From Clifton he moved to Tunbridge Wells, where he stayed with Lady Abercorn, and had the pleasure of meeting the Duke of Leeds, his "very old acquaintance" the Duchess of Hamilton, the Countess of Pembroke, Lord and Lady Spencer, and many others.

About this time he received the mortifying intelligence that his rooms in London, containing his papers, documents, naval logs, military notes, books, and many valuable Indian shawls, palankeens, &c., had been destroyed by fire. Some few of these latter articles were, however, recovered, for it transpired that his landlady had insured her premises, removed his possessions to a pawnbroker's, and then set a light to the house. The woman was transported, and Hamilton subsequently learned that she had taken in Charles Fox, the statesman, to the tune of £1500.

After spending a winter

[1] John Fothergill, an eminent physician; born at Carr End, Yorkshire, 8th March 1712; he practised in London and amassed a fortune of £80,000; died 26th December 1780.

with Lord and Lady Abercorn in Grosvenor Square, Hamilton applied for a further period of twelve months' leave, as his wounds still caused trouble and he was very dropsical. His case was referred to Doctor Vanswieten[1] of Vienna, who declared that he could not live, and he therefore decided to take up his residence once more in Switzerland and to place himself for treatment in the hands of Doctor Tissot[2] of Lausanne. This medical gentleman took the view that all previous diagnoses of his case had been wrong, stopped his wine, and put him upon a diet of stewed apples, *un peu de bouillon de grenouilles*, and a plentiful supply of weak veal-tea; he also ordered him to Camargue, an island on the Rhone, in order that he might partake of land turtle, which the worthy doctor thought "preferable to boiled frog." One is not surprised to learn that under this treatment the patient at once began to improve and resolved to return to London, fortified with the hope that he would yet again see India. Alas, this was not to be: discontinuance of Dr Tissot's treatment led to further relapses, and Hamilton was finally induced to abandon all further thoughts of military service, and to apply to the East India Company for the pension to which he was entitled. During the several succeeding years he divided his time between London and the South of France.

In the spring of 1776 both the Dowager Lady Abercorn and Hamilton's mother passed away, and he subsequently paid a visit each summer with Lord Abercorn to Scotland, a practice which he continued until Lord Abercorn's death, which occurred a year or two later at Boroughbridge in Yorkshire.

It was upon one of these visits to the north that Colonel Hamilton, as he now was, made the acquaintance of Miss Jane Ewart (daughter of the venerable minister of Troqueer), to whom he was shortly afterwards married in Edinburgh by the Rev. Principal Robertson.[3]

After taking leave of their friends in Scotland, Colonel and Mrs Hamilton journeyed on their honeymoon to Paris, where they had the happiness of meeting our Ambassador, the Marquis of Stafford (then Earl Gower)[4] and his wife (Countess of Sutherland in her own right), the only daughter of Colonel Hamilton's "earliest and beloved" friend, Lord

[1] Gerard Vanswieten, celebrated physician; born 7th May 1700; was physician to the Empress Maria Theresa; died 18th June 1772.

[2] Doctor S. A. D. Tissot, an eminent Swiss physician; died at Lausanne, 15th June 1797.

[3] William Robertson, D.D., Principal of the University of Edinburgh, and minister of the Greyfriars' Church; born 1721, died 11th June 1793.

[4] Earl Gower succeeded his father as second Marquis of Stafford, and on 14th January 1833 was created Duke of Sutherland. He was recalled as Ambassador from Paris when Louis XVI. was guillotined.

Strathnaver, his schoolfellow at Enfield. They also had the pleasure of meeting there Lady Alva, the countess's grandmother. During their stay in the French capital, Colonel Hamilton introduced his bride to many of his old friends, and he mentions that he "saw for the last time the Royal family by whom I had been honoured by the kindest notice, but were then, alas! so depressed."

In the month of April 1791 Colonel and Mrs Hamilton reached their home at Thonex, where they remained in perfect happiness, "enjoying the delights of a society which never fatigued, yet produced the most exhilarating varieties, which arise from meeting constantly with the best-informed people from every country, and where the habits of life are such that the mind was never obscured by any degree of intoxication."

They continued to live peacefully in this happy and respectable circle of friends—which included M. and Madame Necker, M. Bonnet,[1] M. de Saussures,[2] M. Benedict Pictet,[3] and others—until their tranquillity was rudely disturbed by the sudden invasion in 1792 by the French Revolutionists of the province of Savoy, upon the Swiss border of which Colonel Hamilton's small estate was situated. War was declared by the Revolutionists upon Austria in April 1792, on the ground that the latter country was sheltering the French *émigrés* who were intriguing for the overthrow of the revolutionary government, and a similar motive prompted them to overrun Savoy, where many members of the hated noblesse had taken refuge. In the following June the Prussian King, Frederick William II., joined the Coalition against France.

On the 17th September, while Colonel Hamilton and his wife were seated at breakfast, their servants rushed into the room and announced that the French were upon them, and that the Swiss and Savoyard troops were everywhere abandoning the frontier and retiring upon Geneva. Emerging from his house, Colonel Hamilton found that this was only too true, the first individual he encountered being the Chevalier de Verne, the local commandant, who was falling back with two battalions and six pieces of artillery. Colonel Hamilton remarked to the Chevalier that he "was not on the road to meet the enemy," to which De Verne replied that every

[1] Charles Bonnet, a native of Geneva, devoted to the study of natural history and metaphysics; he died there on the 20th May 1793.

[2] Horace Benedict de Saussures, born at Geneva 17th February 1740; Professor of Philosophy at Geneva. He explored Vesuvius, Etna, and Mont Blanc. On the union of Savoy to France he was elected to the National Assembly, but the disorders of the Revolution ruined him, and he died broken-hearted in 1799.

[3] Benedict Pictet, a native of Geneva; was offered the Chair of Theology at the University of Leyden, but preferred to remain with his own countrymen.

one was flying through the mountains by Mont Blanc, that one battalion had been cut to pieces already, and that the best thing Colonel and Mrs Hamilton could do was to save themselves by instant flight. Upon the heels of the gallant De Verne came the Commandant de St Suffrein, who was also in retreat with his Swiss troops and some guns; he was equally insistent that the Hamiltons had no time to lose, stating that he had already sent his own wife, plate, and money across the lake into Switzerland.

Numbers of people were escaping in this way in boats, and when Colonel Hamilton mounted his horse to warn some English friends, named Newdigate, of their danger, he found the roads also blocked with fugitives terrified at the approach of the "murderers of Paris."

Upon his return to his own house, Colonel Hamilton marked upon the gate that it was the property of "Le Colonel Edouard Hamilton, Ancien Colonel au Service de la Grande Bretagne," and then taking sufficient money, plate, and baggage in his carriage, drove with Mrs Hamilton to the town of Geneva.

From Geneva, where the panic and confusion were indescribable, they proceeded to the inn at Sécheron, whence they sent back their carriage to assist the Newdigates in making their escape. During their stay at this village, several other British subjects arrived, amongst the conveyances which reached the inn being those of the Scottish Lord Gray[1] and of an English clergyman named Taylor.

From Sécheron, Colonel and Mrs Hamilton made their way to the nearest barrier which had been established by the Revolutionists, to ascertain if his nationality would secure passports for himself and his wife. These, thanks to his being a British subject, he was able to obtain, but not until he had been dragged from his carriage and assailed with cries of "Aristocrate." In reply to his inquiry as to who might be in command, he was informed "Tout le Monde." Furnished with such security as the passports afforded, the Hamiltons then drove as quickly as possible to the residence of M. and Madame Necker at Coppet, picking up on the way a little boy, a nephew of General Villettes, who was running along the road in an effort to reach his parents in Switzerland.

Though the castle at Coppet was only six miles from Geneva, M. Necker, who knew that he was an especial object of popular fury, had been unable, until the Hamiltons arrived, to obtain any definite news of what was happening. They warned him of his danger, and then proceeded to the local inn, where they were able to obtain accommodation for

[1] William John, 14th Lord Gray, an officer of the Scots Greys. He died unmarried 12th December 1807.

themselves and the little boy for the night. The whole place was crowded with *émigrés* flying from Savoy, now threatened with occupation by their bitter enemies. Many of these unfortunates had been plundered when crossing the lake by Revolutionists, who manned boats to go in pursuit of them. "Some of the ladies," says Colonel Hamilton, "came to the inn with even their clothes torn off and with the loss of everything they possessed in the world, yet anxiously enquired the moment they arrived if any one could lend them a little rouge."

From Coppet, the Colonel and his wife went on to Lausanne, where they met with General Villettes (uncle of the little boy they had befriended and brought along with them), the Comte de Narbonne,[1] and the Vicomte de Vaux, who had all, by the aid of good horses, escaped from the clutches of the Revolutionists.

Many of the old noblesse, who had fled from France, had congregated in Lausanne, whilst amongst the English in the town were the Duchess of Devonshire and Mr Gibbon,[2] "who did the honours of Lausanne very kindly" while keeping a purse of money and his horses harnessed, ready to fly at a moment's notice.

The Hamiltons remained at Lausanne for three weeks, and then, hearing that their house at Thonex had been occupied by an officer of the staff of General Montesquieu, the Republican commander of the troops invading Savoy, they decided to run the risk and return home. Before, however, taking this step, they resolved to pay a brief visit to M. and Madame Necker, who, with their daughter Madame de Staël,[3] had betaken themselves from the castle of Coppet to safer quarters at Rolle. "We found them all quite happy," says Colonel Hamilton, "with the idea that a new production from M. Necker's pen was to save the lives of the King and Queen, then, alas! on the brink of their fate."

From Rolle they drove to the inn at Geneva, where at the *table d'hôte* they were witnesses of a fracas between some Swiss and French officers, one of the latter, a general, having boasted that he was the first man to enter the Tuileries, and that he had killed some of the Swiss Guards with his own hands. High words were used and swords were drawn, but Mrs

[1] The Comte de Narbonne was Minister of War under the ill-fated Louis XVI.

[2] Edward Gibbon, author of the 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire'; born at Putney 8th May 1737. He resided at Lausanne, was at one time engaged to the lady who became Madame Necker, and was a friend of Voltaire. The horrors of the French Revolution disturbed his tranquillity of mind, and he left Lausanne and died in England on the 16th of January 1794.

[3] Madame de Staël, daughter of M. and Madame Necker, was the wife of Baron de Staël, Swedish Ambassador to the Court of France. She was the author of an abortive scheme to smuggle the King and Queen out of Paris in her carriage.

Hamilton and some other ladies were courteously escorted from the room by a cut-throat-looking man (*un coupe-tête*), whose manners were more pleasing than his appearance. In the town a truce of some kind had been patched up, but the streets were thronged with ill-favoured-looking ruffians dressed in strange costumes and uniforms, looted no doubt from the wardrobes of the wealthy in Paris.

The following day Colonel and Mrs Hamilton reached Thonex, when they had the pleasure of finding that, as a result of the notice they had placed on their gate, everything they possessed had been scrupulously respected by the party of sixteen dragoons who were billeted in the house. Only the dining-room had been occupied, the soldiers sleeping upon some straw which had been scattered on the floor, and neither poultry, vegetables, nor fruit had been touched. Colonel Hamilton at once unlocked his cellar, and the rough Republicans drank cordially to the health of himself and his wife with cries of "Vivent les Anglais."

Strangely enough, the officer in command of the party turned out to be a Scotsman named Douglas, who informed the Hamiltons that his father, a native of Stirling, had followed the fortunes of Prince Charlie in 1745 and then fled to France, where he had placed his son in the French service. The dearest wish of the exile seemed to be to find some excuse for returning to his own country, and Mr Douglas greatly bemoaned the fate which placed him in his present situation and surroundings.

The following morning the Hamiltons, accompanied by this Scottish officer, drove over to Carouge to pay their respects to General Montesquieu at his own headquarters. They found the General attended by a brilliantly-attired bodyguard clothed in green and silver, thanked him profusely for the protection afforded to their house and belongings, praised the excellent conduct of the dragoons, and obtained his permission to return to Lausanne. The General expressed his intention of withdrawing the soldiers from Thonex, but Colonel Hamilton begged that he would not think of such a thing. He reminded Montesquieu that this was not their first meeting, as they had previously been acquainted with each other at the hospitable table of the Duc de Biron in Paris. To Hamilton's remark that his occupation of Savoy had not cost him much powder, the General replied, "Some, but only by the rain."

"Montesquieu," says the Colonel, "was completely the gentleman in manner and appearance," and as he had spent a considerable sum in proving that he was descended from Clovis, King of France, no doubt he considered that his connection with royalty made him none too safe with his present associates, though, as a measure of prudence, he had taken service with the Republicans for the time being.

Colonel Hamilton saw plainly enough how uneasy the General was in regard to his present position, more especially because he was being denounced by Clavière[1] for having failed to sack and destroy Geneva. He kindly invited the Hamiltons to dine with him, and then despatched them, provided with Republican cockades and a suitable escort, back to Geneva *en route* for Lausanne. Three days later Montesquieu escaped from his own army.

At the *table d'hôte* of the inn at Nion, Colonel and Mrs Hamilton were surprised to encounter Madame la Marquise de la Valette, one of the most beautiful women in France and one of the first ladies of the court of Marie Antoinette. Now, most meanly dressed, she informed them that she had just been successful in escaping from Paris with £10,000 worth of her jewels. These she was anxious to despatch to Turin for sale, as apart from them she had no money to buy bread or provide the necessities of life. She and her two daughters were living in a miserable garret, without even a fire, though it was the depth of winter. They were now on their way to Lausanne, where they stayed for some little time with the Hamiltons, who were fortunate enough to secure a large and commodious house on La Grand Place.

During this return journey the Colonel and his wife paid yet another visit to the Neckers at Rolle, when M. Necker related how narrowly he had escaped the guillotine in his escape into Switzerland; he remarked that he had been well acquainted with General Montesquieu in happier days in Paris.

When the Hamiltons reached Lausanne they found that the colony had been reinforced by the arrival of many notable people, and they did all they could to relieve the misery and assist those in need in such distressing times. Amongst their new neighbours were M. le Baron d'Erlac, the Cerjot family, Madame la Comtesse de Galofskin, the Princesse de Talmont, and the Duchesse de Charrot, daughter of Madame de Toursel, who, under the superintendence of the unfortunate Madame de Lamballe,[2] was governess to the Dauphin and his sister on that dreadful night in September 1792, when Madame de Lamballe with many others were murdered in the prison of the Abbaye in Paris. Upon that occasion a man all covered with blood rushed into the cell of Madame

[1] Clavière, a native of Geneva, was one of the most rabid and fanatical of the Revolutionists in Paris. It was largely at his instigation that they invaded Savoy to hunt out the members of the French nobility who had taken refuge therein.

[2] Thérèse Louise, Princesse de Lamballe, born at Turin 8th September 1749, the youthful and beautiful widow of the Duc de Bourbon-Penthièvre, was the close and intimate friend of Marie Antoinette, who treated her as a sister. She was brutally murdered by the Revolutionists at the Abbaye Prison on the 3rd September 1792, her head and heart being carried on pikes to be exposed to the view of the unfortunate Queen.

de Toursel and commanded her to prepare for instant death. She, with the utmost composure, replied: "Vous n'avez pas la mine d'un homme capable d'un tel horreur. Que vous ai-je fait pour meriter la mort de vos mains?" The man answered: "Vous trouvez que j'ai une bonne physionomie? fort bien; je ne vous tromperai pas." He instantly wrapped her up in a blood-stained cloak, safely conducted her through the scenes of horror then in progress, and kept her at his own house until he found the means of conducting her to one of her own chateaux, from which she wrote the following note to her daughter, the Duchesse de Charrot, at Lausanne: "Soyez parfaitement tranquille sur mon compte; un homme apparemment le plus farouche se présentera à vous. Ne craignez rien; mettez vous sur sa protection."

At this time Madame la Duchesse was prohibited from returning to France under pain of instant death, so her mother's missive seemed fraught with great risk.

Colonel Hamilton's memoir continues: "Soon after she had received the above-mentioned little note from her mother, there arrived at her door, in a tremendous storm of hail and snow, a miserable-looking carriage, and from it alighted a man of truly ferocious aspect. He ran upstairs, and commanded her to follow him immediately, without her maid or any of her clothes. She burst into tears, but he told her it was to no purpose, 'et qu'elle aurait assez de temps pour pleurer par chemin,' and immediately forced her into his 'vilain voiture,' seated himself by her side, and drove off."

Captain O'Brien, nephew to Lord Inchiquin, who happened to be in Lausanne, hearing of the abduction, at once mounted his horse and went in pursuit of the couple. He overtook them at Nion, where they had been obliged to make a halt to rest their horses, when the man, observing that O'Brien was drenched to the skin, invited him to enter the carriage and discuss matters. O'Brien soon found that this apparently ferocious scoundrel was a sensible and well-informed gentleman, and expressed great surprise that the latter should be sailing under such strange colours. "Alas, sir," said this mysterious follower of the Scarlet Pimpernel, "we live in times when we must assume the appearance of monsters as the only means of doing good." Captain O'Brien accompanied the couple as far as Chambarri (? Chambéry), when, feeling satisfied that the Duchesse was perfectly safe and in good hands, he turned back his horse and took the road to Lausanne. He returned direct to the Hamiltons' house, where he was loaded with the caresses of the *émigrés*, who praised his romantic pursuit, and dubbed him "un cavalier du treizième siècle," a title which he confirmed shortly afterwards by successfully escort-

ing the Princesse de Talmont into Paris.

Towards the close of the year 1792 the Hamiltons received intimation that, unless they returned at once to Thonex, they would be declared *émigrés*, and their property would be confiscated. Despite the warnings and entreaties of their friends, they decided to comply with the instructions received, and, on reaching home, were very pleased to notice that the same friendly feeling actuated the French soldiers in occupation of their house.

Everything was in perfect order, and the same party of well-behaved dragoons was still billeted upon them. Mr Douglas had departed, and General Montesquieu had wisely betaken himself to safer and more congenial surroundings; but a Lieut.-Colonel de Lorne and a subordinate captain occupied a detached room in the house, and showed themselves most disposed to be friendly. Many other French officers courteously called to pay their homage to the British colonel, and Hamilton speaks of the "respectful attention" accorded to him by the rank and file.

Mrs Hamilton often expressed to the officers her horror at reading the accounts in the newspapers of the dreadful scenes which were being enacted in Paris, and those of the better class amongst them used to reply: "You should pity us, madam; none can detest such scenes and such a Government more than we do; but we are obliged to fight for our country against external enemies, and we can never desert our country by joining the emigrants." On the other hand, those who had sprung from the ranks would say: "No doubt it is all very bad, but had the ancient Government continued, even in the best hands, all the merit in the world would never have made me a Colonel."

Here Colonel Hamilton's memoir comes to an abrupt termination. The remainder of his life's story is contained in a few badly-written and nearly illegible pages, penned by his almost blind widow at Clifton, in the year 1821, apparently in her extreme old age, when writing had become painful and difficult.

One morning their butler returned from Geneva with the alarming news that war had again broken out between France and Great Britain. From this time onward the lives of the Hamiltons were in some jeopardy, especially as friends in Lausanne continued to write injudicious and compromising letters, which were conveyed to them from Geneva by a blind peasant woman, and which might any day fall into the hands of the Revolutionists.

Eventually, however, after a period of great anxiety, they were able, with the aid of a French general in the neighbourhood, to obtain passports enabling them to leave Switzerland altogether, and they decided to make their

way to the Prussian army then operating against the French upon the Rhine, under King Frederick William. Mrs Hamilton's brother, Mr Joseph Ewart,[1] had lately been accredited to His Majesty as British Minister in Berlin, so they must have felt sure of a cordial welcome.

After taking leave of M. and Madame Necker and other friends, they set out in the direction of the Black Forest, where an Austrian general presented them with a letter of introduction to Baron Fyfe, a German nobleman of Scottish extraction, then residing at Freiburg, who received them with the utmost kindness.

"Nothing," writes Mrs Hamilton, "could have been more interesting than the whole of our journey to Frankfort, where we joined William, King of Prussia, then besieging Maintz (Mayence) with the flower of his army." The commandant at Frankfort was an old school-fellow of Colonel Hamilton's, and with the Prussian army Mrs Hamilton found many friends

[1] Mr Joseph Ewart, Mrs Hamilton's brother, was born at the Manse, Troqueer, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, on the 30th April 1759. He studied medicine at Edinburgh University, but going abroad as the tutor and companion of young Macdonald of Clanranald, he made the acquaintance of Sir John Stepney, British Minister at Dresden, who took a fancy to him, and when transferred as Minister to Berlin made Mr Ewart first his private secretary and afterwards a Secretary of Legation. In these capacities he gave evidence of such great ability that, after acting as Chargé d'Affaires, 1787-1788, he was on the 5th of August of the latter year, at the youthful age of 29, appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the King of Prussia. As British Minister at Berlin he vigorously opposed the partition of Poland, incurring the bitter hatred of the Empress Catharine of Russia, who, when his premature death occurred a year or two later, was, no doubt unjustly, accused of having caused or accelerated his death by poison. This story was apparently based on an allegation, referred to in the memoirs of Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, that the Empress endeavoured to prevent the participation of Ewart as British representative in the Treaty of Reichenbach by the administration or attempted administration of poison, and on a statement that Ewart received a hint to be on his guard from a brother Scotsman, Sutherland, the Empress Catharine's private physician. Mr Ewart gained great credit for putting down the revolutionary party in Holland and reinstating the Prince of Orange as Stadtholder; he was also the moving spirit in bringing about that alliance of Great Britain, Prussia, and Holland which was at this period the corner-stone of Pitt's foreign policy. Wraxall, in his memoirs, states that "Ewart, placed on such a diplomatic eminence to which his talents had conducted him with such unexampled rapidity, rendered himself master of the Cabinet and councils of Frederick William II., which he governed and directed with a sort of absolute sway." Mr Ewart married in 1785 Elizabeth Countess von Wartensleben, a lady-in-waiting to H.R.H. the Duchess of York, and daughter of Friedrich Count von Wartensleben, Hofmarschall to the King of Prussia, the representative of one of the oldest military families in Germany. This alliance seemed to augment his influence until, as Wraxall remarks, "it is difficult to conceive or credit the ascendancy attained by him over the sovereign and administration of Prussia." Unfortunately Mr Ewart's health completely broke down towards the close of the year 1791, and he was recalled from Berlin at his own urgent request. Apparently he was suffering from some internal disorder, which in these days would probably have been diagnosed as appendicitis, and he died shortly afterwards at Bath on the 25th of January 1792, at the early age of 32.

of her brother, the late Joseph Ewart, who had died in the early part of the year, after a short and brilliant diplomatic career. She also mentions her acquaintance in Frankfort with the Earl of Fingall, whose daughter, Lady Harriet, was a great invalid.

Maintz, held by the French Revolutionists and besieged by the Prussians, at length surrendered after a sanguinary and protracted siege, and Colonel and Mrs Hamilton enjoyed the privilege of entering the town with King Frederick William and his staff.

The closing scenes connected with this event are thus described by Mrs Hamilton:—

"Maintz was one of the best fortified towns in Germany. Custine[1] had made the best preparations for any siege. He had failed in nothing but in foreseeing that the many desperate sorties made by his troops upon the Prussians would have demanded a larger supply of clean rags for the wounded or more rigid economy in that article. At last they had none. The surgeons were forced to wash the wounds with salt and water, and the extreme heat of the weather increased every worst effect. The agonising cries of the wounded soldiers pained the hearts of their companions. Any of them were ready to die in battle, but the bravest shrank from anguish so protracted and so extreme. Universal mutiny followed. The General was forced to surrender, but no capitulation could be more honourable. We entered with his Prussian Majesty, who was obliged to be preceded by numerous workmen cutting a road—before impenetrable from the strong fortifications being covered by all the fine trees, which before so beautified and surrounded Maintz, being cut down to erect an immense barrier. 15,000 effective troops marched out before us with all the honours of war: above 8000 were lying sick and dreadfully wounded. . . .

"After having dined with the King and generals, a walk was proposed to see how much the town had suffered from the many bombardments. Even the Cathedral was like a riddle."

Here the story ends altogether. Colonel and Mrs Hamilton made their way from the Continent to England and eventually settled at Clifton, where the Colonel, despite wounds, dropsy, and the advice of renowned physicians, lived to a patriarchal age. What became of their pretty property at Thonex, with its pleasant garden, orange groves, and vineyard, of which they speak so often in their narrative, is not related.

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[1] Adam Philippe, Count de Custine, born at Metz 4th February 1740; served as a volunteer with the revolted Americans in the War of Independence. He commanded the Army of the Rhine of the French Revolutionists, and took Spires, Maintz, and Frankfort. Reverses, however, at the hands of the Prussians compelled him to retreat and forced him to surrender Maintz; his want of success brought him to the scaffold, and he perished by the guillotine, 27th August 1793.

# THE WISDOM OF TI YUNG SENG.

BY ST JOHN LUCAS.

THE Pang-los, or book of Wise Rules of the Empire of Morosophia, consisted of a hundred thousand maxims which had been compiled through five centuries by various Bonzes, Professors of Learning, and Holy Hermits who dwelt apart in monasteries and temples, and to whom fasting and meditation had revealed all the secrets of Life. Unfortunately, the immense size of the book prevented any person from mastering its contents until he was too old to put them into practice, and the greater number of students perished prematurely and gloriously in the attempt. But at the end of the fifth century a youth of extraordinary precocity was born, Ti Yung Seng by name. After a brief period of study he learnt all the maxims by heart—an achievement which, in the judgment of the Bonzes and Professors, was nothing less than miraculous. He passed one hundred examinations with the highest distinction, and was victorious in the same number of disputes with Hermits. The omnipotent eye of the divine Emperor cast its august effulgence upon him: he was promoted to the highest scholastic honours and received the Grand Button of the Sapient Owl. The income tax of the country was raised in order to lodge and feed him adequately, and mean men, when they encountered his palanquin in the public ways, were required to render him the Extreme Obeisance of striking their bellies thrice with the palm of the right hand.

Ti Yung Seng was still a youth when he rose to these honours, and the effect of them on his manners and morals was evil. In spite of the magnificent altruistic precepts of the Wise Rules he thought of no one but himself, and he adopted an attitude of such superb disdain towards every one, that even the Emperor occasionally felt jealous of him. He contradicted the Sages and snubbed the Professors and entirely ignored the existence of the vulgar herd. He traced his descent directly from the Goddess of Wisdom, who had previously been regarded as a man-eating spinster, and he renounced his own parents, declaring that he was the offspring of the Sun and Moon. Every one believed him except the Professors and Bonzes and Hermits, and they were too greatly afraid of him to protest. Two or three of them who had attempted to do so had been clothed, by order of the Emperor, in dresses fashioned of pink feathers, and had been exposed in the market-place from noon until the going down of the sun, during which period the multitude

continually tickled their legs and pelted them with the immature fruits of the earth. After this event Ti Yung Seng was in a stronger position than ever, and took full advantage of it. He became Chief Counsellor to the Emperor, and any persons who were sufficiently rash to question his decisions were instantly refuted by a Wise Rule, and were subsequently thrown into deep pits inhabited by very active serpents.

Thus, for a period of one hundred moons, Ti Yung Seng dwelt in great prosperity. And at the end of this period it seemed to him fitting that he should take a woman to wife, in order that he might impart his wisdom to his own children rather than to mere disciples. Now of all the women in Morosophia there was none more comely, more learned, and more accomplished than the daughter of the Emperor, who dwelt in a palace of jade and porcelain which her father had built for her beside the lake in the Imperial Precinct; Ti Yung Seng therefore produced a Wise Rule which decreed that it behoved the direct descendant of the Goddess of Wisdom to mate with a Princess, and he demanded her hand from the Emperor.

That mighty potentate was delighted at the prospect of so brilliant an alliance, and issued a decree commanding that public festivities should be held throughout the Empire on a superb scale. The fountains spouted pink and yellow lemonade; roast sucking-pigs, stewed puppies, and great fricassees of land-snails were distributed freely to the enthusiastic population; the gaols, workhouses, and asylums for the weak in wit were thrown open, and the Emperor himself wrote a poem of great length which was read in all the temples instead of the customary sermon. Meanwhile Ti Yung Seng repaired to the porcelain palace in a palanquin of red lacquer with green silk curtains and was received by his bride, who made him the Seven Obeisances reserved for personages of divine origin. To these Ti Yung Seng replied with the Five Lesser Condescensions. The Princess performed twenty genuflexions and made eight Important Bows, kissed the threshold where his feet would tread, and shut the door in his face with a scream of terror. Ti Yung Seng beat on the door seven times with his golden sword-hilt, threw a yellow silk purse containing a priceless ruby into an open window, and retired to his palanquin, holding his hand over his eyes to signify that he had been blinded by the splendour of the royal countenance.

When, however, the more formal preliminaries of courtship were ended and he was permitted to speak to his betrothed, Ti Yung Seng experienced a severe disappointment. It had seemed fitting to him that he should at once begin to impart to her the wise rules; but as soon as he attempted to do this he was disgusted to find that the

Princess had occupied her long days of leisure within the silent palace by the lake in compiling a Pang-los of her own. It already extended to seventeen volumes, and contained flat contradictions of all the Rules which her suitor had so painfully and wonderfully digested. Ti Yung Seng remonstrated with her in vain, and eventually complained to the Emperor, who offered to execute the Princess, but could suggest no other solution of the difficulty. Ti Yung Seng was greatly perplexed, for none of his Wise Rules was of any assistance in argument with a recalcitrant young woman of imperial birth who had never been contradicted in her life; on one occasion, indeed, when he had persisted in reasoning with her, she had ordered a slave to whip him, and only the timely arrival of the Emperor had prevented a painful scene. Her temper, he discovered, was of the most primitive kind in spite of her great wisdom, and she had a habit, when annoyed, of making a bonfire of all her garments and retiring to bed until new ones could be obtained.

Ti Yung Seng was troubled by her obduracy, but he decided that he would postpone any further attempt to reason with her until after the marriage ceremony, when he would be able to employ the more cogent methods that are usual between husband and wife. This pious resolution, however, was defeated by the arrival of the Heir Apparent of the King of the Orphrites, a hardy and thriving race that inhabited the plain beyond the hills of Ping. This young man knew no Wise Rules, but he was exceedingly well-favoured, rode a magnificent black horse, and was followed by a retinue of a hundred masked archers with gaudily-painted bows. He wore body-armour of bronze-green lacquer, and on his head a cloth-of-gold mitre that was set with emeralds and seed pearls. His eyes were like the eyes of a falcon, and quite unlike the eyes of Ti Yung Seng, who wore spectacles, and in physical stature he mightily excelled that philosopher. When he entered the Palace to do obeisance to the Emperor, the Princess, who was standing at her father's side, contemplated him with deep interest and became thoughtful. Ti Yung Seng, who by this time had a seat in the Throne Room, received the congratulations of the Prince with complacency, and quoted several extremely Wise Rules relating to the behaviour of young men; they did not appear to impress the Prince, who frowned and made remarks in his own language. The Emperor invited the Prince to be his guest until the wedding festivities were ended, and the Prince consented gladly. He was lodged with his retinue in the alabaster garden-house beyond the lake.

Ti Yung Seng continued to visit his betrothed, and was pleased to note that she became less recalcitrant, and that she even consented to

learn some of his Rules. She invented various pleasant devices for his entertainment, and it became her habit when he was visiting her to heist a yellow flag from the highest tower of the Lake Palace. All went well until the morning before the day appointed for the marriage ceremony, when Ti Yung Seng, as he approached the Lake Palace, heard the strident and reiterated sound of female lamentation. At first he supposed that such unpleasing discords formed part of some bridal custom, but on entering the palace he discovered that the Princess had departed during the night, taking with her a confidential female slave, and all her dresses and jewels in thirty-five camphor-wood boxes. In fact, she left nothing of any value except her seventeen volumes of Wise Rules, and these she had addressed to Ti Yung Seng, with a short covering note expressing her fervent desire that he might benefit by a careful study of them. Further investigations showed clearly that the Prince and his retinue had also departed.

The Emperor was exceedingly angry when he heard of the eccentric behaviour of the Princess. He lay face downward on a bed of dried rose-leaves for a whole day, ordered the Court to wear *crêpe* bows on their pig-tails, and caused the great Gong of Lamentation to be beaten incessantly for twenty-four hours. Then he sent for Ti Yung Seng, and held a consultation with him. Ti Yung Seng had been equally annoyed with the Princess, and for a certain space the fountain of his philosophy had been choked by the hot sand of anger; but when he became calm he realised that the affair might be turned to his own ultimate advantage. He produced a Wise Rule which showed that any insult to the child of the Sun and Moon and the descendant of the Goddess of Wisdom was punishable, not merely with death, but also with the sequestration of all the possessions of the culprit, these becoming the property of the insulted divine one. It behoved the Emperor, therefore, to declare war on the King of the Orphrites, to conquer his country, and to set up Ti Yung Seng as king in his stead, with the Princess as his Queen. After some debate the Emperor, being one of those monarchs whose rage most easily found alleviation in the slaughter of other men, consented, though he decided privately that although his respect for the Goddess of Wisdom was great, it was scarcely profound enough to induce him to set up Ti Yung Seng as a rival potentate.

Then the Emperor sent men with trumpets into every part of the Empire, and they summoned the population to arms. Every one who was capable of fighting was compelled to join the Army, with the exception, of course, of Ti Yung Seng and the Bonzes and the Professors; rich men also, by paying a great price, were

able to escape. Soon a mighty host that was armed with stinkpots and great bows and painted flying dragons began to march on the Orphrites, and the noise of rattles and gongs was like the thunder of the angry gods. But the Orphrites were undismayed, and came out to meet the Army of the Emperor with a multitude of archers who were mounted on small, very swift horses, and the Prince of the Orphrites led them. There was a mighty battle and great slaughter, and the region of the mountains of Ping was devastated by both armies, for it was inhabited by unwarlike shepherds and farmers. Then the two armies erected barricades and fortifications and dug great pits, and hurled stinkpots continually for two months. And they blew horns and beat gongs until the whole world was filled with the noise.

In the meanwhile Ti Yung Seng sat in his palace and evolved many Rules of War, all of the most bloodthirsty and terrible character, and the Professors were full of rage and fury, and made plans concerning the vengeance that should overtake the Orphrites as soon as that race was conquered. Also they invented many novel and deadly stinkpots, but owing to a misunderstanding these engines exuded noxious vapours before they were hurled at the enemy, and slew many of the soldiers of the Emperor. The Bonzes breathed forth destruction and slaughter in the temples, and the old men and the women were unwearied in hurling vituperation and insult at the young men who were too sickly or too lame to fight.

Now when Ti Yung Seng had evolved a great number of Rules of War, the Emperor sent them to his Generals and ordered that they should immediately be put into practice. Three of the Generals committed suicide as soon as they received this command, but the remainder were obliged to obey. The Emperor's Army fell into an ambush and was defeated with great slaughter; the survivors fled back to the Capital, pillaging their own country as they went, for they had received scanty rations and no pay. And when they reached the Capital they prepared to defend it against the advancing Orphrites; but they deposed the Emperor and shut him in an iron cage that hung from the city wall, and they forced the Bonzes and the Professors and the divine Ti Yung Seng to join the army as common soldiers, and to perform the last and most menial of offices.

Then Ti Yung Seng suffered great anguish, for the brutal soldiery sacked his palace and took away his fine raiment and his golden sword and his Button of the Sapient Owl; he was clothed in coarse and dirty garments and was beaten with punctilious regularity, and he lost his spectacles. Furthermore, when he meditated on the advancing hosts of the Orphrites, his bowels were turned to water and his knees

trembled. None of his Wise Rules afforded him any assistance in performing the squalid and disgusting duties that were assigned to him, and his back was sore and bloody from the stripes which he received and from carrying great burdens of stinkpots. And the fear of death was a shadow on his eyes and a parching drought in his mouth. He thought of all the examinations that he had passed, and of all the wisdom to which he had attained, but it was no comfort to him; and when he tried to utter a Wise Rule, they loaded him with more stinkpots and kicked and reviled him. Then he received a direct revelation from his ancestor the Goddess, which showed that War was not, as he had formerly taught, a splendid and glorious thing, but that it was cruel and brutal and senseless; but when he tried to reveal this truth to others he was beaten again. And they made a song of his Wise Rules and forced him to sing it.

Very soon food became scarce in the city, and therefore the Commander of the Army ordered his troops to sally forth and to attack the Orphrites an hour before dawn on a certain morning. Ti Yung Seng found, to his dismay, that he was expected to assist in the attack. He wept, and protested that he was extremely unwell; but his pleading was of no avail, and a fierce and brutal soldier with a sharp goad was ordered to assist his progress towards the enemy. In the dark hour when weak men's hearts die within them and even the bravest are troubled, Ti Yung Seng, burdened with a mighty load of stinkpots and repeatedly falling in the slime, went staggering over the marsh that surrounded the city with a great horror of death in his soul.

Dawn had not yet broken when they reached the enemy's camp. The Orphrites, who were aware of their advent, suddenly discharged a quantity of fireworks and raised a loud shout. Ti Yung Seng dropped his load and began to run towards the city, but he fell headlong in the slime, and the man with the goad pricked him and compelled him to take up his stinkpots and advance to the attack. The Orphrites discharged a cloud of arrows and came rushing out of their camp like a swarm of angry bees from a hive, brandishing great swords and torches and shouting their war-song. Ti Yung Seng uttered a yell of terror, hurled all his stinkpots at the man with the goad, who fell heels over head into a deep ditch, and ran towards the Orphrites, crying out that he was Ti Yung Seng, the great philosopher and the Apostle of Peace. The Orphrites rushed at him and would certainly have carved him into small fragments with their swords, but at that moment their Prince came among them and, recognising Ti Yung Seng, ordered that he should be made prisoner. So they led him into their camp, and placed him in a small hut with a sentry on guard at the door. And the

Orphrites drove their enemies back to the city, killing many.

When day broke Ti Yung Seng was brought into the presence of the King of the Orphrites, who was wise and just and a great captain. The King received him courteously and ordered that a chair should be placed for him. Wherefore his soul revived, and he counted his troubles as ended. But when he offered to lead the Orphrites by a secret way into the city, the King frowned and said: "Doubtless, O Ti Yung Seng, you are the most learned of all the philosophers, but you seem to be singularly ignorant in matters pertaining to chivalrous conduct. My beloved daughter-in-law, whom you doubtless remember, has employed her leisure during the absence of the Prince, her husband, in compiling Rules of Honour in several large volumes, and has sent them to me. They shall be placed in your present residence, and I trust that you will benefit by a careful perusal of them. And if you do not know them by heart after three days and three nights, you shall indubitably be hanged."

Ti Yung Seng pored over the books for two days, but the effulgence of his intellect had become darkened by adversity, and the learned maxims of the Princess seemed to him the ravings of one demented. And on the evening of the second day, when he knew that his wisdom had left him, he wept; and when he thought of the hanging on the morrow, he beat his breast and grovelled on the floor of his prison, and lamented bitterly. And he thought of all his Wise Rules, but there were none that availed to render the aspect of imminent death less hideous. And he howled like a dog and beat on the bars of his prison.

After he had done this for some time he perceived that one of the bars of the window was loosened in its socket, and a faint hope awoke in his heart. He worked at the bar very quietly, in order that the sentry might not hear him, and at last he was able to remove it from its place. There was an aperture sufficiently large for his body to pass, and looking out, he saw that the sentry was sitting by the door with his back towards the window. Ti Yung Seng forgot all the Wise Rules and Rules of Honour; his soul was empty of everything except a fierce desire to kill the sentry. He climbed through the window silently and pulled the iron bar after him. Then, as the sentry turned, he heaved up the bar and smote him on his helmet. The sentry fell without a sound, and Ti Yung Seng crept silently away into the darkness.

For some time he wandered to and fro within the circuit of the camp, and exceeding fear possessed him, for he expected every moment to hear a shout proclaim that the body of the sentry had been found. Whenever he heard

footsteps he flung himself down on the earth, and lay there trembling until the sound died away. At length, after much wandering, he reached the palisade that guarded the camp, and was able to climb it without being observed by the sentries. He fell heavily into the wet ditch on the other side, and as he crawled forth from it he heard a loud clamour arise in the camp. Then he cast off his outer garment and fled into the night with a speed that had rarely been attained by any philosopher. When, at last, being utterly breathless, he was obliged to halt, he saw lights moving about the camp, and the noise of shouting came faintly to his ears. Then the lights died out and the clamour ceased, but the silence that followed was even more terrifying to Ti Yung Seng. He felt that stealthy pursuers were close on his track, and he bounded and ran like a frightened hare until his limbs collapsed from utter weariness. So he crept into a wood, and lay there till the day broke.

But when the dawn had painted the east with her pageant of colour his spirits revived, and he began to think once again that he was an extremely clever person, and that the Goddess of Wisdom had specially protected him, and that the Orphrites were bad sentinels and very great fools. And he composed several Wise Rules which demonstrated that philosophers of divine origin could easily outwit kings and military commanders, and that no prison might long contain them. And he resolved that he would not return to the city, but that he would journey towards the mountains of Ping, and take refuge with certain Holy Hermits who dwelt in those fastnesses.

Now, when it was discovered in the camp that the prisoner had gone, there was a great outcry, but the King immediately gave orders that Ti Yung Seng was to be allowed to escape. This clemency was due to the intercession of the Princess, who had stated that Ti Yung Seng was a complete imbecile, and that it was cruel to expect him to understand or to remember even one of her Rules of Honour. The Prince, also, was of the opinion that Ti Yung Seng was not worth the trouble of a ceremony or the expense of a rope. So the hanging was cancelled from the orders of the day, and the Orphrites advanced and easily took the city. And they released the Emperor from his iron cage and treated him with the honour due to the father of the Princess; but he had passed so long a time in the cage that he continued for the remainder of his life to regard himself as a bird, and he would twitter and sing, and the light of his mind was darkened.

Ti Yung Seng journeyed for three days towards the mountains of Ping. He was exceedingly hungry, and found nothing to eat but berries and roots; nevertheless, his heart was exalted within him, and he

gloried in the magnificence of his wisdom, and anticipated with great pleasure the enthusiastic reception that would be accorded to him by the Holy Hermits. In the afternoon of the third day he arrived at the mountains, and after crossing the lower slopes he found a small wooden shrine which was built at the foot of a precipice. The shrine contained a bronze image of the Goddess of Wisdom and a large gong; Ti Yung Seng made the minor obeisances to the goddess, resolving that a statue of himself should be set up in the shrine by the side of the bronze image. Then he smote lustily on the gong, and after a few moments a large basket hung on ropes began to descend the precipice, and Ti Yung Seng could see the Holy Hermits far above him watching its descent. He made the Five Gestures of Attainment, and the Hermits did likewise; then he climbed into the basket and was drawn slowly up the face of the rock.

But some of the Hermits were they who had been dressed in pink feathers by command of the Emperor, and when Ti Yung Seng was sufficiently near for them to recognise him, they ceased to haul the ropes, and took counsel together. Ti Yung Seng was very angry, and quoted the Wise Rules, and put curses upon them; but when they heard the Rules and the curses they began to lower the basket. And Ti Yung Seng stamped in lordly anger, and almost fell from it. But the Chief Hermit, an aged man who possessed great wisdom and foresight, rebuked the others, and caused him to be drawn up to the edge of the rock. Ti Yung Seng was still very angry when he stepped from the edge of the basket, and demanded that the Hermits who had held the ropes should be punished instantly and severely; the Chief Hermit, however, appeased him with soothing words, and led him into the monastery, and gave him food and wine. The Chief Hermit, also, had been one of those who were clothed in pink feathers and exposed to public insult, but he made no allusion to that painful incident.

Now when Ti Yung Seng had eaten much food and had drunk great draughts of wine, his heart was yet more exalted, and he informed the Chief Hermit that he had been appointed by the Goddess of Wisdom, who had appeared to him in a vision, to be the head of the monastery; he also made allusion to his divine origin, and gave orders that an image of himself was to be set up in the temple of the Hermits. The Chief Hermit bowed, but said nothing, and presently led Ti Yung Seng to his own dwelling, which was situated near the edge of the precipice, and commanded a wide prospect of the plain below. And the tongue of Ti Yung Seng was unleashed, and he gave an account of all his exploits—how he had compelled an Emperor to send forth a mighty army, and how he had himself fought with

great valour, and how he had escaped from the prison and the camp, and the matter of the slaying of the sentry. And Ti Yung Seng waxed exceeding eloquent and shameless, and he cried: "I am the King of Life and the Lord of Learning; the Armies of the Unbeliever saw me and were scattered; the mighty Captains fled like dogs before me. The Holy and Wise of Earth shall kiss my sandals, and the man upon whom I look askance shall become even as a dead worm." And he commanded the Chief Hermit to fetch more wine; and when it was brought, he drank and cried: "I am a God; yea, one of the chief of the Gods, born of the mighty Sun and the tender Moon. The earth is mine, and all men shall worship me. For it is so written in the Wise Rules."

The Chief Hermit bowed low and said: "What is written is written." And presently he said: "Come, O Ti Yung Seng, child of the Gods, a little nearer the edge of the rock, to the end that you may more conveniently survey the Earth which is yours." And he led Ti Yung Seng to the platform whence the Hermits were wont to let down their basket. And Ti Yung Seng surveyed the world, and uttered much foolishness, crying out that he was bountiful and beneficent, and that the Earth should flourish exceedingly under his rule. And the Chief Hermit waxed wroth, but he dissembled, and said: "Bountiful you will doubtless be, O Omnipotent One, but was it truly beneficent to make wars wherein so many young men suffered torture and were slain, and so many women and children were left desolate, and so many fair lands devastated and peaceful dwellings pillaged and burned?" But Ti Yung Seng laughed in scorn and cried: "I made wars in a just and righteous cause, and therefore I rejoice in the destruction that I have wrought and in the slaughter that I, even with my own right arm, have accomplished. And my sword shall flame out over all the world, until all men hail me as Chief God."

"Dear me!" said the Hermit, appearing embarrassed. "Yet we are taught that mildness and pity are attributes of the Gods. But perhaps you possess these also?"

"Verily do I possess them," answered Ti Yung Seng. "And I will give you a proof. I have not ceased to lament the fate of the unfortunate sentry whom I was compelled to smite, and the memory of that regrettable action haunts me continually." And he wiped away a tear.

Then the Chief Hermit was more angry, and said in his heart: "Now do I know that the man is a fool and a hypocrite as well as a braggart, for the smiting of the sentry was the only sensible act that he ever performed in his life." But he dissembled again, and said: "Wherefore, O Ti Yung Seng, should so small a matter trouble your

divine intelligence? For it was necessary for the good of the world that the sentry should be removed from your path."

And Ti Yung Seng shed more tears. Then he answered: "Assassination is forbidden by Rule four thousand one hundred and twenty-three A."

The Hermit said inwardly: "O fool absolute and unteachable, and pedant vile beyond the vileness of a dog." And aloud he said: "But Rule nine thousand five hundred and eighty-two teaches us that knaves and vulgar men who are a menace or a hindrance to the Wise may be removed, even by force, from their presence."

"I have no recollection of any such Rule," answered Ti Yung Seng curtly, for he disliked greatly that other men should venture to quote the Wise Maxims.

"Perhaps this may help you to remember it," said the benevolent and patient Hermit. Then he lifted up his foot, kicked Ti Yung Seng over the edge of the precipice, and went thoughtfully home to tea.

# MAHSUDLAND, 1919-1920.

BY GANPAT.

## CHAPTER VII.—A CHUPAO.

"MORNING, oh, my merry buzzer. What's the trouble that fetches you out of your downy couch before nine o'clock of a spring morning?"

The staff officer, stretched in luxurious ease upon a sandbag settee built around the stone-and-mud fireplace in the dug-out tent of the 1st Infantry mess at Khaksar camp in Mahsudland, cast his cigarette-case over to the signals officer who, slipping down the worn sandbag steps, flopped despondently upon the settee.

"Wire's gone again, Major. Bally blinkin' wire's out again both ways as usual."

He lit a cigarette and relapsed once more into a gloomy silence which the staff officer sympathetically shared.

For many days now the Signal Section at Khaksar camp had led a topsy-turvy life, spending their days trekking disconsolately up and down the river, putting new lengths of wire into the telephone cables leading either way, and their nights sleeping the sleep of the unemployed. Their proper programme should have been iddy-umpty-ing messages most of the night, and restfully fishing the pools in the river by day. The fighting had died down even right in front where Derajat column sat about Kaniguram, and save for occasional sniping, peace lay upon the land. But the Mahsud had developed a fondness for telephone wire, hence this story. Knowing the Mahsud—his childlike habits, his glorious lack of cohesion as regards any systematic harassing of our L. of C.—one can rule out any idea of Musa Khan's general staff arranging widespread wire-cutting on Sinn Fein lines as part of its plan of campaign.

No, the Mahsud presumably annexed wire from sheer *joie de vivre*, though what he did with it, except possibly tether his animals, Heaven only knows. But for days now the R.E. sergeant-major (who went not out upon repair work) gleefully reported half an hour after dark: "Up wire cut, sir," disappeared, reappeared fifteen minutes later: "Down wire cut, sir," and retired joyfully to bed. The wretched linesmen, on the other hand, retired sleepily each night, muttering their sole adjective, to crawl out in the cold thankless dawn in the wake of the picqueting troops with drums of cable, returning late each afternoon, still blasphemously using the forceful but threadbare adjective.

So when Signals collapsed on the settee with his daily refrain of "bally blinkin' wire's out again," the staff officer was sympathetically silent.

"Can't some one put the kybosh on the beggars?" said the expert eventually.

The staff officer knocked the ashes out of his pipe and dragged himself to his feet.

"Tell you what, old thing, we'll go round to the 'Baggy Breeches' and get them to try their luck with a chupao. You can put 'em up to some likely spots."

"Somewhat!" quoth the blue-and-white banded one bitterly, but without enthusiasm. "But it's sure to be another bally dud. Every one's tried the 'chupao' stunt and got nothing except pneumonia, so far. Can't you burn a village, or something pleasing like that?"

"Village-burning's off at the moment. The authorities are dangling peace-baits. But a well-laid chupao might catch something. Anyway, we'll have another shot."

They walked across the camp to the mess of the "Baggy Breeches," officially known as the 51st Bombay Foot, a newly-arrived unit thirsting for Mahsud blood. The C.O., enjoying a leisurely late breakfast, greeted them cheerfully, and listened to their tale of woe.

"My idea, sir," concluded the staff officer, "is that some of your fire-eating youngsters might like to lay a chupao."

The C.O., an enthusiast, leapt at it and shouted for his adjutant, who, muffled in fur-collared British warm and Gilgit boots, appeared, rabbit-like, from the office tent.

"Send for young Greene," said the Colonel. "I've got a job for him."

Greene appeared, and for the third time that morning Signals told his tale.

"And what I want you to do," said the C.O. at the end of it, "is to take a dozen of your men and sit up. Being a shikari, you may get something."

Despondent noises from the signaller were interpreted to mean that needle-hunting in haystacks was more lucrative, but the Baggy Breeches were nothing if not optimistic; so he indicated various likely places.

Later in the morning Greene, with two of his cut-throats and a fishing-rod, departed downstream. He fished many pools over a long length, but for a keen fisherman his methods were careless. His bag, to be precise, was *nil*—not surprising, since his gaze was never upon the water, and he spent quite a long time fishing a most unlikely run under a collection of small trees at the edge of a banked-up field.

Anybody casually wandering about the Baggy Breeches lines that evening, had they been observant, *might* have seen one or two unusual sights. Item, groups of two or three men swathing their bayonets in strips of thin khaki; item, Greene and an Indian officer breaking whole volumes of King's Regulations by pasting strips of white paper between

the sights of a score of rifles; item, certain men in very much undress practising crawling quietly over a heap of stones.

Next morning, when the linesmen were out repairing for the *n*th time, Greene, accompanied by an Indian officer and a havildar, both conspicuously lacking the trappings and adornments of their rank, fished that same run again with equal ill-success. During the morning came a party of men with tools, *en route* for a picquet on the opposite bank. One of the mules—strange to say, a peculiarly docile one as a rule—took vast fright at the group of fishers, shedding most of his saddlery and load round about; and it took that party over an hour to collect their stuff and move on again, which also was strange, for the Baggy Breeches pride themselves on the discipline and quickness of their working parties.

Later it transpired that it was ration and water day for the same picquet, and another party passed by. Evidently a blight was upon the Baggy Breeches this morning, since, as they started up the farther bank with their strings of laden mules, a flour-sack burst, and the sudden loss of weight that side caused the badly-girthed saddle to slip round. The full sack on the opposite side, slipping between the mule's legs, caused it to kick the mule behind, who retaliated, thus producing shortly a complete mess-up of mules on the hillside. It was a long delay ere they got going again, and fortunate indeed was it that no Generals were about.

Still later, the afternoon relief of the working party came along, and with them came a party of twenty men carrying their bedding, from which the most unintelligent observer could gather that the picquet was being relieved. Altogether there was a good deal of to-and-fro movement, and it was late in the afternoon ere the last of the parties had returned into camp. I regret to say that march discipline was poor, and the Baggy Breeches moved in endless groups of fives and sixes, straggling hither and thither, and at one time there must have been as many as forty dotting the river-bank.

The staff officer, sitting on the edge of the camp, watched the scene for some time and showed a strange disregard of duty in not writing a "stinker" to the Baggy Breeches on their lack of soldierly behaviour. On the contrary, he appeared rather to enjoy the display, and when a long-legged, fair-skinned young Pathan sepoy came up the hill carrying Greene's fishing-rod with—disgraceful to say—Greene's helmet upon his head, and a most obvious mimicry of Greene's walk and manner, followed at respectful distance by two grinning armed orderlies, he lay back on his pile of sandbags and chuckled instead of reproving the jester.

. . . . . .

Night had fallen some time back, and bush and rock and tree showed ghostly in the diffused moonlit mist which hung about the river-bed between the shadowy hills. A few pin-pricks of lights and smudgy blurs of cooking fires marked the camp perched on the precipitous cliff face, while up and down stream an occasional twinkling signal-lamp marked the position of a picquet. Save for the faintest splash of the fast-running water of the streams in front, a dead silence hung over all.

Crouched behind a low bank of earth, Greene, cuddling his rifle, peered out across the stream to where, barely visible even in the bright moonlight, a great break in the hills flanking the river marked the entrance of a nullah which served as a Mahsud highway. Beside him crouched his orderly, a shot of no mean repute, and to left and right in the shadows of the trees that fringed the bank you could make out, if you knew where to look, odd figures pressed into folds of the ground or against the ghostly trunk of the willows. But even from Greene's vantage-point you would only have seen them had you known they were there, so still did they lie.

The pantomime was concluded, and out of the 150 men who had been moving about over the ground all day, fifteen had remained hidden; and in the witching hour of dusk, when the daylight had faded, and ere yet the moonlight had dissipated the faint mist in the river-bed, had taken up their position. Remained, therefore, to be seen whether the enemy's mathematical limitations and the value of those brief minutes of half light had been correctly estimated.

The light grew stronger as the moon's full circle swung up higher above the dark jagged hills, and rock and stone and black glinting water showed in sharp contrast to the intense shadows of velvety black under the bank and trees. The old shikari instinct woke in Greene's mind as he played with the safety-catch of his rifle, and memory after memory of similar waits came into his thoughts. But this was far bigger game than ever before, more cunning, more dangerous; and a funny little thrill played up and down his back as he thought of the possibilities if the enemy had spotted the game and decided to hunt the hunters.

An hour passed like an eternity, and the river-bed remained void of life. Time and again he and the watching men around him craned their gaze into the shadows ahead, now concentrating on men's heads newly showing behind a rock, now on crouching figures that alike proved five minutes later to be but yet more queer-shaped stones thrown into sharp relief by the ever-changing light.

Once again the subaltern bent his gaze down stream, and as he did so felt his heart hammer in his throat and a

tense quivering run through all his muscles, the nervous quivering of repressed excitement, that died away as his fingers closed lovingly around his rifle. Surely those blurs were moving. He stared again, one, two—three—four—five. . . . Yes! moving certainly, there, on the far side of the water diagonally to his position. The blurs drew nearer and revealed themselves unmistakably as human figures. He heard to left and right faint movement; the men had seen them too.

Too far off as yet, but they seemed to be getting closer. If they crossed the stream he could bag the lot, but it was no good trying to chase them since they would melt into the hills. They came close to the water, and then, to his disgust, turned right-handed along the far bank, working away once more. The range was longish for night work: what he had prayed for was fifteen yards, this was nearer sixty, but he cuddled his rifle into his cheek, the orderly imitating, and pulling the barrel down on the leading dim figure until the white card strip disappeared, pressed the trigger, the orderly's shot following on the echo, to be instantaneously succeeded by a ragged burst to either hand. The leading figure crashed to the ground and rolled down a little bank, head first, into the stream, to lie motionless half in and half out of the rippling water. Another behind crumpled up and dropped, and lay struggling a space ere stiffening out still in the vivid moonlight, and the rest melted into the rocks around as only tribesmen can. Next moment from beyond them came spurts of fire as bullets zipped past, cutting through the branches or burying themselves in the bank. The Mahsud never moves in a heap, he knows too much. The five in front had as many more in position at the foot of the hill to cover them.

For five minutes more the noise continued as the Baggy Breeches endeavoured to recover the corpses, an operation proving too expensive, since the Mahsuds by now had the stream well covered, and to advance into the light from the shadows was to reverse the rôle too much in the enemy's favour.

So Greene gathered his party and withdrew to camp, with the comfortable feeling that he had correctly estimated the value of the dusk and the enemy's counting ability in the matter of scattered bodies of men.

That night and for some nights after the signallers iddy-umptied continually, and the linesmen lay abed till the sun got warm, and then luxuriously descended to the river to catch snow trout with bent pins, praising the Baggy Breeches with liberal use of the G.S. adjective.

## CHAPTER VIII.—"IN SURE AND CERTAIN HOPE."

The 80-lb. tent in the field ambulance was comfortably warm compared to the cold dark without, and the oil-stove, which stood in the middle, shed a pleasant glow on the tent walls and over the blanket-heaped stretchers, where, side by side on the ground, lay the infantry major, the sapper captain, and the Gurkha subaltern.

Outside, the darkness was lit from time to time by the unearthly brilliance of Very lights, and stabbed continuously by the yellow splashes of rifle-fire, while at uncertain intervals a section of 3·7-inch howitzers filled the narrow river valley with crash of H.E. shell.

Listening to the noise, the major felt that after all he had by no means the worst of the game—a feeling accentuated, perhaps, by the knowledge that such of his pals as were not actively engaged in making the din lay curled up in their sodden clothes on the stones of the river-bed between the fast-running streams, which—shifting periodically as they were blocked higher up with dead mule or camel (dead men were not such serious obstacles)—washed out the weary men trying vainly to get a little rest in the general disturbance.

The occasional whine and slap of bullets about the stone retaining-wall in whose shelter the tent was pitched, only added to the comfort of lying in warm dry blankets, after a welcome meal of hot bovril and bully stew, under passably good cover.

All things considered, a bullet in the shoulder was not a big price to pay for such pleasant surroundings on such a murky night. If only things would quiet down a trifle one might really get a comfortable sleep.

The sapper captain, whose knee was very badly perforated and painful, must have been given a dose of morphia, for he was getting happily drowsy, and replied to the major's occasional remarks in a voice that seemed to be sliding farther and farther down the road to joyful oblivion.

As for the Gurkha subaltern, he was far away out beyond speech or hearing, and lay very still, with arms downstretched under his blankets, the tight bandages about his head above the closed puffy eyes, and his stertorous uneven breathing, showing that he was past all worrying as to whether or when the camp was likely to be rushed.

A very callow British ward orderly—evidently new to the land—came and suggested taking off the major's boots, a proposal flatly negatived forthwith, the wearer of the boots considering that if he did have to run for his life over the cold wet rocks in the midst of hairy men with knives,

it were preferable not to do so barefooted.

When the noise was at its height around a very much unfinished picquet a hundred yards away, the orderly—presumably obsessed by Geneva Conventions — returned and tried to take away the major's revolver, being most obviously unversed in the pleasant ways of Mahsuds regarding wounded men. This time the wounded man, firmly clutching the bone of contention in his sound left hand, refused with oaths, and the orderly departed discomfited.

Later, when things had quieted down somewhat, came various visitors seeking news of friends, and once a doctor came in to fix up the sapper's leg in a cradle, and put new bandages on the major. The subaltern he did not touch at all—it was too clearly a case of leaving well, or rather extremely ill, alone.

Still later, when the firing had died away, except for intermittent bursts on the high ground above, punctuated by occasional bombs, an assistant-surgeon came in for a final look, and then, turning down the hurricane-lamp, departed again into the night to deal with the steady stream of wounded still coming in.

The sapper by this time had slipped into the blissful coma of morphia-induced slumber, and the major—worn out but wakeful—was left alone with his thoughts, the chaotic inchoate thoughts which surge through the mind of any one who, at the end of a strenuous day crammed with incident, lies unable to sleep from sheer fatigue.

He was of a somewhat reflective disposition, given at times to speculation on various subjects, more particularly perhaps those of the psychic type rather than the concrete facts of the daily world around him.

To-night, however, it was his brain that was thinking rather than himself; and one salient memory kept insistently surging up before his tired mind—that of a man to whom he had been talking earlier in the day, and who in the very act of speaking had gone down, shot through the brain.

The only very clear impression, however, that the major retained of the fleeting incident was a certain breathless pause of silence and the other's half-whispered, half-spoken word as he dropped: "Christ!"

Why this should now come continually into his mind puzzled him. It was quite an ordinary remark of a man suddenly hurt, but somehow it hadn't seemed like that — it had not been said in quite the way one might have sworn if caught on the shin at hockey, for instance.

Also the whole moment had felt peculiar. There had been just that space of time—was it a second, or a fraction of a second, or an age, or what?—when everything had seemed to stand quite still and all was strange as, turning, the major caught that single word, and then saw the other stretched on the ground,

his head in a growing pool of blood.

No; he was vaguely conscious of something more behind it: something he felt he *ought* to understand, yet couldn't quite grasp.

What did happen when one died? That of course was a pure speculation, which he had often pondered on in the past, evolving in the process certain ideas of his own, none of which were in the least susceptible to proof, but yet which he felt agreed with his own ideas of the general fitness of the universe as he interpreted it.

When you died you passed on beyond the limitations of time and space, for the major was entirely convinced that you did pass on somewhere: death was to him a transition, not an ending. If, then, you passed out of time your quickness of perception would increase to an infinite degree, and therefore just on the threshold as it were, all the actions and movements in this limited world would seem immeasurably slow in comparison with the light-like speed of your half-released mind.

Consequently, he argued, if you were just about to die, everything would seem to stand still—just, in fact, the feeling that he had had for an instant that afternoon. On one occasion he himself had been down into the dark gates, and his chief recollection afterwards was one of a feeling of "timelessness"—a strange slowing of everything around him.

But why the passing rustle of the wings in another's case should to-day produce the same effect on him, even for an instant, was not clear. Doubtless, Death had passed very near, but no nearer than on a score of other times to-day, and many another day for that matter. No; that explanation hardly sufficed.

Then again, he pondered, what kind of a transition could it be? This point he had never quite clearly settled in his own mind. Was it, for instance, like taking chloroform, a blank gap between the going under on the operating-table and the coming-to in a pleasant fire-lit room?

Or was it perhaps—as so many people insisted—a lonely journey through a darkened valley of fear, where the soul—swept suddenly out of its depth—looked helplessly back to see the familiar smiling plains vanish round the turn as the plucking, hurrying waters dragged it forward into the dark tunnel of black dripping rocks, while the call of well-known voices died away, lost in the eerie silence broken only by the wailing of the wind that sweeps down the great divide.

Or was it not rather a more gentle transition, an awakening to the fact of other worlds about you, into which this one was gradually merging at the "Open Sesame" of kindly, grey-eyed, dark-browed Death—laughing sunlit worlds which livened around you, as this one slowed and died to your ever-quickening senses.

Surely that was more likely

to be the real way of it, for there seemed to be no sudden transitions in nature—everything was slow and gradual, never a dividing-line that you could point to—in the merging of winter into spring, in the unfolding of the bud into the flower, in the brightening of the night into the dawn. Why, therefore, should death be an exception, a sudden violent change? Rather would it more probably conform to normal rule, the two states merging together so insensibly that though like light and darkness each was clearly recognisable, yet none could show the demarcation.

His shoulder hurting him, he shifted his position and pulled up his rolled greatcoat under his arm to ease it. Then slowly and laboriously he performed the unaccustomed task of lighting a cigarette one-handed.

Thereafter he fell again to wondering who would meet one at the threshold of the further life. Surely some one very dear, who had crossed the stream a little earlier—wife, sister, friend.

Think of the joy in those last moments as you lay dying, perhaps in agony, with all your world turned dark, unfriendly, hostile even, at seeing some one very dear whom you had not seen for years.

Think of the pain stilled as if by magic at the cool touch of your friend's hand; of the joy of listening to the well-remembered voice and looking into the dear familiar eyes—the same still, but luminous now with brooding knowledge of a hundred worlds, and rich with all the sympathy that knowledge gives.

Surely to pass that way were fitting to a scheme of things meant to be beautiful, as witness the wondrous beauty of this little earth of ours. Because man sits down methodically to make his fellows' life as much like hell as possible with endless horror of war, and ofttimes greater horror of peace, all alike sprung from the senseless desire of unlimited possessions, of place or power, of grabbing something more, it did not follow that other worlds would be the same.

Because half humanity was at heart Mahsud, it did not therefore follow that the whole universe was conceived on Mahsud lines, and that the Creator designed the bulk of His creatures for the sole purpose of pulling off their wings and sticking pins through them to see them wriggle, as some people would have us think.

On the contrary, it seemed more logical to the major to assume that happiness was intended to be the rule, and unhappiness a peculiarly human invention sprung from some flaw in man's character which impels him to torture his fellow whenever the torturing process can be made profitable to himself.

Such was the major's philosophy, and he felt sure that the chief question one was likely to be asked by one's Creator was as to how much

unhappiness you had inflicted on your fellows and how many of them you had helped towards happiness. That being so, the transition to a further state where the flaws of humanity were to be left behind should be an entry into happiness, and so, apart from the mere animal shrinking from the unexperienced, a process free from pain or fear.

Consoling thoughts, indeed, if they were true. And somehow to the thinker, lying there in the shadows intensified by the glow of the oil-stove, they *were* true—true because they fitted in with his innate conviction that He who made life meant it to be beautiful, and those who lead it happy.

Then his thoughts slipped back again to that incomprehensible fraction of time when everything had seemed to stand still and all the world seemed hushed to listen to one word from the lips of a man reeling into death as a rifle-bullet crashed through his skull.

Why? Why? Why should that instant have somehow touched him, who was in no way connected? Then his brain took to running in aimless circles of thought, about everything and nothing, about the sound of bullets as they moan and whine amid the rocky frontier hills, not so much the audible crack or whimper that strikes the physical sense of hearing, but the inaudible psychic sound which tends, if you be highly strung, to take your mind off the work in hand, and calls for utter self-control, lest you find yourself thinking of nothing else.

His wandering mind circled from picture to picture of the past until at last, just before dawn, he fell into a doze and dreamed of a staff office in the distant peace of the pine-clad Himalayas. It was a vivid dream, and one insistent feature of it was the clamour of the telephone-bell which, placed just outside the door, served for him and three other staff officers.

There was a telephone orderly too, who used to answer the bell, and then call whichever officer was wanted, poking his head in at the door to say in the broadest of Wessex—

"Zum-un vur tu speak tu yeou, zur."

The dream was vivid, and when the major woke stiff and cramped in the chill dawn, the orderly's phrase was about the most salient memory of the half-remembered dream, and as he opened his eyes he half expected to see the office and hear the telephone-bell.

But instead there was the stuffy tent, the stretchers, the sapper with his foot stuck up, a queer-shaped silhouette, and the Gurkha subaltern still in exactly the same position, his closed eyes, perhaps a little bluer and puffier, and his breathing a little weaker.

The picqueting troops cleared the road back down stream, and a couple of hours later the long convoy of wounded men slung in kajawahs on camels moved out four and five abreast, led by

a doctor with a first-aid party and a long line of stretchers. And in this wise some 250 useless crocks started out on the first stage of their long journey back to a land flowing with cream and honey, where milk and butter, fruit and vegetables grow naturally in cows and gardens, and not unnaturally in tins, and passing presently out of the shadows of the blood-stained Ahnai tangi into the wider sunlit stretches of the river about Gana Kach, thanked their stars for being still alive and out of it all *pro tem.*

That night, too, at Kotkai, the major slept but poorly, for his shoulder had stiffened and he could not get comfortable on the narrow stretcher. Again he lay thinking, thinking, and once more the insistent memory of that strange pause, and the recollection of the office telephone surged up continually before his mind, though where the connection lay, for the life of him he could not see.

That telephone-bell had worried him rather when he first joined the office—it was so loud and insistent. But one learned to take no notice of it, and in time really not to hear it, anyway with your conscious brain, unless the orderly poked his head in to say the call was for you. Then, and then only, did you take your mind off the work in hand and go out to answer; otherwise the bell might ring all day and leave you undisturbed.

That made him think of the dead man's imperturbability under fire, a quality one envied so; always intent on the work in hand, and not to be distracted by whimper of passing bullet.

"Bullets . . . telephone-bells? . . . Telephone-bells . . . bullets?"

What on earth was the connection? And still puzzling, he fell into a fitful slumber from which he awoke with a feeling as if he had been groping in the dark for a key that once his fingers had touched but which had slipped away ere he could grasp it.

In the cold morning sunlight the bubbling camels called the wounded to the road once more, somewhat fewer in number, for some were now too bad to move and others had passed beyond all need of moving. But of these last, four came on in the long convoy of kajahwahs which followed the slow moving hand-borne doolies, since whenever possible British officers were always sent down for burial to Jandola, where their graves lie under the fort out of Mahsud reach.

Down the long road through Palosina, over the stony Spinkai Raghza, passed the slow caravan of pain, until crossing the river it came into Jandola camp, and decanted its wounded into the hospitals and staging sections.

Late that afternoon as the sun was sinking, a heavy mass of red gold in the cloud-flecked sky above the purple hills, a party of Gurkhas of the 3rd Guides came to a halt with click of heels outside the tent which served as mortuary for

the Indian General Hospital at Jandola.

A doctor unlaced the fly of the tent and stood back to let the first four men enter. They emerged again slowly, bearing a stretcher on which, covered with a Union Jack, lay a stiff form sewn up in a brown blanket, and moving off a few paces, halted.

Four times was this repeated by successive squads, and then the whole party moved down the path picked out in white stones, which leads through the perimeter to where in a little fence of barbed wire lies Jandola's "God's Acre," extending apace the last few weeks, alas! a tiny bare plot of stony Waziristan soil on a plateau ringed with jagged hills.

As the funeral party passed out of the perimeter a knot of officers standing at the salute fell in and followed silently. Another red-tabbed, gold-splashed group joined in a little farther on, for the Force Commander happened to be in Jandola that day, and with three more Generals came to say farewell to these his officers at the finish of their last journey down.

The chaplain in surplice and stole stood at the head of a line of open graves, and as the stretcher-bearers, passing in where a mixed company of the Guides stood stiffly at the "present," laid their burdens down, broke into the opening words of the Burial Service—

"'For I am the resurrection and the life,' saith the Lord."

The major, standing opposite to the first grave, removed his helmet, and laying it on the ground at his feet, stood nursing his slung arm, whence the ripped-up jersey sleeve fell away in blood-stiffened tatters.

As he listened to the measured words, the haunting idea of telephone-bells and bullets came back once more, but this time the two distinct ideas fused and merged into one, until at last he understood, and understanding, felt a great comfort sweep over his soul.

Of course, the orderly's picture had naturally recurred to his memory, with the familiar phrase—

"Zum-un vur tu speak tu yeou, zur."

So *that* was why the dead man lying under the flag by the open grave yonder had looked up from his work and answered.

The picture of another orderly fashioned itself before his mind—

> "The golden pinions folded down,
> Their speed still tokened by the fluttered gown."

That suddenly breathless pause had been the dead man's realisation that this time the call was for him, and then had come the recognition of the caller. The meaning of that half-spoken, half-whispered word seemed very clear now: "Christ!"

Who else, indeed, but the Master and Friend of all the world should greet those who have made the supreme sacrifice, cut short the way of

purgation by mastering the lesson in their utter negation of the claims of self, laying down their lives as things of no value that others might thereby live.

The officers of the Guides stepped forward, and lifting the bodies off the stretchers, lowered them gently one by one into the graves, and the words of the Funeral Service passed on into what is the real farewell from this side:—

"In sure and certain hope of the resurrection."

Yes, undoubtedly, the hope is sure and certain: almost the major thought he would word it, "in sure and certain foreknowledge."

The insistent clamour of the "why and wherefore" was hushed now, and things balanced in due proportion as he realised that life is after all a moment's space for a lesson to be learnt. He understood clearly at last that he was only here for just the space of time his Creator designed for him, and that peace lay in the grasping of the relative values of this small world and the infinity of the other, and while doing with all one's might one's work in the world, yet guarding an ever-present realisation that the call, "Friend, go up higher," may come at any moment, a call to be answered cheerfully and with good heart.

Presently came the rattle of arms of the salute, and then as the fading purple of the hills changed to the indigo of coming night, the Guides' bugles broke out into the farewell strains of the "Last Post."

But the major felt that those blanket-swathed figures lying there would hear but little of it, for their ears would be filled with the sound of Azrael's reveille, the first call of the new day, since surely for such as these "the long night is over and the day at hand."

## IX.—THE END OF THE SHOW.

Summer has come to Mahsudland, and over the lower-lying stretches sweep hot blinding dust-storms, while even up at Ladha, Piazha, and Sorarogha, the narrow rock tangis, where not so long ago you shivered in the icy blast of the northern gale under the scudding snow-clouds, are now pleasant shady halting-places where you may rest awhile on the road, and baring your head, mop a perspiring brow.

The clear far vistas of pine-clad uplift and snow-topped peak are rarely visible in the dust-laden atmosphere—indeed the last time we saw Pir Ghal it seemed quite void of snow.

New troops are coming up the line, and the units of early days look daily for orders down. Leave has opened, and the rest-camps are crowded with batches of cheerful souls, bound for India, for Kashmir, and best of all, for Bombay,

*en route* for home. Ten days ago General Skeen and the bulk of the staff of Derajat Column, now officially deceased, passed through, and spent the night with us at Sorarogha, to say good-bye to the 2/76th and ourselves, at the corner of the camp where you see the Ahnai hill-tops.

The fields abound in Mahsuds returning to their villages and crops, though gangs of irreconcilables still snipe the picquets now and then. One such collection of desperadoes started a battle with one of our camp picquets the other night, and kept it up well into the small hours, causing a hurried rush to bed in our funk-holes, since the camp was sprinkled impartially with friendly and enemy bullets.

But for some of us that was a memorable night, since we had appeared in orders for leave *ex* India on the conclusion of operations; and after weeks of waiting, that very afternoon a wire had come through to say that we might go.

We packed our scanty kits, and next morning saw us sweeping down the road in the wake of the convoy picqueting troops. From Ladha, Piazha, Sorarogha, and every camp and picquet in Mahsudland we sprinkled the road: drafts of cheering sepoys on foot, Indian officers on borrowed hospital ponies, British officers in twos and threes on horses and camels, double and treble staging, some pushing ahead, anxious only to shake the dust of Mahsudland off their feet, others more slowly, stopping from time to time to take a last look or a photo of some well-remembered place of blood-stained memory, or to bare their heads in farewell near a peculiar-shaped rock or tree which they knew to mark the otherwise unmarked grave of one of those who had fallen by the wayside.

Clattering into Jandola in the afternoon, lo! a motor road and Ford vannettes in scores. We piled ourselves aboard on milk-vans, on ice-cars, in empty Red Cross motors, and raced through the Hinis tangi out into the foothills past Khirgi and Manzai, and so in the stifling heat of the evening to Tank.

Thence by car or rail across the Indus; and in carriages packed with kit and stored with ice, in the full blaze of the Indian hot weather, we sweated unto Bombay, and with fluttering cheque-books and wads of notes laid siege to the shipping offices. All India seemed to be homeward bound with passages booked months and years before, and there seemed but little hope for us down from forgotten Mahsudland. So we had to hang about Bombay, waiting for some peaceful plutocrat to die or miss his train, and so leap from the pier-head into his berth.

But by degrees we got passages—some earlier, some not so early; and one of the lucky ones, I boarded the P. & O. mail, and saw on the deck above me that same cavalry man of the Hinis and Piazha,

and in the companion-way ran into General Skeen; while seeking for tables in the saloon, we found other Was-a-force folk.

So as Bombay dropped astern, we searched out long-forgotten boiled shirts and creased dress-suits, and went down to a many-course dinner amid shimmer and rustle of satin and silk, buzz of voices, and all the long-forgotten sights and sounds of civilisation.

We had all of us past experience of returns from war, and, needless to say, did not expect bands and red carpets or even the flowers that London flung into the ambulance-cars in '15. But perhaps some of us had faint ideas that upon occasion we might be people of potential interest, and that should the subject of the frontier arise, less travelled folk (especially the fair sex) might say: "Oh, you're from Waziristan! How interesting! *Do* tell us something about it."

If you have struggled over a painful path off the beaten track, I suppose it is only human nature to imagine that others may sometimes like to hear about it. Not that we raised the subject—far from it. But we were prepared to talk if called upon.

It was therefore doubtless for our proper and final chastening that the cavalryman and I fell in with the commercial magnate at evening drink-time. After the manner of travellers, he inquired whence we had come; and the cavalryman, with possibly recollections of the Ahnai and half a dozen more fights at the back of his mind, answered modestly, "Waziristan."

The magnate puckered his brow as though in doubt, and then with a flash of remembrance, replied—

"Ah, yes. There's going to be a show up there soon, isn't there?"

Through a haze I heard the cavalryman, a temperate soul, who drinks mostly water as a rule, call to the waiter for two large brandies and small sodas, ere he deftly turned the conversation into the paths of the fluctuation of the rupee.

# THE ISLE OF SAINTS.

BY J. A. STRAHAN.

I HAVE been thinking a good deal lately of an anecdote related by the late W. R. Le Fanu in his 'Seventy Years of Irish Life,' a book witty enough to be worthy of the great-grandson of Sheridan. The anecdote concerns Whately, when that distinguished scholar and logician was Archbishop of Dublin. The prelate was an able man, but eccentric; and one of his eccentricities was a habit when entertaining his clergy of laying down in an authoritative voice paradoxes which always startled, and sometimes shocked, his hearers. Having accomplished this, which was his object, and after the puzzled clergymen had silently revolved in their minds the strange saying for a sufficient time, the Archbishop would proceed to explain it in such a way as to show that it was merely a truism turned inside out.

Once at a luncheon given at his palace in Stephen's Green to some of his clergy, his grace gave a sample of this habit of his. Speaking in a loud voice, which silenced all other talk at the table, he said, "Is it not strange that there should be no connection between religion and morality?" The confused and speechless spell, which usually settled upon the audience after such an observation as this from their Archbishop, was on this occasion broken by a louder voice from the other end of the table. "If your Grace means," it said, "that there are heathen religions which have no connection with morality, it is a truism; but if your Grace means that there is no connection between the Christian religion and morality, it is false." It was the Archbishop's turn this time to become silent—and angry. He gave no explanation of his statement; and perhaps he was right. For once he had met more than his match: the speaker was the Rev. John Jellett, then a youthful Fellow, and later a distinguished Provost, of Trinity College, Dublin.

Still I am sorry that Jellett's reply prevented Whately's explanation of his saying. And what I have been thinking of lately is what that explanation would have been. Is it possible he would have justified his proposition by pointing to the state of affairs in the land of his hearers' birth and of his adoption, Erin, the Isle of Saints?

To any one who knows that land there can be no doubt as to the fervour and devotion with which the working-class non-Saxon part of the population cherish their brand of the Christian religion. Not very long ago I spent a Sunday in Dublin. The evening before I

arrived an inoffensive policeman, himself an ardent Catholic, had been shot down in the open street by two or three assassins in the presence of scores of passers-by who made no attempt to interfere. The half-dozen bullets which had passed through the victim's body had left their marks on the neighbouring walls. That Sunday was, I believe, some very holy day—it was, I know, a very wet one; and as I passed along the quays of the Liffey in the forenoon I came to a Catholic Church where divine service was being celebrated. Every seat in the Church was filled with worshippers; every passage and corner of it were crammed by them; while outside the Church the quay was blocked by a mass of devotees who stood bareheaded in the pelting rain catching what glimpses they could get through the open doors of the ceremonies within, and waiting patiently till the exodus from the Church, which had already begun, would permit them to enter and touch their brows with holy water and make obeisance before the altar of their God.

As I say the exodus from the Church had already begun, I noticed that a large part of the worshippers coming out took a particular direction, and I followed. They went straight to the spot where the policeman had the previous night been murdered; and when they reached it, they stopped and examined and put their fingers into the bullet marks in the walls, and exchanged jokes and pleasantries with one another before they passed on home. It was then that Archbishop Whately's remark recurred to my mind; and I began to wonder if he was thinking of the Christian religion in Ireland when he made it.

This close association of religious devotion and murder seemed to me at the time very strange; but since then Irish piety has been seen in other stranger associations. Lately a Lord Mayor of Cork, who was at least reasonably suspected of being connected with a gang of murderers, starved himself to death in Brixton Prison. While he did so, hundreds of Irish Catholics outside the walls were counting their beads and reciting their prayers for the benefit of his soul; and, after he had done so, his body was taken to a Catholic Cathedral for further religious services with a lie inscribed on the coffin—that he had been "murdered by the foreigner." Again, lately, a young student, found guilty of being party to the murder of three soldiers as young as himself, was hanged at Mountjoy Prison; and again beads were counted and prayers were recited outside the walls for the repose of the soul of the convicted murderer.

All the other commandments, except perhaps the one which refers to bearing false witness, are as well, and some are much better, observed by the proletariat non-Saxon Irish as by most other peoples confessing and calling them-

selves Christians; but the command "Thou shalt do no murder" seems never to have reached Irish ears. The distinction they make between homicide and other offences, generally regarded as much less heinous in other so-called civilised societies, is sometimes sufficiently startling. Years ago I was told by an elderly English barrister, who was the son of an Irish landowner, an experience of his youth which I scarcely credited then, but which I fully believe now. He was returning home from England for a holiday, and as Ireland was as usual in a "disturbed" condition, he thought it prudent to carry a pistol with him. He was met at a roadside railway station by a jaunting-car driven by one of his father's "boys." As it was a dark night and a lonely road, he took his pistol out of his pocket and put it in the "well" of the car ready for instant use. On reaching home, the warm welcome which was awaiting him put out of his mind all memory of his pistol; but the next morning his recollection returned and he went to the car to get it. It was gone. Rather angry, he concluded that the boy must have stolen it, and he went to the boy's mother's cabin and told her so. The mother was furious at the charge. She took the pistol out of a cupboard and handed it back to its owner. "There's it for ye," she said, while her dark eyes flashed fire; "an' don't you be so riddy agin, sor, to call my bhoy a thafe. He only borrowed yer pistol for the night to thry and shoot a neighbour on his way home."

This amazing contempt for the sanctity of human life among a labouring class, deeply religious and otherwise as virtuous as their fellows in other lands, and, in most relations of society, kindly and even generous, is at present perplexing the people of Great Britain and their Parliament. Both seem to think that the constant butcheries of policemen and soldiers can originate in nothing but an overwhelming sense of injustice, and both also seem to think it is a phenomenon of yesterday's growth. I venture to say they are mistaken both as to its birth and as to its age. It is not the creature of oppression, and it is a modern survival of ancient society in Ireland.

To take the latter point first, I will go back no farther than one hundred and sixty years: I might go back one thousand and sixty.

About the peasant revolt in South Ireland in 1760 Arthur Young wrote as follows:—

"The Whiteboys began in Tipperary. It was a common practice with them to go in parties about the country, swearing many to be true to them, and forcing them to join by menaces which they very often carried into execution. At last they set up to be general redressers of grievances—punished all obnoxious persons who advanced the value of lands or held farms over their head; and

having taken the administration of justice into their own hands, were not very exact in the distribution of it. They forced masters to release their apprentices, carried off the daughters of rich farmers, ravished them into marriages, levied sums of money on the middling and lower farmers in order to support their cause in defending prosecutions against them, and many of them subsisted without work, supported by these prosecutions. Sometimes they committed considerable robberies, breaking into houses, and taking money under pretence of redressing grievances. In the course of these outrages they burned several houses, and destroyed the whole substance of those obnoxious to them. The barbarities they committed were shocking. One of their usual punishments, and by no means the most severe, was taking people out of their beds, carrying them naked in winter on horseback for some distance, and burying them up to their chin in a hole with briers, not forgetting to cut off one of their ears."

That is the description of the practices followed by the non-Saxon peasants in 1760, by an Englishman who was a sharp observer but a warm friend of the peasants. Later, by some sixty years, an Irishman, as sharp an observer and an even warmer friend of the peasants, in a series of sketches of his experiences on the Leinster Circuit, gives a picture more concrete but not in the least different from that painted by Arthur Young. Lalor Sheil, writing of the assizes in Tipperary in 1827, gives us graphically and in detail accounts of a number of murder trials. The first is the "Murder at Holycross." There a land agent — who seems to have treated the farmers with fairness — was murdered before many spectators by one Patrick Grace. Grace relied on the general terror of murder to prevent any of the spectators giving evidence against him. One was superior to this terror and gave evidence, and Grace was hanged. The witness was taken out of the country by the Government to save him from vengeance; but he left three brothers behind, and vengeance was duly taken on them, though they had nothing to do with their brother's evidence. He describes in a striking way how the three brothers went about their business without apprehension, while everybody they met knew they were doomed to death and who were to kill them. Another was the "Burning of the Sheas," when, because one farmer claimed possession of a small potato garden which he had let to a cottier, he and his family and his servants, to the number of sixteen, were burned alive in his own house, the doors and windows of which were nailed up before the thatch was set on fire. Two other cases were one of the murder of a husband by his wife's paramour, who, like Thurtell,

had supper and slept with the wife in the same room with her husband's dead body; and the murder of another husband by the five brothers of his wife, with her mother's sanction, because the husband paid somewhat too much attention to a young and pretty girl.

In the last case the chief witness was a child of eight years. He saw the five brothers preparing a noose on a rope with which they later strangled their unhappy brother-in-law. The child asked the men, "Is it slaughtering ye're going?" Shiel adds the comment, "Strange state of things when the first idea that offers itself to a child on seeing five men together is associated with blood!"

Arthur Young could suggest no "radical cure" from the lust for murder of his day, but he was sure it was caused by Protestant ascendancy. In Shiel's time the Protestant ascendancy had been pretty well abolished; but he was sure the continuance of the lust for murder was caused by the fact that certain Catholic gentlemen like himself were excluded by statute from the Houses of Lords and Commons. This exclusion was abolished shortly afterwards, but the lust for murder continued. In the tithes' war it ran red; Mr Le Fanu tells how the populace of his neighbourhood, with whom his father and family were on excellent terms, tried to murder him merely because he called on a boycotted clergyman. (Boycotting in Ireland is of recent origin only in name: it has existed time out of memory, in fact—as have all the other incidents of civil warfare.) The tithes were abolished, and then came the land war; in it the Mamtrasna massacre of a whole family is precisely on the lines of the "Burning of the Sheas." The landlords were abolished. And now we have the murder campaign of the Sinn Feiners, which might be described in the same words as those which Arthur Young used about the murder campaign of the Whiteboys one hundred and sixty years ago. On looking over that description again, I see only one necessary alteration: they do not carry off and marry by ravish rich farmer's daughters now. Sexual morality—if no other—is higher at present in Ireland than it was once. As to murder, the situation is unchanged. Would the murder campaign cease if British rule were abolished? I doubt.

The whole case against the British Government in this horrible business is, I think, stated fully and fairly by the late Sir Henry Maine, the best thinker of his time in England:—

"The Anglo-Norman settlement on the east coast of Ireland acted like a running sore, constantly irritating the Celtic regions beyond the Pale, and deepening the confusion that prevailed there. If the country had been left to itself, one of the great Irish tribes would almost certainly have conquered the

rest. All the legal ideas which, little conscious as we are of their source, come to us from the existence of a strong central government lending its vigour to the arm of justice, would have made their way into the Brehon law, and the gap between the alleged civilisation of England and the alleged barbarism of Ireland during much of their history, which was in reality narrower than is commonly supposed, would have almost wholly disappeared" ('The Early History of Institutions,' Lect. II.)

So far as English misgovernment of Ireland is responsible for the Irish approval of murder as a political or social remedy, it is responsible only as the force which retarded the advancement of civilisation in Ireland. The tolerance of murder there is merely a survival of savagery. In primitive society murder is no crime: it is simply the one mode of righting wrongs and enforcing rights. And it is inflicted not merely on the wrong-doer, but on all his family. The family in early times is in the nature of a modern corporation; every member is liable for the misdeeds of any of his fellow-members. If we remember these two archaic ideas, we will understand how it is that the Irish peasant or labourer —stunted as he is in civilisation — regards the killing of a fellow-man as a negligible offence, and the murder of a whole family for the offence of one of it as a just retribution. His views of crime are the views of a pre-Christian, pre-civilised age; and he never tries to reconcile his Christian convictions or civilised practices with them. In practice he is a pagan; in opinion a Catholic. This is no more inconsistent than being a Puritan and a grinder of the faces of the poor, which many good English Nonconformists are.

Not merely does the Irish peasant and labourer regard murder as a negligible offence, but his wife and daughters regard it as a proof of courage and manhood (just as the Indian squaw reveres the brave with the most scalps at his belt). This is not the opinion of an unsympathetic Ulsterman merely, but of every one who has studied the character of the Irish non-Saxon peasant. Shiel, in the essays from which I have already drawn, again and again refers to the admiration and even devotion with which a notable murderer was in his time regarded by the populace, and especially by the female members of it. A later study of the subject has been made by another Irishman and lover of the Irish, the late J. M. Synge.

In that remarkable drama, "The Playboy of the Western World," he takes as his "hero" a youth who has (or is supposed to have) murdered his own father. This promising boy arrives in the first act at a public-house in Connaught. He tells the publican, his

daughter (Pegeen), and his customers that he is a fugitive from justice. This secures him sympathy, but only mild sympathy; they think at first that he has merely committed some minor offence. Pegeen had just been talking about the brave criminals she had known, and lamenting the absence of their like in that degenerate time. "Where now," she asks, "will you meet the like of Daneen Sullivan, knocked the eye from a peeler (policeman); or Marcus Quin, God rest him, got six months for maiming ewes; and he a great warrant to tell stories of holy Ireland till he'd have the old women shedding tears about their feet." (Once more we see crime and religion closely connected.) But Daneen Sullivan and Marcus Quin must hide their feeble light when the star of Christy Mahon, who murdered his "da," rises over the horizon. "Is it killed your father?" asks Pegeen in surprised admiration. Christy replies with deep and devout feeling, "With the help of God, I did surely."

So soon as the news of that achievement of Christy Mahon spreads over the country, peasant girls come flocking to Pegeen's public-house to make the hero offerings. Pegeen herself falls violently in love with him, and finally proposes marriage, casting off her pledged lover (who is a timid and feeble person) with contempt. Everything is arranged, when to her horror Christy's father comes seeking his criminal son, not merely alive, but threatening vengeance on the son who had tried to kill him. Christy is denounced at once as an impostor, and Pegeen despises and repudiates him. His father attempts to punish him—he resists, and again he is thought to have killed his father. It turns out, however, that again he has failed to kill him, but he has succeeded in cowing him; and the miserable parent submits himself absolutely to the blackguard son. Pegeen on this repents her repudiation of Christy, and leaves the scene screaming her sorrow for losing this heroic "Playboy of the Western World."

When this drama was produced at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin it was hooted off the stage as a slander on the Irish people. It has, I believe, been since reproduced there and received with enthusiasm as a perfect study of primitive Irish character. And a nice character it is.

I do not blame the Irish people for this toleration of murder and admiration for murderers. A nation's character, like a man's, is the slave of circumstance and of events of a long past. English misrule has had its share in making Ireland's lower classes what they are—victims of a survival of savagery. That cannot be altered now: the immediate and pressing point is, can anything be done to undo the evil results? Many are saying that all that is necessary is to give the gunmen self-government. If they are

given self-government, is it at all certain they will cease to use their guns? Let us remember the same thing was said a dozen times before when the remedy proposed was emancipation of the Catholics, abolition of the tithes, disestablishment of the Church, or extermination of landlordism. All these have been achieved, but the gunman still pursues his unpunished and pleasant career. Will he cease it even if the last of all concessions is made to him and Ireland is evacuated by the British army and the Irish police? I doubt it. Whether the new objects of their guns will be Protestants or priests, employers or "warm" farmers, tax-collectors or police, until the survival of savagery which holds human life to be valueless dies out—and it will take, like Charles II., an unconscionable time in dying—the murders will go on.

When well-meaning leaders without followers — like Sir Horace Plunkett—talk, as he has lately been doing in 'The Times,' about force being no remedy for this murder mania, he should direct his words rather to the Sinn Feiners than to the British Government. The Sinn Feiners believe force is a remedy for their grievances—if they have any. The only reply to force is force. He talks of moderate opinion. When a disaffected subject attacked the Government of Frederick the Great, he asked: "How many riflemen can be put in the field?" If he could put none, Frederick ignored him. How many gunmen can the moderates take off the field? If they can take off none, then they also should be ignored, because the struggle in Ireland is between the gunmen and the Government.

That struggle is now taking a very acute form. Not merely the persecuted soldiers and police, but also the people of Ulster, are turning to reprisals as a remedy. This has horrified such kindly gentlemen as Mr Asquith and the editors of the English anti-English press. Can one wonder at reprisals when Ulstermen read in their newspapers a notice such as this concerning the children of a widow living in their midst:—

"SMYTH—Murdered at Cork, 17th July 1920, Bt.-Lieut.-Colonel Gerald B. F. Smyth, D.S.O., R.E., aged thirty-four.

"SMYTH—Murdered at Dublin, 12th October 1920, Bt.-Major G. Osbert S. Smyth, D.S.O., M.C., R.F.A., aged thirty.

Only children of the late George Smyth, Esq., I.C.S."

There is no mention here of the now childless mother; but we may be sure that the Ulstermen who read this notice remembered her.

These "hellish" reprisals have not so far resulted in one Sinn Feiner being killed for every dozen of British soldiers and Irish policemen and loyalists who have been murdered. Yet an American

magazine has had the impudence to appoint a committee of Americans to inquire into the tale of English atrocities in Ireland. Its object, it says, is to prevent American indignation becoming so strong as to cause war between the United States and Great Britain; and to ensure this happy result it has put on the committee such a friend of British and American friendship as Mr Randolph Hearst, the owner of the 'New York American.' In the last issue of the same magazine to hand I find a record of American proceedings in Haiti. The United States, shocked at the disturbances in that island, which were nearly as bad as those in Ireland, sent some four years ago an army to restore order. Order, I understand, has been restored; and in restoring it thirteen Americans fell, and three thousand two hundred and fifty native "bandits" were shot. And these are the people who are inquiring into Irish reprisals!

Oh, many a cup of *their* forbidden wine
Must drown the memory of that insolence!

## MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE BOREDOM OF THE COAL STRIKE—INDUSTRY OR POLITICS?—MR HODGES' TWO VOICES—THE INTERNATIONALISM OF ORGANISED CAPITAL—OXFORD AND THE GERMAN PROFESSORS—AN UNEQUAL BARGAIN—THE REBUFF OF OXFORD—THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR—CIMON AND THE BONES OF THESEUS—THE CEREMONY IN THE ABBEY.

WHEN the coal miners, befogged by the noisy speech and false logic of Mr Smillie, decided to strike, they believed that they would bring the country to its knees in a few days or a few weeks. With a sort of pride they contemplated the cessation of all work. They saw in their mind's eye empty factories and chimneys without smoke. The devastation which would follow their policy of idleness would be caused by them and them alone. They were moved by the same vanity which moves a mischievous urchin to fling a brick through a plate-glass window. They boasted to themselves that they could show their strength by doing an infinite amount of harm. And they succeeded only in becoming bores.

That, indeed, was the end of the coal strike—boredom. England's flesh refused to creep. England could not keep up an interest in a strike which lacked both purpose and sincerity. The leaders of the coal miners shifted their ground from day to day. At the outset they informed us that they were guarding the interests of the consumers, and were determined to save them from the hardship of paying an extra 14s. 2d. a ton for their coal. Before the strike was declared they had dropped this benevolent aspiration, and were content to ask a higher wage for themselves. At every stage in the deliberations they introduced a fresh argument. Now they demanded their two shillings as their just share of the profits. Now they insisted that the rise in the cost of living entitled them to a higher wage. But so often did they change their plea that it was evident that they had made up their mind to strike with or without a reason, and the country was doomed to suffer for the mere caprice of the miners.

Clearly, to begin with, the strike was not industrial. The Trades Union was not attempting to accomplish its common object of a higher wage. Wages cannot be paid out of an empty till, and the coal miners, whether they had won or lost, must have been all the poorer for the strike. In truth, the victims of the miners' leaders were fighting for no end, which could or should have been legitimately reached. Their object was nothing less than

political. They had done their best to achieve revolution by what they called "direct action," and they had failed because the whole country was against them. So they tried to destroy the commerce and the peace of the country by other means. To believe what is said by this or that leader is impossible, because the leaders never tell the same story. They have not arranged one with another to stick to the same falsehood. But there is little doubt that at the beginning of the business the half-baked demagogue, Mr Hodges, was aiming to reach nationalisation. Writing to what he thought was a sympathetic public in the *Humanité*, he loudly and clearly proclaimed that the object of the strike was the abolition of private capital in the coal trade. "If the wages claim is granted," said he with his customary urbanity, "the British public will have to pay, and it appears to me that the nationalisation of the coal mines of this country will be secured far more quickly when the public realises that they are compelled to pay for the wasteful unorganised system of private enterprise than by years of educational propaganda such as the Labour movement of Britain has engaged in for the last two or three years." The policy thus sketched by Mr Hodges is plain enough. The blackmail of a strike is to do the work which commonly is achieved by propaganda. The strike, in other words, is a short cut to dispossessing the owners of the mines. It was not inspired by the desire of higher wages. It was not industrial, but political. The legitimate desires of a Trades Union had nothing whatever to do with it. The leaders of the coal miners pretended to support the common interests of the trade, and all the while aimed at upsetting the constitution of the country. Mr Hodges fondly believed that the candour which he displayed in Paris could not cross the Channel, and thought that his fellow-countrymen would not unmask this policy of the ostrich.

However, with the reckless folly of his kind, he pulled his head out of the sand as soon as ever the strike was over. He permitted himself to be questioned by 'The Times,' and he gave an excellent imitation of what he thought an industrial statesman should say. In complete contradiction to what he had proclaimed before, he spoke with the voice of moderation. "The miners," he said, "recognise that they must drop political considerations from their plans for the future of the industry. They must leave such questions as the nationalisation of the mines to the development of the political consciousness of the people. It is a mistake to think that by reducing the state of the industry to the verge of bankruptcy nationalisation will be brought about more quickly, for if it were on the verge of bankruptcy nationalisation would be worthless." To this obvious elementary truth Mr

Hodges was converted at last. Had he stated it at the beginning he might have saved his country and his victims a vast deal of loss and discomfort. You need not be a labour leader to know that if the till is empty you cannot distribute higher wages to your friends. But Messrs Smillie and Hodges were determined to go as far on the road of revolution as they thought prudent, or as the miners, their masters, could push them. They blustered and they argued, and they persuaded themselves at any rate that if they shouted loud enough the walls of London might fall down at the mere echo of their voices. And they shouted to a people which was merely bored. They received no support for their extravagant claims. They were told in terms which they could not misinterpret that they were tiresome. And they brought the strike to a close with what speed they might.

The strike was insincere in its end as it was in its beginning. It was made without a definite purpose, and the miners returned to their pits without achieving anything profitable to anybody. Their pride persuaded them that they could hurt a whole nation, and that seemed to their folly and indiscipline a useful end. It was the poverty of their thought and the impotence of their "action" which made them supremely tedious. We were told daily to admire the "moderation" of Messrs Smillie and Hodges, who, having believed that they could hold the country to ransom and been assured of failure, were doing their best to keep their followers behind them. Daily we heard sung the praises of the "moderate" Mr Thomas, who, having discovered that the railwaymen resolutely refused to follow the miners in a revolutionary strike, pretended to the world that he was using all the strength of a superman to hold his followers back. It was all a mischievous comedy, and it says a great deal for the sound sense of Great Britain that in the end, as we have said, it bored us all.

We have heard the two voices with which Mr Hodges spoke. Now listen to Mr Smillie as he lifts up his "moderating" voice. "I would not be at all surprised," says he, "in fact I had a hint of it last week, that the probability was that, in the event of the miners striking in Great Britain, an attempt would be made to import into this country the German coals which the French are taking from the Germans at the present time. (Shame.) Yes, and the ordinary politician would just as soon use the Germans against you as they used you against the Germans. Organised capital has no nationalities and no boundaries." Of course there is no truth in what Mr Smillie says, and of course if he remembers the splendid part he played in the war he might find it prudent to hold his tongue about the Germans. But what

nonsense it is! Nonsense so obvious that the cries of "shame," which it evoked must have emerged from a gramophone. Now suppose that in the dearth of coal, caused wantonly and foolishly by Mr Smillie and his friends, we warmed our hearths and baked our bread (and Mr Smillie's bread too) with German coal, the fault would be the miners' and the miners' alone. Or does Mr Smillie believe that, if he choose to call a strike, we must not seek coal anywhere at all? That, to be sure, is a pleasant battle in which only one combatant is permitted to fight. And best of all, we like Mr Smillie's righteous indignation at the mere thought cherished only in his own mixed and tangled brain, that "organised capital has no nationalities and no boundaries." Why, for years we have been told that it was precisely from "nationalities and boundaries" that all the woes of the earth came to us. The red flag is never run up except to an international accompaniment. Have we not been promised that internationalism shall save the world? And now at last we find organised capital placed within the inner circle of the international elect by Mr Smillie himself! Vain men they are to aspire to government who cannot control their clapper-clawing tongues, and who do not understand the plain definitions of politics.

Knowing not what they wanted, nor by what means they should get it, they clamoured noisily for revolution. Many of them had been upon cheap trips to Russia, and had witnessed the rich fruits of Lenin's merry reign. Could they not achieve in England a like joyousness of misery and extinction? Might they not witness happily the slow starvation of those—scholars, doctors, poets, philosophers—who had served them loyally and with small reward? Envy, no doubt, was strong in them, and the desire to break that which they did not and could not possess. But even revolution, if it is to bring with it beer and skittles, as well as death and cruelty, needs a little reflection. And the hotheads, of course, had not reflected. They thought that it was enough to shout and throw stones. It is not surprising, then, that the speech of one practical man, as reported in the 'Democrat,' effectually cooled the ardour of those to whose ears the sound of breaking glass (and broken heads—not their own) is the sweetest music. "All right," said the practical gentleman. "You are out for a revolution. In that case let us have a business-like revolution. Name your Cabinet; name the commanders of your armies; decide from what source you will obtain your machine-guns, and how you will keep those supplied with ammunition; decide who are to replace the fallen — but, above all, make out a list of those you intend to hang, to prevent them hanging you." And they had nothing to reply

with except the garrulity of Mr Smillie, and Mr Thomas posed, as usual, in an attitude of forbearance.

Thus the coal miners cut a very poor figure, because they cannot see through the folly and selfishness of their leaders. Poor dupes! They mistake vague desires and indiscipline for a settled policy. The mere fact that they hoped to drag out the railwaymen and transport-workers is a clear proof that their end was revolutionary and not industrial. For years they have clamoured for the extension of the franchise, and now that they have got what they asked for, they scream aloud that they themselves — a mere minority — should govern the country or down tools. And they are not checked by strong sincere leaders. One by one those who have undertaken the thankless job of controlling the working man surrender to the pressure of revolution. We were not surprised at the lack of logic and understanding which befogged the brains of those who made themselves into a council of direct action. But when Mr Clynes, once an able and fearless leader, went over to the enemies of the State, we saw that the game was up. The excuse which he made for "direct action" would persuade nobody; and it was plain that Mr Clynes, like the rest, was ready to follow anybody who would acclaim him "leader." Indeed the only words of sense spoken throughout an unnecessary controversy were spoken by the Lime Street (Liverpool) staff of the London and North-Western Railway: "No alliance with Bolshevism! We have not forgotten the sacrifice of our boys who lie in France and Belgium. The crippled, the blind, and the soldiers unemployed are hindered, not helped, by these damnable strikes! We also call for the immediate resignation of the extreme section of the executive." How pompous and absurd must these wise, true words have seemed to Mr Smillie's levity! Yet they explain, briefly and clearly, the failure of the strike. The leaders very soon discovered that the vast majority was bitterly opposed to them, and that the day has gone by when one section of the people will bring starvation upon England and ruin on the Empire for the mere fun of displaying the destructive force that they call "power."

The reckless scholars who, under the guidance of the Poet Laureate, hastened to advertise their love of the Germans in the public press, are (we hope) repenting at leisure their anxious temerity. They have been renounced by their fellows and solemnly rebuked and disowned by the Vice-Chancellor of their University. Why they took this unauthorised step and persuaded Europe (for the moment) that they represented the learning of England, we do not know. We do know that they have caused an unnecessary misunderstanding between the French and ourselves, and

have suffered (as was certain) a rebuff from the Germans, whom they hoped to conciliate. Moreover, had they desired individually to make friends of those who have been England's bitterest enemies, they might have done it through the two-penny post, without advertising their ill-timed magnanimity to the whole world.

They approached their German colleagues with the humility of sycophants. They assumed unwarrantably that the German professors "fully shared their heartfelt sorrow and regret for the breach that the war has occasioned in our friendly intercourse." On the German side the intercourse was rarely friendly. The German professors were (as we all know) engaged by the State to preach the sort of lessons which the State desired to inculcate. They were the warriors of what they called Kultur, whose first mission it was to destroy the learning and discipline of other countries. Friendly intercourse was the last thing in the world that they wanted with us, or with the French. They might use it as a cloak wherewith to cover the nakedness of their ridiculous vanity. They bragged loudly that there was a gulf fixed between them and others, and they rejected (at home) all community of kultur with other peoples, and especially the so-called Western European Ideas. The famous Professor Sombart spoke for all his colleagues when he proclaimed the German exclusiveness. "It is said that it is un-German"—these are his words—"to wish to be only German. That is a consequence of our wealth. We understand all foreign nations; none of them understands us, and none of them can understand us." By this time, no doubt, many foreign nations care little enough whether they understand kultur or not. But Professor Sombart's attitude is not the attitude of one who desired before the war, or desires in this time of peace, the friendly intercourse of Englishmen or Frenchmen. And he and his fellows might well have been left to find their way back as best they could to civilisation.

In one sense the great war was made by the German professors. As they looked to their "army and the corps of officers to endow them with, and educate them in, higher values," so they were ready to preach the doctrine of "militarism" in all their chairs. It was for that purpose that they were paid by the State, and they did not forget that they were civil servants before they were scholars. No doubt, if Mr Fisher is permitted to remain long enough in power he will Teutonise our universities and our scholarship and our professors. He is not likely to take warning by the example of Germany. But notice with what different voices the professors—German and English—spoke when war was declared in 1914. "Our belief is"—thus said the manifesto signed by 3500 professors and lecturers of Germany—"that the salvation of the

whole kultur of Europe depends upon the victory which German 'militarism' is about to achieve." Such was the tone of the Germans. In the meantime a set of British professors were hastening to explain how much they liked their German colleagues, who had permitted them to drink beer and smoke pipes in their presence, and how fervently they prayed that we should not, even under the bitterest provocation, take arms against them. These two attitudes were preserved right through the war, and the complete difference between them makes it impossible that we should publicly acknowledge a friendship which never existed except on one side.

It is, therefore, in defiance of the truth that some few scholars of Oxford assure the Germans that "we personally approach you with the desire to dispel the embitterment and animosities which, under the impulse of loyal patriotism, may have passed between us." This understatement of the truth is not even humorous. Whatever impulse has passed between the Germans and the friends of the Poet Laureate it is not the same. On the one side there has been ferocity always. On the other, sometimes a tepid benevolence, sometimes even a convinced pro-Germanism. And the scholars of Oxford do themselves—for whom alone they speak—a great wrong if they pretend that the moment has come for an equal and a public reconciliation. Moreover, not only were the German professors foremost in the campaign of insolence, they were busily employed in drawing up for the benefit of their future dominion sublime plans of annexation. Boasting that they alone were favoured of God, that no German soldier had ever inflicted pain upon an innocent human being, they shouted aloud that they should inherit the whole earth. "The territory open to future German expansion," thus Professor Hasse, "must extend from the North Sea and the Baltic to the Persian Gulf, absorbing the Netherlands and Luxemburg, Switzerland, the whole basin of the Danube, the Balkan Peninsula, and Asia Minor." There is a simple plan of conquest sketched by a professor, and it is not the professor's fault that the sketch has not by this time become a finished picture.

And as the German professors would, if they could, have laid hands upon the whole of Europe, they uttered no word of protest against the acts of violence done to universities and libraries. They cared not that priceless treasures were destroyed at Louvain, in defiance of the law of nations. They were not their treasures. They, in full knowledge of the approaching conflict, had already taken precautions and put their own "unicums," as a professor at Freiburg called them, in a safe place. Briefly, throughout the war they showed themselves the determined foes of learning,

and if there had to have been any approach between us, the approach should have come not from us, who have the right to anger, and who in fifty years may have the forbearance to forgive, but from the Germans.

And Oxford has been snubbed by the Boche, as Oxford deserves. A little thought exercised by the anxious scholars might have convinced them that the snub was inevitable. The texts still exist which show what the Germans thought of us before the war, during the war, since the war. The German thought has not changed, and will not change. The one regret which the Germans feel is the regret that they did not emerge victorious, that they have not paid for their adventure by the enslavement of Europe, that they have not forced their kultur upon an admiring world. With those thoughts, and that one single regret, how should the Germans care to accept an offer of conciliation? The friends of Dr Bridges offered a gift which they did not value, and they rejected it with scorn.

After all, literature and scholarship are the pursuits of men, not of mobs. Our writers and scholars will not achieve better work because they have made a public attempt to overcome a just animosity, to stamp under foot a righteous embitterment. And what have the Germans to teach us that we cannot, if necessity asks us, get out of their books? Must we extend a civil hand to Herr Wilamovitz-Möllendorf to learn from him the following lesson? "See what the war has laid bare in others," he writes. "What have we learnt of the soul of Belgium? Has it not revealed itself as the soul of cowardice and assassination? They have no moral forces within them; therefore they resort to the torch and the dagger." Thus the compatriot of the butchers of Louvain, a professor, who once affected the friendship of England. If the war has taught him to write like that, need we proffer him the hand of friendly intercourse in public? And where the greatest of all has fallen so low, what shall we expect of the rest? Would it not be better to pursue our work in peace and leave the Germans of the next generation to return to the paths of comradeship if they find that those paths are pleasant? At any rate, it is for us to see whether we will take, it is not ours to proffer, the reconciling hand.

When the Unknown Warrior was proudly carried for burial to Westminster Abbey, our mind went back to the ancient legend of Cimon, who won the goodwill of the Athenians by bringing home to Athens what was left of Theseus. "Cimon was marvellous careful to seek out his tomb"—so Plutarch tells the story—"because the Athenians had an oracle and prophecy that commanded them to bring his ashes and bones back to Athens and to

honour him as a demi-god. But they knew not where he was buried, for that the inhabitants of the island would never before confess where it was, nor suffer any man to seek it out, till he at the last with much ado found the tomb, put his bones aboard the Admiral galley sumptuously decked, and so brought them again to his country." As Theseus returned in honour to his native land, so has returned the Unknown Warrior, he too on a galley sumptuously decked. A place has been found for his mortal spoils in Westminster Abbey, the last resting-place of our greatest dead. He symbolises, all unknown as he is, the courage and the ready sacrifice of his kind. He did his duty, with a simple fortitude, and as he died for others, so he resumes in his unnamed self the glory and the gratitude owed to them all.

The thought and the ceremony were Greek in their simplicity, and their simplicity it was, no doubt, which brought Cimon and Theseus to our mind. Altars were once set up to the Unknown God. The supreme honour of Westminster Abbey is given to the Unknown Warrior. Theseus returned to Athens, because there was an oracle and a prophecy. The Unknown Warrior is carried to his place in Westminster that the whole Empire may mourn the loss of those who fell in thousands for their fatherland, and admire in one grave the sacrifice of them all. In France he gave his life. What more had he to give? In Westminster Abbey his bones shall rest for ever among the bones of kings and captains and great poets. In Browne's noble words, he has "entered the famous nations of the dead, and sleeps with princes and counsellors." His is the immortality which all would covet. His is the better part: he has no "naked nomination"; he has, what is better, "deserts and noble acts." Again the prose of Thomas Browne echoes in our ear, suggesting comfort for the Unknown Warrior: "To be nameless in worthy deed exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name than Herodias with one. And who had not rather have been the good thief than Pilate?"

The Unknown Warrior, then, is nameless in worthy deeds, and in that nobility we can picture him to ourselves. He is brother to Francis Doyle's Private of the Buffs—

> "A man of mean estate,
> Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
> Because his soul was great."

A plain man, who did as he was told, like the rest—who set duty before ambition, who was content to serve his country and to die for it, without a thought of sending his name to echo round the world. And he has won the highest reward of all. He is the Unknown Warrior; and it is the essence of his greatness and our respect that nobody will ever wonder whence he came or what acts of heroism he performed.

The wars of to-day are the

wars of nation against nation. There is no more place for professional gladiators. Men are killed by adversaries whom they never see, who never see them. But this does not mean that the hour of heroism is passed. It means that heroes are multiplied by many thousands, and it gives us the reason why, in doing respect to the Unknown Warrior, we are showing our reverence for all those who, having fought and died for their country, are nameless. But in the moment of honouring the unknown, let us not forget or belittle the services of the known and named. A careless writer, carried away by enthusiasm, was inspired by the thought of the Unknown Warrior to proclaim that all the greatest deeds are done by the nameless. Thus he missed the relative values of things done and words spoken. Though nation wars against nation, it is still the leader who makes the victory certain. Though lofty sentiments echo in the hearts of thousands, it is the poet, working in solitude, who fashions the verse which is immortally remembered. Honour and gratitude are due to known and unknown, and when we pay our just tribute to the hero who lies buried in Westminster Abbey, it is well not to forget the injunction of the Preacher: "Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us."

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